

VOL. XVII. (XXXVI.)
1879.

[THIRD SERIES.]

NO. LXV. (CLXXIX.)
MAY.

THE MONTH

AND

Catholic Review.



LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
BURNS AND OATES.

DUBLIN: W. H. SMITH AND SON; M. H. GILL AND SON.

GLASGOW: H. MARGEY. PARIS: A. XAVIER.

BALTIMORE: KELLY AND PIET. NEW YORK: P. O'SHEA.

NEW YORK AND MONTREAL: D. AND J. SADLIER.

Price Half-a-Crown.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

TO FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MONTH AND
CATHOLIC REVIEW.

THE Subscription to *The Month and Catholic Review* for all countries included in the Postal Union is the same as in England and Ireland, i.e. 30/- a year *paid in advance*. Foreign Subscribers can receive the numbers at this rate by sending their addresses and subscriptions to the Office, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square. Cheques to be drawn upon any London Bank, and Money Orders upon the Post Office, London, payable to Mr. JOSEPH HAGUE.

ST. JOSEPH'S
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,
48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

OPEN DAILY FROM HALF-PAST TEN TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

T E R M S.

I. For Subscribers who pay in advance :

For a Month.....	1 Vol.	at a time...	<i>Two Shillings.</i>
For One Quarter	3 Vols.	„	<i>Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year	1 Vol.	„	<i>Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year	3 Vols.	„	<i>Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year	1 Vol.	„	<i>Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year	3 Vols.	„	<i>One Guinea.</i>
„ In the Country	4 Vols.	„	<i>One Guinea.</i>

II. For Families in the Country and for Book Clubs.

For a Year	25 Vols.	„	<i>Five Guineas.</i>
------------------	----------	---	----------------------

Special arrangements can be made for Book Clubs where recent publications are not required.

III. For Casual Readers who pay in advance :

Threepence—1 Vol. at a time, which may be kept a week.

IV. For all who do not pay in advance :

Sixpence for 1 Vol. at a time, and Postage Expenses incurred in recovering Arrears.

**REGISTERS FOR GOVERNESSES, AND OTHERS
REQUIRING SITUATIONS.**

The Managers of St. Joseph's Library have also for some time opened a Register for Catholic Governesses, and are in constant communication with families seeking the services of such ladies. They also receive the names of servants wanting employment, and keep a list of vacant situations. *No fees whatever are charged, except for postage.*

C in the Work

C
Dame

Chap
Chap
Grati

11

**Dow
Men**

—
T

7

31
7
doi
20
19
20
19
19

New Books ready in May.

A GRACIOUS LIFE.

(THE LIFE OF MADAME ACARIE.)

By EMILY BOWLES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Chapter I.—Barbara Avrillot. Chapter II.—Barbara married. Chapter III.—Looking Life in the Face. Chapter IV.—The Hotel Acarie. Chapter V.—Service at Home. Chapter VI.—Work out of doors. Chapter VII.—Friends and Guides.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Chapter I.—Preparing the Ground. Chapter II.—Preparing the Plants. Chapter III.—Notre Dame des Champs. Chapter IV.—From France to Spain. Chapter V.—From Spain to France.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Chapter I.—Paris and Notre Dame du Champs again. Chapter II.—The First Grafts. Chapter III.—The Spanish Prioress. Chapter IV.—“Mademoiselle Acarie,” a Novice. Chapter V.—First Swarms. Pontoise. Chapter VI.—Sister Mary. Chapter VII.—Within the Grating.—Chapter VIII.—“Until Death.”

Price 6s.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

To Subscribers, 15s.; to Non-Subscribers, 20s.

PIETAS MARIANA BRITANNICA.

BY

EDMUND WATERTON, F.S.A.

A History of English Devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin Marye Mother of God, whose Dower England is, with a Catalogue of Shrines, Sanctuaries, Offerings, Bequests, and other Memorials of the Piety of our Forefathers.

ST. JOSEPH'S LIBRARY, 48, SOUTH STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

Persons wishing to be Subscribers are requested to order copies from the Manager of the above-named Library.

THE HISTORY OF THE SACRED PASSION.

BY FATHER LUIS DE LA PALMA,

Of the Society of Jesus.

Translated from the Spanish. With Preface by the Rev. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J.

New Edition. Price 7s. 6d.

Also a cheaper edition of the same, on thin paper and in black cloth, 5s.

THE FOURTH VOLUME OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD.

(CONCLUDING THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT)

BY THE REV. H. J. COLERIDGE,

Of the Society of Jesus.

Price 6s. 6d.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

THREE CATHOLIC REFORMERS.

1. ST. VINCENT FERRER.
2. ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA.
3. ST. JOHN CAPISTRAN.

BY MARY H. ALLIES.

Price 5s.

THE MANNA OF THE SOUL.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

BY FATHER SEGNERI.

In Four Vols.

(The first two volumes are now ready.)

Price, Vol. I. 6s. 6d., Vol. II. 7s. 6d.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

No. XXIX. (CXXXV.), VOL. XXIII. *Price Sixpence. By post, Sevenpence.**Post free for Seven Shillings a Year.*

CONTENTS FOR MAY.—Mary crushing the Serpent's Head. Mater Purissima. Life of Father Claude de la Colombière (Chapter XXVII. Conclusion. The Sermons and Letters of Father de la Colombière). From the Chronicles of St. Francis (The Blessed Ruggiero of Provence. Of the Martyrdom of two Friars Minor at Cairo). The Missions of Peking and Petcheli (The dispute regarding the religious customs of the Chinese). Story of a late Conversion. Some Chapters on Charity (Chapter IX. The greatness of this love is still more clearly manifested by the unworthiness of the person beloved. Chapter X. The love which the Son of God shows to us in his Nativity, Circumcision, and Name of Jesus. Chapter XI. Other proofs which Christ has given of His love for man, in calling all to His friendship and bestowing on them the Kingdom of Heaven). Chapter XII. The signs of this love which Christ gave His disciples at the Last Supper, in washing their feet, and in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Intention for the Apostolate of Prayer for May—The defenders of the cause of Jesus Christ. The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

ST. JOSEPH'S LIBRARY, 48, SOUTH STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

Where Subscriptions for the current year should now be paid.

The trade may apply to Messrs. BURNS and OATES.

THE IRISH MONTHLY.

*Price Sixpence.**Post free for Seven Shillings a Year.*

DUBLIN: M. H. GILL AND SON. LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

The Birkbeck Building Society's Annual Receipts exceed Four Millions.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, with Immediate Possession and no Rent to pay.—Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with Immediate Possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes.—Apply at the Office, as above.

HOW TO INVEST YOUR MONEY WITH SAFETY.—Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BANK, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Deposits received at varying rates of interest for stated periods, or repayable on demand. Current Accounts opened according to the usual practice of Bankers, and Interest allowed on the minimum monthly balances. English and Foreign Stocks and Shares purchased and sold, and Advances made thereon. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. A Pamphlet, with full particulars, may be had on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

PAX.

S. Benedict's College and Monastery, FORT AUGUSTUS, INVERNESS.

1. This College, opened October 16th, 1878, is conducted by the Fathers of the *English Benedictine* Congregation, and is now *in full working order*.

2. It is designed to provide for the *sons of gentlemen* a liberal education, and to combine the refining influences of home life with the manly and invigorating spirit of a public school.

3. Besides the usual Collegiate Course in Classics and Science, students in the higher classes will receive instruction in Land Surveying, Geology, Agricultural Chemistry, Domestic Architecture, the Elementary Laws of Contracts and Property, and in such branches as will be found of practical usefulness in after life to the sons of landed proprietors and professional men.

4. Care has been taken to incorporate into the buildings the *latest improvements*. The students are provided with the best and most recent books, maps, and educational apparatus.

5. *Drawing* is taught to the whole College as a part of the *ordinary course*.

6. With a view to meeting the rationalism of the age, special care is taken not only to instil into students a spirit of piety, but also to ground them in the *Reasons of the Faith*. A graduated course of religious instruction is therefore given proportionate to the age and capacity of the student.

7. To promote health every student is required, unless otherwise advised by his doctor, to take a *sponge bath every morning*. The cubicles of the dormitories are unusually large, carpeted, furnished with wardrobe, chairs, lavatory, bath, and heated with hot water pipes.

8. A report of the *conduct and progress in study* of each student is sent to Parents at Midsummer and Christmas. A *certificate of Health*, drawn up and signed by the local Visiting Physician, will accompany these reports.

9. No boy is allowed to *boat* who has not acquired the necessary proficiency in *swimming*.

10. The College is situated at the head of Loch Ness, in the midst of the grandest highland scenery. The *pure mountain air* and the singular mildness of the climate render the locality exceptionally healthy.

11. An experienced *matron* superintends the linen department, and looks to the wants of the smaller boys.

12. The students rise at six in summer and at half-past six in winter.

13. The College is divided into the Preparatory School, the Intermediate School, and the High School.

14. Students will be admitted into the Preparatory School at nine years of age.

15. Preparatory School, 70 guineas; Intermediate School, 80 Guineas; High School, 90 Guineas.

16. For further particulars and prospectus apply to the Very Rev. Prior Vaughan, O.S.B. Address as above.

N.B. Boys can take through tickets from Bristol, Birmingham, London, Liverpool, York, to Inverness, changing carriages only at Perth. From London to Edinburgh in nine hours, Edinburgh to Perth two hours. The Highland Express, leaving Perth at 9.30 a.m., reaches Inverness at 2.45. The mail steamer leaves Inverness at 3.30, plies along the Caledonian Canal, and out into the beautiful waters of Loch Ness (the Lucerne of Scotland), and arrives at the College Pier at 7 p.m.

SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEW MONASTERY BUILDINGS AT FORT AUGUSTUS, THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS BEING ALREADY COMPLETED.

The Church a Light unto the Nations.

A Sermon preached at the opening of St. Benedict's College, Fort Augustus,

By VERY REV. J. N. SWEENEY, O.S.B.

Comprising also a description of the buildings and programme of the College, and speeches at the inaugural dinner by Prior Vaughan, Right Rev. Bishop Macdonald of Aberdeen, the Right Rev. F. Abbot Burchall, and the Right Hon. Lord Lovat.

Price 1s.

The Life of Abbot Blossius ;

OR, A BENEDICTINE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By GEORGES DE BLOIS.

TRANSLATED BY LADY LOVAT.

Price 6s. 6d.

The Spiritual Conflict and Conquest.

Edited, with Preface and Notes, by PRIOR VAUGHAN, O.S.B.,

With Frontispiece, handsomely bound, Second Edition.

Price 8s. 6d., reprinting.

Pax Animæ.

By S. PETER ALCANTARA.

Also,

A Treatise of, the Virtues and Vows of Religious Persons.

Second Edition, Edited by PRIOR VAUGHAN, O.S.B.

Price 1s.

Life of S. Thomas of Aquin.

By ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN, O.S.B.

Popular Edition. Edited, with Preface, by PRIOR VAUGHAN, O.S.B.

Price 8s. 6d.

BURNS AND OATES, LONDON.

BURNS & OATES' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cambria Sacra; or, The History of the Early Cambro British Christians. By the REV. LOUIS NEDELEC. One Vol., pp. xxx. 584, Price 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS.—I. Religion in Britain from the Introduction of Christianity to the arrival of St. Germanus. II. The Cambro Britons and the Papacy. III. The Holy Eucharist. Confession. IV. Piety to the Dead. V. Saints honoured and invoked in the British Church. VI. Monastic Life. VII. The Saints and supernatural events. VIII. Early British Monks. IX. Dubricius first Bishop of Llandaff. X. St. Teilo, second Bishop of Llandaff. XI. St. Oudoceus, third Bishop of Llandaff. XII. St. Cadoc, founder of Llancarvan. XIII. St. Illtyd the Knight. XIV. St. David, Patron of Wales. XV. St. Samson, Abp. of Dâl, Brittany. XVI. St. Paul de Leon. XVII. St. Gildas, the Nestorian.

The Lives of the Cardinals. By PATRICK JUSTIN O'BYRNE. Portraits, Memoirs, and Autographs.—Monthly, Half-a-Crown.

Part IV., April, contains the Portrait and a full Biography of His Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, with a graphic history of his early life, and the true story of the War between Church and State in Germany, also Portraits and Biographies of Cardinals Hohenlohe and Mihalovitz.

Part V., May, will contain a Biography of Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, embodying a history of the organization of Catholic Missions and the work of the Propagation of the Faith.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A Special Number, to be published for June, will be devoted to the Life of the great Oratorian Father and future Cardinal, John Henry Newman. It will contain a full review of his connection with the Tractarian Movement, his early associates, his literary labours, his first Sermons as a Catholic priest, his life as an Oratorian, and will be accompanied by a beautiful Portrait.

Each Part will contain the Memoirs of three Cardinals, their Portraits, executed in the highest style of crayon lithography, and their autographs. It will be printed on fine toned paper, in the best style of typography, and will be completed in Twenty-five Half-Crown Parts, issued monthly.

Already Published.

Part I., January, 1879. Contains—Portraits, Memoirs, and Autographs of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. (Cardinal Pecci), the late Cardinal Cullen, and the late Cardinal Franchi.

Part II., February, 1879. Contains a lengthened Memoir, with Portrait and Autograph, of His Eminence Cardinal Manning, also, Portrait and Autograph of the late Cardinal Wiseman.

Part III., March, 1879. Contains the Portraits and Memoirs of Cardinals Di Pietro, Bonaparte, and Borromeo. In the Memoir of the last-mentioned Cardinal will be found an outline of the lives of the celebrated and saintly Cardinals of the name.

Part IV., as above.

The usual Discount will be allowed to the Clergy, Parochial Libraries, and Religious Communities.

Life of Bishop Fisher. By AGNES STEWART, Authoress of *Life of Sir Thomas More*; *Margaret Roper*; *Florence O'Neil*; *Cardinal Wolsey*, &c. Crown 8vo, with Portraits of the (Cardinal) Bishop, Catharine of Arragon, and Margaret Beaufort. Elegantly bound, 10s.; cloth, plain, two portraits, 7s. 6d.

The True Church of the Bible. By the REV. W. FLEMING. One vol., wrapper, price 1s.

The Workings of the Divine Will. Gleanings from PERE CAUSSADE, S.J., from the French. Revised by a Father of the Society of Jesus. In wrapper, price 9d.

Prayers for the Visits to a Church required for the Jubilee. Arranged by an Oblate of St. Charles. Price 3d.

Novena in honour of St. Catharine of Siena. Compiled on the same plan as the Miniature Lives. Price 2d.

BURNS & OATES, PORTMAN STREET AND PATERNOSTER ROW.

MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1879.

ARTICLES, &c. :—

1. Studies on St. Paul. I. The Apostle of the Gentiles. *By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge.*
2. A Long Day in Norway. *By Henry Bedford.*
Chapter VII.—Thelemarken.
3. Three Causes of Scepticism. II.—A Third Cause. *By the Rev. John Rickaby.*
4. The King's Secret. *By the Rev. A. G. Knight.*
5. Council of Florence. *By the Rev. P. Anderson.*
6. Gleanings among old Records. VI. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and Claude Nau. *By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson.*
7. The Educational Crisis in France. *By the Rev. Thomas Finlay.*
8. Anemone.
Chapter XXVIII.—Sophronia Tonans.
" XXIX.—Sophronia Blandiens.
" XXX.—A multitude of counsellors.

CATHOLIC REVIEW.

I.—Notes on the Press.

- 1.—Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman. From the *Nineteenth Century.*
- 2.—"The Anglican Paddock." From the *Contemporary Review.*

II.—Reviews and Notices.

Twelve Lectures on Ritualism; Two Bibles; Harmony of the Gospel Narrative of the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Blessed Lord; a Lytel Boke for ye Maryemonth; The True Church of the Protestant Bible; Whitecross and the Bench; Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor; Imperial India.

*** Vol. XVI. is now ready. Cases for Binding can be had at the Publishers.*

All Advertisements to be sent to Mr. J. STANLEY, Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W.

JOHN HARDMAN AND COMPANY,

BIRMINGHAM,

Metal Workers in Silver, Brass, and Wrought Iron,

GAS FITTERS,

ENGRAVERS OF MEMORIAL BRASSES,

Artists in Stained Glass and Mural Decorators,

Medallists, &c.

MESSRS. J. HARDMAN AND CO. having lately rebuilt their Show Rooms in London, and made considerable improvements and additions to them, have now a much larger stock of Art Metal Work on view, of which they respectfully invite an inspection from Architects and all who are interested in Ecclesiastical Art.

LONDON ADDRESS:

13, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

AGENTS:

BURNS AND OATES, 17, PORTMAN STREET, W.

Studies on St. Paul.

I.—THE APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES.

I.

THE history of the Church is the unfolding of the eternal counsels of Him Whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and Whose judgments are inscrutable. It is therefore a matter of necessity that this history should be full of acts which no anticipation could have reached, of changes and issues to which no imagination could have soared. But as it is the work of a God of infinite wisdom and grandeur, it is also natural that, when the decisions of His will have been carried out into execution, the result should be seen to be perfectly in harmony with the general tenour of His providence, and should strike us as almost the single issue which goodness like His could have chosen. Thus we take for granted, in looking back, the obvious reasonableness of the course which He has pursued, and forget all that it had of strange and startling to those who witnessed its actual manifestation. Even the works and the discoveries of human genius have often so much beauty and simplicity about them, when they are accomplished, that we are inclined to wonder, rather that the accomplishment was reserved so long, than at that accomplishment itself. Without going further into these general thoughts, it is enough to point out how strange and unexpected the development of the Gospel history itself must have seemed to the devout Jews of the days in which our Lord lived and suffered. It was not that prophecy had not anticipated it in all its most minute details. Prophecy is a sealed book, as far as the future is concerned, to the greater part of mankind. To say this is not to deny the immense importance of prophecy in the working out of the providence of God. Holy Scripture seems to declare that no part of God's plan in the government of the world is omitted in prophecy, as if it were a rule that nothing was to be done unless it had been prophesied. "For the Lord God doeth nothing without

revealing His secrets to His servants the prophets."¹ Thus prophecy is in itself a part of the Divine order. Prophecy furnishes a witness and an evidence which can only be compared in cogency to that of miracles, while it is itself one of the greatest of miracles, and in a certain true sense the foundation on which the argument from miracles is to rest, as is evident from the constant appeal of our Lord and the Apostles to the prophecies of their own miracles. Thus even the false miracles of Antichrist will confirm the Christian evidences, because they have been foretold. Nor, again, is it to be said that the events of which the Gospel history was made up, especially the sufferings of our Lord and His rejection by the chosen nation, were not in harmony with the requirements of a higher kind of fitness, as becoming the method divinely appointed for the redemption of mankind and the glorification of a great part of the human race, even without the consideration that it had been so foretold by the prophets. It seems as if our Lord appealed or referred to this kind of fitness, as well as to distinct predictions, in His discourse to the two disciples on the road to Emmaus,² and this seems also to be in the thoughts of St. Paul in more than one place, such as that in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which he speaks of the consummation of our Lord by His Passion as becoming God when He undertook that glorification of men of which we have spoken.³ But what becomes God, what is in harmony with the magnificence of His ways and the greatness of His works, is above the comprehension of man until it is revealed by its execution as the beautiful counsel of his Maker and Lord. God's wonderful attributes are displayed in the economy of the Incarnation and of man's redemption thereby, as in no other of His works; but in no other of His works did He so hide Himself before its execution.

What is true of the Gospel history is also true of the history of the Church, which is in truth nothing else than a continuation of the Gospel history on the same lines, so to speak, and under the direction of the same ineffable and marvellous wisdom.

¹ Amos iii. 7.

² St. Luke xxiv. 26. Comp. also 46 *ibid*, where our Lord seems to distinguish the two things "thus it is written" and "thus it behoved."

³ Heb. ii. 10. In this passage St. Paul seems to ground the fitness of which he speaks on the omnipotence and majesty of the Creator. "It became Him, for Whom are all things and by Whom are all things," etc. The same thought recurs in the same Epistle.

We are only now concerned with the history of the first few years of the Christian Church, but the remark holds good of the whole of the Christian centuries. We can see, on looking back, how carefully our Lord had prepared the way for what was to come after the day of Pentecost, while at the same time He left so many things unsaid and undone, because it was the counsel of God that they should be said and done by His Church after Him. We can see, for example, how He laid the foundation of the whole doctrine of the admission of the Gentiles to the Church, and of the abrogation of the Jewish law. Yet He Himself would not preach except to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, and made a difficulty about working a miracle for the relief of the daughter of the Syro-phoenician woman. We can see also, in reference to the subject with which we are immediately engaged, that many of His words about the last being first and the first last, and the like, may have come back to the minds of the Apostles, when they came to witness the rise from among the ranks of the bitterest enemies of the Church of a man almost stained with the blood of the protomartyr, and a man certainly the most prominent among the persecutors of the Church, to a position in the new Kingdom second only to that of St. Peter himself, and to a work which filled, in the eyes of his contemporaries, as of the Church since that time, a larger space than that even of the Prince of the Apostles.

And yet, when the rise of St. Paul to so high a throne in the Kingdom of God is looked at in the light of what may be called the Christian philosophy of history, it appears to us perfectly natural, altogether in keeping with the other features in the Divine scheme for the foundation of the Church, and in a certain sense a necessary element in that scheme, according to the rules of that fitness which we have already seen mentioned by our Lord and by the great Apostle himself. The Apostle of the Gentiles was to be, in this sense, the first of a long line of saints and Christian heroes, who have been raised up from time to time as the Church has needed them. Each age of the Church, and therefore the Apostolic age like the rest, has had its own particular struggles and its victories, its own champions and leaders, martyrs and doctors. The first great novelties in the Providential government of the Kingdom of God were the admission of the Gentiles and the gradual cessation of the obligation of the Mosaic law. The truth on which

these acts were founded was the truth of the prerogative of faith as the condition of justification and of admission to the full privileges of the Gospel dispensation, as it had been the condition of similar privileges from the beginning of God's dealings with man. This is the controversy which fills the first age of the Church, which occupies the deliberations of the first Council, and forms the subject of the first Apostolical decision. It was not for this alone certainly that St. Paul was given to the Church. But this was his peculiar work; it was this that determined the line of his action and the circumstances of his career, as the controversy against the Arians occupied the life and settled the work of the great St. Athanasius, and as the disputes which followed on the Arian controversy determined the lives and work of a score of doctors after him, until the whole doctrine of the Incarnation and of the Person of Christ was finally settled. To us it appears, at this distance of time, a marvel, that the question for the solution of which St. Paul had to labour and suffer so much could ever have been raised. Just so, perhaps, it may seem hereafter a marvel to Christians that there could ever have been a doubt raised as to the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady, or as to the Infallibility of the Successor of St. Peter. But there is a beautiful order in the providence of God, according to which truths become unfolded in due course and progress. It is according to our Lord's parable about the seed which is cast into the ground, and springeth up and grows while we know not, "first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear."⁴ The sun and the rain and the winds and the ground must do their part, and in the order of Divine truth this part has to be done by thought and discussion and controversy, and, in many cases, even by persecutions and heresies. The men of the first age were steeped in Judaism, they loved the Mosaic ceremonies and sacrifices, and the praises and worship of the Temple, and were accustomed from their youth to consider salvation as the peculiar inheritance of the chosen nation, as we now know it to be the heritage of the Universal Church. To the men of that first age what seems to us so plain was not made plain till the Church had spoken. It was not to be forced on universal and quiet acceptance till the labours of St. Paul had been spent upon it. As the landscape does not become clear till the sun has risen to enlighten it, so stage after stage of the

⁴ St. Mark iv. 27, 28.

Divine counsels remain hidden in gloom until the appointed moment brings the appointed man to execute what God has designed from all eternity, and in the way in which He has designed it.

When we consider the wonderful breadth and magnificence of the providence of God in the vocation of the Gentiles and the temporary reprobation of the Jews, it is not surprising that this work should have been placed in the hands of a Saint specially selected for it, a Saint whom our Lord destined to one of the very highest thrones in His Kingdom. The work to be done was far more than the simple admission to the Gospel privileges of nations who had not been trained in the traditions of the Jews. It was nothing less than the foundation of the Catholic Church as she has been from that day to this. It is believed that Enoch and Elias are to be sent at the end of the world to bring the Jews back to the fold of our Lord, as if that work were so great as to require messengers of so exalted a sanctity and so special a position in God's Kingdom. The similar work of the formation of the Church out of the Greek and Roman world, was one the arduousness of which we, who have reaped its fruits and live upon its success, are the last to be able to understand. It involved a moral and intellectual revolution of almost equal magnitude in Jewish and Gentile Christians. It is never well to exaggerate the differences between the mental constitution and formation, so to speak, of races which, after all, were descended from the same parent stock, and whose estrangement from one another could not date back any great number of centuries. All the races descended from Noe and his sons started on their long pilgrimage with the same traditions to enlighten them, and with the same natural law to be their internal guide. But it is undoubted that the Western World and the civilized nations which formed the bulk of the Roman Empire, had developed methods of thought and systems of philosophy and culture to which the Jewish mind was more or less alien. No doubt God could convert by any instrument He chose to use the heathen of the most cultivated races. No doubt He could found the whole of the theology and intellectual religion, which was to be the mental food of the world for so many ages, on the teaching of simple Galilean fishermen to whom the literature of Greece and Rome was altogether unknown. Who can question His power to do this, or whatever else He chose, for the spiritual and intellectual

advancement of the children of the Church, by the instrumentality of any one whom He might appoint? It still remains true that He did not, in His wisdom and condescension, choose this. And, looking back as we do on the history, we may venture to say that it became God to do as He did. He chose to commit the conversion of the Gentiles in the largest sense of the word, that is, in the sense of the presentation of the Gospel truth to the Gentile nations in a form, and by methods, which suited them and were congenial to them, to one who might have by education, and far more, by what may be called the instinct of his genius, a familiarity with the mind of the Gentile world, one who could enter into the struggles of that mind after truth and after God, as those struggles are evidenced to us by the plaintive sighings of their poets and the wayward speculations of their philosophers—one who could discern and gather up the shreds of truth which lay scattered even among their superstitions, and draw their hearts to himself by the sympathy of a mind which loved so much to dwell on the universal Fatherhood of God and on the tender manner in which He had kept up a witness of Himself, both in their own consciences and in the providential government of His world.

The work which Providence required of this new Apostle was not only the winning of a generation or two of Greek philosophers and Roman thinkers to submit to a new religion, making them first proselytes, and then engrafting the fresh and fuller truths of Christianity upon the Judaism which had been so long working silently and powerfully to prepare the heathen world for the Gospel. The heathen world was prepared for the Gospel by the Jewish communities which were scattered all over it, far more by their higher morality and simpler and loftier notions of God and of human nature, than by the elements in Judaism which dated more particularly from the period of the Mosaic legislation. The heathen heart contained in its recesses the sleeping echoes of the purer traditions which the Jews proclaimed as true. The teaching of the Apostle of the heathen was to quicken to life the all-but overwhelmed instincts of conscience, and to rest itself upon the natural law and the remains of the earlier dispensations under which man had been able to reach forward to God, and even to reconcile himself to Him and to hope in Him. It was to unfold the great principles of God's dealings with His children, and so to light up the whole past as well as to display the promise of

the future. The whole history of the Church was involved in the special gifts of the Apostle, through whose mind, so to speak, the truths which our Lord had taught, and the doctrines which were enshrined in His Personal actions and in the mysteries of His life, were to reach the great mass of Christians of all generations. That Apostle was to be among other things, the father of Christian theology—he was to be the forerunner of Athanasius and Leo, of Augustine and Basil, of the two great St. Gregories, of Hilary, and Anselm, and Thomas, and of all the schools which were to be taught by them to the end of time. That Apostle was to be the legislator of a whole practical system of government, the forms and principles of which, already deposited by our Lord in the minds of His Apostles, were to be drawn out by exercise and the perpetual requirements of daily application into the whole beautiful and complex machinery of the Catholic Church. In this work, as far as it could be done for all time by the founders of the Gentile Churches in the first century, this new Apostle was to have a principal share. It may have been a strange thought to the first Jewish Christians that the new covenant of God with man was to have its Scriptures as well as the old. They may have thought that the prophecies and their fulfilment in the Person and history of our Lord would suffice. The beginnings of the Scriptures of the New Testament may have sprung from the inevitable necessity, whenever the Apostles separated and death began to mow down the ranks of the immediate disciples of our Lord, of preserving in writing the authentic traditions of His words and actions as related by His eleven witnesses. But it would soon become evident that the daily needs of the multitudinous life of the Church would require doctrinal statements, arguments, reasonings, practical decisions and exhortations which must apply our Lord's principles and the elements of His teaching to a thousand various matters of detail. Thus the Scriptures of the New Testament gradually issued from the mind of the Apostolic band, mostly in the form of Epistles, one from one Apostle, another from another, at different times and places, and on different occasions. But it was natural that the great teacher whom God would give to the Gentile Churches should have a larger share than any other in this part of the Apostolic ministry, and that the necessities of his office while alive should place him, in this respect, in the most prominent position of all in the formation of that sacred volume which was to be the storehouse of Christian thought for all ages.

Thus it would be that, after the sayings of Jesus Christ Himself, his words would ever be in the mouths of Christian teachers and his thoughts in their minds, when they set forth the religion of our Lord in argument or rose in contemplation to the unfolding of the scheme of our redemption, just as the words and thoughts of David or Mary or Zachary were to furnish them with their models of prayer or praise or thanksgiving. These are some few of the manifold offices and gifts which seem naturally to belong to the great saint and teacher who might be selected by God for the work of the Apostle of the Gentiles. And now, who was it that God chose for a work and an office such as this?

II.

No one has spoken more strongly than St. Paul himself about the marvellousness and unexpectedness which characterize the execution, in the providential government of the world, of the hidden counsels of God. No one has insisted more often on the free choice of God in the distribution of His graces and in the vocations which He imparts, bidding one man do this and another that, according to no law but that of His own inscrutable will. But no one is a more conspicuous instance than St. Paul himself of this freedom and large bounty on the part of God in the selection of His great instruments. It might certainly have been expected that the high throne in the Kingdom of the Incarnation which was to be the reward of the labours of the Apostle of the Gentile world, would have been given to one of the original band of the Apostles of our Lord, if it were not reserved for the Prince of the Apostles himself, a part of whose duty it was to open the doors of the Church alike to Gentile and to Jew. It might have been expected that the nomination, so to speak, of the person who was to fulfil so marvellous a mission would have been left, like the election of the successor in the Apostolic College to the traitor Judas, to the body of the faithful, or to the eleven whom our Lord Himself had chosen. But instead of this we find the choice of God falling on one who may have been at Jerusalem during a part, at least, of the time embraced in the Gospel history, though he seems never to have seen our Lord in the flesh until He appeared to him from Heaven on the road to Damascus. The choice falls, then, on one who had never heard our Lord teach, who had not wandered with Him over the hills and valleys of Galilee, who had not listened to the Sermon on the Mount, or witnessed the miracles

of mercy and power which drew all hearts to Him. What is far more, the choice falls on one who had been brought up in the schools of the Temple at the time when the ruling authorities in Jerusalem were the deadliest of our Lord's enemies. It is needless to add, that the election of God seeks out one who was not only brought up among our Lord's opponents, but had been himself a cruel and most active persecutor of the infant Church—who had entered heart and soul into the controversy with St. Stephen, who had rejoiced in his apprehension and had kept the clothes of the witnesses who stoned him. Nor does the exercise, so to speak, of the Divine independence in the choice of the great instruments of Providence, cease with the selection of St. Paul as the object of the wonderful grace of conversion to the Christian faith, under circumstances the most unlikely, and without communication of any kind with the Apostles or the Christian body. It was, indeed, essential that he should receive his baptism and his first catechetical instructions in the faith from the ministers of the Church in Damascus. But his training for his great office in the dispensation of the Incarnation was not committed to any human teacher. He might have sat at the feet of St. Peter or St. John, as he had before sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Or he might have learnt the details of the Gospel history, the character, the sayings, the Life of our Lord, from St. Matthew, or even, like his own disciple St. Luke, in great part at least from the lips of the Blessed Mother of God herself. Nothing of this kind, however, was found in the training of St. Paul. He himself tells us that he received his "Gospel" directly from God, and the context of the passage in which he makes this statement seems to show that it was probably during his three years of retirement in Arabia that he received, by direct revelation, those truths of history and of doctrine with which it was necessary that his mind should be penetrated. This is not the place for any lengthened speculations as to what was the substance of the teaching which St. Paul received directly from Heaven. It is enough to point out that, whatever it was, it was so received. And in the same way, he himself declares in the passage already referred to, that his Apostolate itself, the highest earthly mission that could be intrusted to any Christian, was conferred upon him by God, and not by man.⁵ All this points to another feature in the manner of this selection which must be particularly

⁵ Galat. i. 1 seq.

noted in our endeavour to draw out at least the outlines of the great counsel of God in the manifestation of His predestined instrument.

We have, then, in the case of St. Paul what may be considered as the first instance, in the history of the new Dispensation, of a rule of action on the part of God which reminds us most forcibly of a similar rule frequently enforced under the older Covenant. As we look back over the annals of the Jewish Church, the heroic figures who tower above all others in the history as having had specially great gifts and commissions, are those of the prophets rather than of the priests. The prophets held their office and appointment directly from God, and they arose from time to time, like the great leading saints of the Catholic Church, as He thought fit to send them for this or that special purpose. It is true that the prophets founded schools, which seem to have answered in some respects to the religious communities and orders in the Catholic Church, the greater number of which can trace their origin up to some conspicuous saint. But these schools of the prophets, or of the "sons" or disciples of the prophets, did not inherit the prophetic office properly so called, nor, when that office was from time to time to be revived, was the person on whom it was to be conferred necessarily selected from these schools. The full idea of the office of St. Paul in the Christian Church embraces far more than the commission which was intrusted from time to time, and for a special purpose, to the successive prophets of the old Covenant, but it may be said to include such a commission, which was very similar to that for which the great saints of the Church are from time to time given to her. We find traces, in the history of the prophets, of the arbitrariness, so to speak, on the part of God in the choice of His instruments, which is sometimes carried so far as to force the prophetic office upon men who seemed to themselves most unfit for it, and who were even unwilling to undertake it. But nowhere in the Old Testament could an instance be found of a great enemy of the chosen people, or of the designs of God concerning the world, who was won round by grace, not only to desist from his opposition, but to become the greatest of God's instruments for the execution of those designs. The full magnificence of this stroke of grace can only be measured by the loftiness of the office to which St. Paul was raised, and the intensity of will and the fulness of devotion and self-sacrifice with which he carried out

its duties. And yet, so mighty were the graces which God shed on every side, as it were, on all who were to be concerned in the raising of St. Paul to his predestined position, that we find his vocation acknowledged without hesitation on the part of the rulers of the Church, as soon as they learned the facts of his conversion from St. Barnabas.⁶

In due time, for the exact moment is nowhere noted by St. Luke, St. Paul took his rank among the Apostles themselves. He enjoyed the plenitude of their power and the extraordinary graces by which those powers were accompanied. He took his place among them by virtue of a call from God Himself, of which they were not the channels, though they admitted and recognized it with the utmost frankness. Thus, as regards the Apostles, St. Paul's position in the Church is the first great and most conspicuous triumph of that spirit of charity, and of rejoicing in the exaltation of others, which our Lord had so often inculcated on them when they had been inclined, before the Passion, to contend who should be the greatest. It is the most marvellous proof of that absence from the Apostolic band of the spirit of jealousy and exclusiveness which had been the cause of that fatal opposition to our Lord's teaching and claims, into which self-love had led the Chief Priests of the Jews. His call itself is a declaration that God would continue in the Christian system that exercise of absolute freedom and independence in the granting of the very highest vocations and the most noble missions which had been so often witnessed under the former dispensation. And the manner in which that call was received by the Apostles was a proof that the spirit of the Christian Church, and especially of those highest in authority in her, was to be a spirit of the most perfect reverence for this freedom of God in dispensing His graces, and in choosing the instruments by means of whom His secret counsels were to be worked out. Thus, if in the call of St. Paul we see an instance of the law by which God reserves to Himself the highest vocations, and if in St. Paul's wonderful obedience and faithfulness to that call we see an example of the characteristic graces on which the highest sanctity is founded, we also see in the readiness with which he was welcomed by the other Apostles an instance of the noble and beautiful generosity which has always characterized the

⁶ Acts ix. 27. The contrast between the suspicion with which St. Paul was looked on by the disciples generally, and his acceptance by the Apostles, is implied by St. Luke.

saints in speaking of and dealing with one another, even when, to less perfect virtue, there might be many occasions for jealousy or rivalry.

We shall reserve for a future paper what can be gathered from the facts with which we are acquainted about the birth-place and early years of St. Paul, his spiritual training, and the bent given to his mind by the studies through which he passed, in illustration of one of the most interesting questions that can be raised concerning him, that of the preparation, in the human sense of the word, of the future Apostle for his predestined task. We may also speak later on of another kind of preparation, which consisted in the Divinely arranged order of events which made him, first a prominent controversialist on the anti-Christian side, and then, after his conversion, the fittest instrument that could be framed for the intellectual conflict which was to rage around the truth for which St. Stephen died, as some great Homeric battle around the body of a fallen chief. In our present paper it will be enough to touch on the relation which may be traced between the work of St. Paul and the initiative taken by St. Peter in the first admission of the Gentiles to the Church—a relation which is in itself a most important feature in any true account of the apostolate of St. Paul. It has already been said that the first great step in the onward march of the Church to the possession of that universal empire which her Divine Spouse had conferred upon her, was of necessity the vocation of the Gentiles to the privileges of the Christian covenant, on equal terms with the Jews, and the gradual, but ultimately entire, removal of that wall of partition which had been raised between the two portions of the flock of our Lord. We may discern in the carrying out of this great step in the Divine counsels, a step of which St. Paul speaks as of a mystery that had been hidden for ages, and was now revealed for the contemplation and wonder of the Church in Heaven, three great acts, so to speak, for which the minds and hearts of the faithful were gradually prepared by the course of events in the first Christian Church in Jerusalem until the moment before appointed by God was at hand. The formal opening of the doors of the Church to the Gentiles could be the work of no one but the Prince of the Apostles himself. God made choice of St. Peter, as that Apostle himself afterwards said,⁷ "That by his mouth the Gentiles should hear the

⁷ Acts xv. 7.

word of the Gospel, and should believe." This admission of Cornelius and his friends to the Church was ratified by "God, Who knoweth the hearts," as St. Peter goes on to say, by a two-fold action of His grace, "giving unto them the Holy Ghost," with manifest and visible evidences of His presence, as well as to the first disciples on the Day of Pentecost, and, in the second place, "purifying their hearts by faith." Thus, in the act of St. Peter in admitting Cornelius and the others, an act which was preceded by the famous vision which bade him arise, kill, and eat of all manner of food, clean and unclean, and in his own account of that act, given at the Council of Jerusalem, we find a foundation laid, not only for the whole line of conduct of St. Paul in his dealings with the gentiles, but also for his great argument about the prerogative of faith as the condition of justification. It is remarkable that this act of St. Peter is related by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, a book of which we may hereafter endeavour to explain very shortly the order and arrangement, immediately after the account which he gives of the conversion of St. Paul, to which account he subjoins, in his compendious way, the mention of St. Paul's first preaching at Damascus, and of his first appearance at Jerusalem after his conversion—events which did not follow immediately on that conversion. Thus St. Luke⁸ seems to observe a beautiful order of his own in unfolding the gradual accomplishment of the predestined "mystery," to use the words of St. Paul. The baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch⁹ by St. Philip is followed¹⁰ by the story of St. Paul's conversion, then follows the reception of Cornelius and his friends by St. Peter¹¹ under circumstances, both before it and at the time, which showed the will of God most plainly. Thus the preparation of the great instrument for the execution in detail of the Divine counsel is connected with the solemn act of the Head of the Church in accordance with that counsel.

The next great act of the Church in reference to this subject was the formal decree of the Apostles and ancients assembled on the occasion already referred to at Jerusalem, by which decree the Gentile converts were declared to be free from the obligations of Judaism¹²—for this was, in truth, the substance of that decree. Its negative part was everything, its positive enactments were of comparatively small moment. This is not the place to discuss the precise character, ecclesiastically con-

⁸ Acts ix. x. xi.⁹ C. viii.¹⁰ C. ix.¹¹ C. x.¹² C. xv.

sidered, of that first "Council of Jerusalem." It is enough to show that, morally speaking, it was the promulgation and, to use the word, formulation, by the Church of the decision which had been already practically made when St. Peter admitted Cornelius to baptism, and it involved the whole of the doctrine for which St. Paul was to contend and had then already contended. Thus the Head of the Church and the Teaching Body of the Church had formally spoken and acted, and the canonical sanctions for the work of the Apostle of the Gentiles were perfect and complete, legally and morally. The third great part of the carrying out of this counsel of God was to be the actual conversion of the Gentile world, and the admission of the new children of God to the privileges to which He called them, and all the multitudinous effects and fruits of this conversion, among which we need only now mention the clear elucidation of the principles of the Divine government of the world which were involved in the vocation of the Gentiles and the temporary reprobation of the Jews, of the conditions of salvation through Christ, and of all the doctrines and laws which belonged to this aspect of the new Kingdom and to its establishment in the heathen world. This was a work requiring vast energies and activity; it may be said to be analogous to the work of some of the greater prophets of the Old Testament, the work of Moses, or the work which it may be reserved in the fulness of time for Elias to accomplish. This, in an especial manner, was the work of St. Paul.

The great Apostle was the vessel of election, as our Lord said in the vision of Ananias, to carry His name before the Gentiles. He was the appointed instrument for the special purpose of bringing about the greatest and most striking feature in the execution of the Divine plan for the world, the manifestation of which has followed upon the Incarnation itself and the foundation of the Kingdom of Christ. From that time to this, the world has been living upon the fruits of the execution of the work committed to St. Paul in the sense in which we speak, and for which, as he tells us himself, God set him apart even from his mother's womb. All his history up to the time when he fell on the ground before our Lord on the road to Damascus, was a preparation for this great commission, and it was to this that the remainder of his life was to be specially devoted. It was not that the other Apostles had not the mission to preach to the Gentiles, or that the Gentiles could be formally admitted

to the benefits of the Christian covenant by any one but St. Peter. Notwithstanding all this, the conversion of the Gentile world, and all that it immediately involved in the way of the illustration and explanation of the Christian doctrine in a manner which could be grasped and welcomed by that heathen world, was the especial work of St. Paul, and his position in the historical records and in the permanent mind of the Catholic exactly corresponds to that work. In the designs of Providence the whole Gentile world may be said to be summed up and represented, at the time at which the Incarnation and its fruits were to be brought home to mankind by the preaching of the Apostles, in the two great nations in whom, together with the Jews, the history of our race centres, the Greeks and the Romans. Each of these nations held in its turn the empire of the world, and each had a special commission as its duty to execute in the designs of Providence. To the Greeks had been committed the work of educating and training the human mind, and the Romans had been intrusted with the duty of forming society by becoming the teachers and administrators of law, government, and peace. The Apostle to whom the conversion of these two great nations was to be committed was to be one who could take up, as it were, into his own heart and soul all their training and its results, and thus bring them under the light of the Gospel and the blessed influence of Christian grace. In this sense St. Paul was to become the Father of the Christian world, of the civilization and culture which were to be wrought out of the elements which heathenism and even barbarism were to bring as it were to the laboratory of the Church.

We must not, however, forget to notice the extreme beauty of the Providential arrangement, whereby the other Apostles, and St. Peter himself, left it, as it may be said, to St. Paul to become pre-eminently the great champion of the vocation of the Gentiles.

On every account, on account of the dignity of the nation, of God's dealings with the Jews, and the marvellous gifts which He had bestowed upon them, on account of the great tenderness of His Providence in removing what He had once established, and turning away from what He had once favoured, on account of the extreme danger of alienating the weaker brethren of the circumcision who had become Christians while retaining all their zeal for the Law, and of the further danger of driving into hopeless opposition those parts of the nation who

were not insensible to the attractive calls of Christian grace;—on all these accounts, it was fitting that the Apostles should deal with the greatest delicacy even with the prejudices of Judaism, and that if the Synagogue were to be discarded, it should be allowed, as it were, to die an honoured death, and sink into the grave with love and tears around it. For the sake of the Gentile converts themselves, for the sake of the Jewish Christians, for the sake of the Church which was to be formed out of the union of these two elements, and for the sake of the interests of our Lord in the Jewish nation outside the Church, as well in the unconverted heathen, to whom she was at first but a portion of Judaism, it was necessary that the greatest charity and prudence should guide the actions of the Apostles in the carrying through of the great design of God of which we are speaking. It was in accordance with the large and gentle wisdom by which the destinies of the Church are guided, that the Prince of the Apostles, even though he admitted the first Gentiles and founded the Roman Church, and his other colleagues of the original Twelve, even though they almost all laboured with great fruitfulness among the Gentiles, should remain, as it were, comparatively uninvolved in the controversial conflict which divided even Christians in that age, and should be comparatively free from the hatred which the unconverted Jews concentrated on the head of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

HENRY J. COLERIDGE.

A Long Day in Norway.

CHAPTER VII.

THELEMARKEN.

OUR voyage down the Randsfjord is now finished, and we land at the railway station, where the train is awaiting us. This is as it ought to be, we think. Now that we have got back to railway civilization, there will be no wasting of time; so we hurry ashore to secure our tickets and places at once. But we are mistaken. There, sure enough, is the train, but it will not start for an hour and a half, and as almost every possible passenger has come by the boat, it seems difficult to understand why this long interval has daily to be wasted at such a mere railway station, and so we fidget about, and while away time which would suffice to take us double the distance we have to go; for our resting-place to night is Honefos. And well worthy of a full stop is Honefos, in right of its waterfalls, its shower-bath, and its comfortable hotel.

Of course the last is the first thought; and a guide being on the watch near the station, we are safely conducted to Madame Glatved's. There are distractions enough on the way, what with a grand procession near a church on the hill above the town, and the glorious waterfall which gives its name to the place, but we content ourselves with a passing glance, and hasten on to make ourselves at home in the handsome hotel. Our Dutch friend is leaving us to reach Christiania by a shorter route than we intend to take, and with no little regret do we part with one who has been a cheerful companion and an inestimable guide through the intricacies of the Norse tongue and the difficulties of the way. Little, however, is said, for sturdy Britons and phlegmatic Hollanders confine their demonstrations on such occasions to a good-bye and a hearty shake of the hand.

And now, having made acquaintance with our hostess, and secured pleasant rooms in her picturesque hotel, we sally forth, as only residents can do, to enjoy at our leisure the attractions of the place. The procession, of course, has passed and gone, and we learn with regret that we have missed a marriage, which in Norway is a sight of more than usual interest, for the bride is generally adorned with the antique family jewels that seldom see the light except on such occasions. However, the Honefos is there, and, indeed, not only gives its name to the place, but is the place itself, in right of its grandeur and the trade it brings to the people who live in the houses clustered around it.

Indeed, the Randsfjord has a right to its name of *fjord* solely on account of the river Viuls, which connects it with the sea. This Viuls Elv has a hard time of it on its seaward route, for not only has it to work its way through the Tyrifjord, but it has *fosses* almost innumerable to leap, especially between these two *fjords*. So Honefos is an excellent centre from which to explore these glorious falls. Of course its own *fos* has the first claim, and we view it from several points above and below, for bridges of various kinds span its waters, and give upper and lower views, which are different, and yet all excellent. But who is content with what he possesses, and does not seek the distant at the cost of the present? so ere long we set out in search of another fall higher up the river, that is to say, nearer the Randsfjord. We soon find our want of a guide, and pick up two boys, who are evidently waiting until we have gone sufficiently astray to appreciate their services; and away we go in very irregular fashion across country to the Hofsfos. Our way lies through a wood which skirts the river, of which we from time to time catch glimpses; up the path winds to the edge of a cliff, and then down again it plunges into a deep ravine; at length the Hofsfos is reached, and well does it repay us for our walk.

A fair bridge spans the river just in front of the fall, so we can at our leisure contemplate its grandeur from many points of view. The centre fall is very striking; an enormous mass of water is suddenly hurled down a high precipice, and breaks in wild disorder far down in the depths below; the sides of the river are artificially guarded, down which passages can be opened for the numberless trees which are on their way to Honefos. No little interest is added to the grand fall by the trees which take wild "headers" over it. Down they plunge

deep into the boiling surge below, and out of sight they pass as though buried for ever, again they rise, struggling and staggering in the embrace of the fierce waters; but soon the fight is over, and the huge tree, which would require several men to move it on land, floats on like a straw at the bidding of the current, in whose grasp it is now as powerless as a child.

We return by what may be called the lower road, which skirts the river, and at times disputes the way with it. Indeed, it grows so wet and slippery, that our young guides unmoor a boat and invite us to enter; and on we work our way, amid the trunks of trees, which, like us, are bound for Honefos. At length the timber increases to such an extent, that the water is lost under the floating forest, and we are forced to land and work our way as best we can homewards.

Saturday, August 3.—In the bright sunny morning our hotel looks charming indeed. It is of ample dimensions, and rises two storeys above the ground floor. Of course it is built of wood, and is graced with broad balconies, which running completely round both upper storeys, make an excellent promenade, with a sure shade at least on one side, and protect the rooms from the glare of the sun. The ample porch is faced with dense masses of flowering plants, while the garden, which overhangs the river on one side, is bright in gay flowers, and inviting in well-shaded recesses. There are but few visitors in the house, of which indeed the staff seems limited enough, but the landlady is ubiquitous, and everything is in excellent order under her control. The Honefos is thoroughly investigated. It fills a broad expanse, and rolls down in two or three grand falls in masses of water, which give a grandeur to the whole scene. A broad bridge, which is indeed the high road, crosses right in front of these chief falls, while smaller bridges connect its different rocky heights, and enable those who are not too nervous to pass from point to point above and amidst its roaring waters. It has a grand life of its own, as every true waterfall has, but besides these it has another, what may be called a business life, in carrying the timber which accumulates above into the mills and storehouses which await them below. Many people are therefore engaged, and give a fresh interest to the scene, for the trees have to be guided into appointed channels, and sent headlong, not among the rocks, which would dash them to pieces, but into depths into which they can safely plunge, and rise again in quieter water. One never grows

weary of such scenes as these, and so we climb to all kinds of points, and grow interested almost in every tree whose wild and yet well-ordered career we watch.

We seek out, and at last find, the "excellent shower-bath," of which Bennett speaks, and can testify to its excellency. It is primitive, indeed, for it is but a small wooden box with two pipes above and a rope suspended from each. Plant yourself underneath, pull either rope, and you will have the Honefos on the top of you, with a force measured by the strength of your pull. Many a hot day since have we thought of, and sighed for, that half-hour of intense enjoyment, and have often wondered why such shower-baths are so rare where waterfalls are so plentiful.

Our visit to Honefos is limited to twenty-four hours, and so the hour which brought us yesterday hither, to-day carries us away; and about eight o'clock in the evening we find ourselves at Kongsberg, having railed along quietly enough at the rate of about twenty miles an hour.

To reach Kongsberg, we left the main line to Christiania at Hongsund, and our object in so doing was to make an excursion into Thelemarken, and see the renowned Rjukanfos.

Time was, and that no very ancient time, when such an excursion was one of danger and difficulty, when roads were next to none, and provisions as rare and tough as the roads. But much of this has changed; there are carriage-roads—at least what in Thelemarken are counted as such—while provisions, in very limited quantity, and of very unappetizing character, may generally be obtained. But there is still a certain amount of "roughing," which makes the district remarkable, while there is scenery on land and water which well repays for all discomfort, to say nothing of the great *fos* which crowns the expedition.

We stroll about Kongsberg, and see the local *fos*. The town is large, with more than five thousand inhabitants, who are engaged in the silver mines or in the manufacturing of arms. The royal mint is here; the mines, which are in the adjacent mountains, are said to be very productive. It is too late to go sight-seeing, and so we return to the Victoria Hotel, and make arrangements with the good and attentive landlord, Johnsen, for a carriage and pair for to-morrow.

Sunday, August 4.—There is nothing but a Lutheran Church at Kongsberg, and so we are thrown upon our own resources

for devotional exercises. At breakfast we make acquaintance with a Norwegian, who has just come home from England, and brought an English bride with him. They also are going to the Rjukanfos, so we start together, but in two separate carriages; and we have the benefit of their dust, if not of their company, for many a long mile. However, they profit us in the end, and once more we are under the guidance of strangers. Our carriage is a lumbering, cumbersome affair, that would carry a whole family inside, and one or two persons on the box with the driver. The pair of horses would be quite equal to such a load upon an ordinary road, and so we silently wonder at so ponderous and capacious a machine being dedicated to the service of two moderately-sized individuals. But we soon found out the reason for all this. The roads in Thelemarken are anything but ordinary, and their peculiarities necessitate much strength and light weight, if not in the carriage, at least in the freight.

There are two roads to the point of embarkation, Tinoset, and so we resolve to go by one and return by the other. We start, therefore, upon the mountain road, which is one almost continuous drive of about forty-five miles through the forest. We start about eight in the morning, for we must reach Tinoset in good time, if we would secure beds. So we are told, and off we go accordingly; thinking within ourselves that a drive through a forest of this length would not require such early departure. But there are forests and forests, and roads and roads; the words may mean a smooth, grassy way, as level as a bowling-green, with little variety of scenery beyond the trees closing in either side, and we thought how easy and dreamy the drive would be over the green turf, and under the softened light which plays through the overhanging boughs. But such forests as these are not in Norway, but are rather to be sought at Fontainebleau, and near other noble residences, where nature herself has been tamed down into prim uniformity.

Our ignorance may be excused on the plea that we had never before travelled through a Norwegian forest.

For some distance the road is ordinary enough, good in construction, and winding pleasantly up the heights that shut in Kongsberg. But when we really enter the forest, and work our way by a much less frequented route, we are surprised, almost frightened, and at length thoroughly amused, by the extraordinary character of the road itself and our manner of traversing it.

To say that it undulates would convey a totally erroneous impression ; for undulation implies a certain amount of gentleness, and a gradual rise and fall. But this forest road has nothing gentle nor gradual about it. We struggle up a dusty or sandy lane, as though climbing out of a deep ditch, then down we tumble just as abruptly into another cavity. The road comes to an end ; for there are trees on both sides, and a high wall of earth before us. We pull up for a moment, and then at it the horses go, struggling, slipping, and stumbling with the heavy carriage and our two selves at their tails. The top is gained, and there of course is the other side of the wall before us, but it is much deeper down to the base, and if possible, steeper too. The driver mounts his box, grasps his reins, cracks his whip, and down we rush as fast as the fine horses can go, and we have to sit tight on our seats and steady ourselves and our cushions with our feet well out in front, that we may not pitch over upon the horses, and reach level ground before them. Level ground indeed ! that is a slip of the pen, for there is nothing of the kind seemingly in Thelemarken.

At first we got out when the climbing began ; but we soon tired of such constant work of supererogation, and, indeed, such proceedings only delayed our journey, for the rush down rapidly followed the climb, and we were more than once left behind, for more walking than we intended. It is well that the carriage is broad and heavy, or it would surely be overturned, for by some perverse contrivance it often happens that the sharpest turns of the road are either half way down these precipices, or just at their finish, where the momentum of the heavy machine is at its greatest, and there is no skid or drag to check the velocity.

For awhile it is trying enough to the nerves, for books and rugs share in the distraction of the scene, and pitch and slide about as though we were once more on the *Jonas Lie* and crossing the Vest-Fjord to Lofóden. But after experience has taught us how to make all, and ourselves especially, secure ; the wild motion grows quite exciting, and we look out for an unusually grand land billow as we have watched the roll of waves in the Arctic Ocean. Nor is the excitement a passing one ; hour after hour our driver, like Mazeppa in the poem, "urges on his wild career ;" and our landship pitches and tosses across the Thelemarken forest, on its way, ship-like indeed, to the port for which we are bound.

But this forest through which our billowy road passes, what of this? In truth it is as unlike any other gathering of trees with which we are acquainted, as the road itself differs from what we generally understand by a carriage road. Our lofty climbing at times brings us to open glades, from which we can look around upon the grandeur, we might say the sublimity of a Norwegian forest.

Miles upon miles it stretches upon all sides; crowning heights and filling valleys, where heights are mountains and valleys far spreading ravines. There are the trunks, branches, and cones, like red-hot iron, amidst which the green leaves glisten with a brightness that is almost as metallic. Down sweeps the fierce sun upon miles of burning brightness, and then, over against them, are the cool shades which tone that fierceness into beauty. Height rises beyond height till the horizon shuts in the far distance, and all is clothed and crowned with trees. And yet in all this sameness of great characteristic there is endless variety of form and outline; as though each elevation would claim its own pre-eminence, or at least assert its own individuality.

Perhaps our recent intercourse with barren headlands and ice-crowned mountains gave an additional charm to this green life, and to the graceful undulations which swept in such grand curves in every direction; and it may be the profound silence and stillness of the scene intensified the feeling which grew up within and spread over our hearts. Be that as it may, it required the jolting and tumbling of the rapid descent to bring us back to our every day feelings and the ordinary requirements of life. Little else was there to distract our thoughts from the grand scenery around us; for scarcely any one did we meet on the road, and the small stations where we rested our horses, afforded little of that "entertainment for man and beast" which the poorest roadside inn professes at least at home.

We had a river, the Ionsdal Elv, as a companion for part of our way, but wild as were its banks and large its boulders, it was calm and placid enough; for its waters were quaintly out of proportion to the size and character of its bed. Indeed, our driver felt bound to apologize for its little volume, saying that it was unusually small in consequence of the warmth and dryness of the summer. Once our resting-place so far excelled the rest in more senses than one as to call for special notice.

Bolkesjö stands on an eminence high above all the heights

which we have been hours in climbing, and commands a magnificent view over a grand range of country, including the Gousta Fjeld and the mountains of Thelemarken, so we here get a foretaste of what we are going to enjoy. But Bolkesjö has other attractions besides scenery, which make it a place not to be forgotten. There is the farmhouse itself, quaint and interesting indeed, and a host still more remarkable. Olé is he called, and probably Olé Bolkesjö, for these stations generally bear the name of the owner.

The portly and gracious personage who receives us with much courtesy is no mere tavern-keeper—indeed, tavern-keeping up here would be but profitless—for he is the representative of one of the long lines of rich farmers who are the gentry of the country. The farm does not pretend to be a station, but hospitality is freely dispensed to those who can get no accommodation within many miles, and a charge which barely pays the cost, relieves the traveller from the repugnance which he might feel at intruding among strangers who made no charge whatever.

Our Olé has a quiet dignified manner, which harmonizes well with his fine person and somewhat quaint costume. A gay foraging cap crowns his venerable locks, while capacious slippers give a domestic indoor tone to the rest of his dress, which is not wanting in silver ornaments in which all Norwegians delight.

He looks on with a calm placid smile while the driver takes out the horses for their well-earned rest and refreshment, and in a soft and gentle voice invites us into his house. The guest chamber is evidently a room of state. The well-carved wainscot covers three walls and frames the doors and windows, while on the fourth side the antique bedstead fits into a recess, and is designed in harmony with the rest, of which indeed it forms a part. Scripture passages and pious sentences are carved and painted above, while royal portraits adorn the walls in frames but little in harmony with the rest. Evidently some wandering pedler must have found or lost his way hither, so poor are the prints and so mean the frames. But among all these hangs one which contrasts strongly with the rest, not only by reason of its gilt frame and royal crown above, but for its excellency as a work of art and as a portrait. It is the likeness of the Prince Imperial of Germany, with an autograph inscription by Fritz himself to his good friend and host Olé.

Not long ago the Prince came with a letter of introduction from the King of Sweden and Norway, asking hospitality for

a royal guest who proposed to spend some time shooting in the neighbourhood. When the Prince went home he sent back this portrait as a kind of memorial, such as one would expect from so right royal a personage. We saw the letters, of which Olé is naturally proud, and we read them both with the aid of our Norwegian friend.

Perhaps it was this incident that made our host gently murmur his discontent to our friend, when a young French artist who dined with us, thought it the right thing to offer a gratuity of a krone to the venerable patriarch. He charged, moderately enough, for what he provided, but he did not look for a waiter's reward. Our bill for two persons came to less than two shillings. The fare was simple enough—he has no fish nor meats, but fresh eggs, bread, butter and cheese, with pancakes, soup, and excellent beer were no bad things to fall back upon, and we managed to do full justice to them, to the calm delight of our gentle host.

We made our way sufficiently well with Olé to be shown over the rest of the house, but were not taken down into the cellar, the entrance to which is under the head of the large bedstead.

We started once more on our road through the wild country, and arrived in good time at the little station inn at Tinoset, on the end-margin of Tind Sjø (sea).

Very prettily situated is the little house, which indeed forms one of a cluster, at the foot of the lake we are to steam up to-morrow. Our Norwegian friend comes to our aid when we most need him, and secures us a decent room in a supplemental house to the cheerful hotel, which is already overflowing with guests. Not many indeed are required to make an overflow, but a dozen people are to us quite a crowd, and tax the resources of Tinoset's hotel to the uttermost. A stroll along the shore and a stretch amid the new mown hay fill up the evening pleasantly enough, and we retire in good time to our bedroom, to bar the door against any late arrival who might put in a claim for the third bed.

Monday, August 5.—It is a bright sunny morning, which we scarcely notice, such weather being our daily good fortune. A tiny steamer is getting up her steam, and every now and then blows it off with a scream worthy of a larger vessel; and we wonder why steamers always do this, and give false alarms as to their departure. However, we are not frightened, for everybody

is idling about, and the *frokost* (breakfast) is as yet a thing of the future. But the whistling becomes so peremptory and frequent that we all assemble in the salon of the hotel and urge on the preparations. Fidgetty people do not like the Norwegian spirit of deliberation, which seats all at one table and then brings up the food for general consumption in the smallest possible instalments. A very small dish of very small fish and a teapot of corresponding dimensions seem but little among a dozen hungry tourists; but after this, there is a long pause, as though question could arise as to whether more were required, and then it seemed that fresh preparations must be made, and as it were another breakfast must be prepared; and all this while the little steamer is screaming like mad. Phlegmatic people wait till the fidgetty have done, and have the table to themselves without any crowding, but then, unfortunately, there is nothing left upon the table but empty plates, dishes, and cups. For we are now in Thelemarken, where provisions are scarce and appetites disproportioned. However, with more or less breakfast we are all abroad, and away we steam up the beautiful lake for the further end on our way to the Rjukanfos.

Our gallant little steamer, the *Rjukan*, is almost as large as a small sailing boat: of course it has no cabin, and the dozen of us fit in pretty tightly. The engineer-in-chief, who is his own assistant and stoker, sits midships on a three-legged stool in front of his furnace, pokes the fire, converses affably with the adjacent passengers, and obeys his own orders, making himself as much at home as if the boiler were on his own parlour fire. The scenery on the Sjö is very grand, far superior to any we have yet seen inland. The mountains rise boldly out of the water to great heights, so that there are very few points at which a landing can be made, while the waterfalls are numerous and quite in harmony in size and volume with their massive surroundings. As we ascend the lake the views grow still finer: we seem penetrating into the very heart of Thelemarken. The wild range in front is crowned by another still wilder which overhangs it: and then just 1,275 feet above the Tind Sjö stand another lake, the Mjos Vand, which hurls its waters down the Rjukanfos into the Maan Elv, whence it comes leaping into these beautiful waters. A finer approach could hardly be desired than this, which shows us what we are to expect when we have climbed the heights before us.

In about three hours the *Rjukan* brings us to the top of the lake, after making a few calls at stations perched up on rocks; at one a letter—not a post bag—has to be left, at another, a passenger has to be picked up who has let himself down from a sæter in cloudland. We land at a pretty little hotel, whose jetty is that of our steamer, which the guide-book calls Ornes i Mael, but the *regning* (bill) Strand Hotel, which is rather startling to a Londoner in wild Thelemarken. There is a rush for carriages, for the Rjukanfos is yet miles away, and our Norwegian friend is again our good angel, and secures one which we are to share with him. The valley up which we drive is buried amid the lofty mountains. The carriage is primitive enough: strong and rough, and therefore quite in harmony with the road. A Norwegian mile brings us to Dale in about an hour and a half, where we rest our horses, for we have double this distance to travel before reaching Vaar, where we leave the carriage and begin the one hour's climb to the great *fos*.

The scenery is glorious, for the Maan Elv is dashing down fiercely from its leap at the Rjukanfos, and foams amid rocky barriers which beset its way. Those barriers are now rising higher and higher on each side, and the river before us seems as though it were tunnelling its way out of the earth. Were we to repeat our visit, we would keep down beside the waters until the fall was just over our heads, and see from below the leap of eight hundred feet. As it is, we leave the carriage and ascend an easy path which the *Turist forening* (Tourist Club) has made up to its own hotel on the Krokan.

The way grows steeper, but the grandeur of the scenery inspires to greater exertions, and glimpses of the vapour—for such the Rjukanfos appears at a distance—increase the excitement. A jutting promontory shuts out the view; then the lower part of the fall is seen, again the cloud of mist, the Reeking, as the name implies, floats upwards; it seems impossible to see all at once, and then the cheerful little hotel, which the Tourist Club has so well employed its small subscriptions in building for our convenience, stands full in the way and invites to repose and refreshment.

Who can resist such an invitation? certainly not two hungry and thirsty tourists who have tasted nothing since the spare *frokost* at Tinoset, the other end of a land and sea journey. So down we sit in the dining-room and wait to see what fortune

will give us. Well, the *middag* (mid-day meal or dinner) is not to be despised; soup, meat, some kind of blancmange flavoured with multebaar, with a bottle of Rheinwein make the repose refreshing, and if we in due time find that the cost is in proportion to the position of the hotel—far above the average height—we cannot complain, seeing the difficulties under which entertainment of so good a character is provided.

But there is the Rjukanfos roaring at no great distance, and here we are feasting at our ease up in the sky, like the deities of old. So out we sally, and soon find ourselves seated on a broad bench at the edge of a precipice, and the *fos* across the abyss right in front.

Yes; there directly opposite to where we sit at ease, rises a bare and almost perpendicular cliff, sixteen hundred feet high. Smooth is its surface from the top to where it is lost down below in the foam and mist of the raging waters, save for one huge gash, which has cloven it vertically half-way down, and out of this grim and huge fissure dash the fierce and abundant waters of the Maan Elv.

High above us and behind this mountain lies the Mjos Vand, from which the river flows. The iron cliff once barred its way and kept its waters in the tranquil lake. But nothing can resist the power of water. It has cut its way through the mountain, and now rushes on in rapid falls until it reaches the edge of the precipice before us, where it takes the terrible leap of eight hundred feet, and forms once more the Maan Elv, which we have traced thus far upwards from where it pours itself into the Tindsjö.

There is something, undoubtedly, very striking in a scene like this, when the point of view is directly opposite the top of the fall and nothing intervenes between the brink of the precipice on which we stand and the rushing waters that seem so nigh. A hand-rail enables us to look serenely straight down into the gulf below and to watch the masses of water upon which the eye can fix itself as they dash downwards and bury themselves in the misty spray which surges up as though to open its arms to receive them. But the mind soon wearies of what is after all one monotonous scene, and yearns after that greater variety which comes of broken falls and the havoc that rocks make in their passage; and here is a steep path beside us, which will lead to a lower view, so down this we stumble, for it is too steep for walking. And now we observe the nature of these

rocks, and a peculiarity which strikes even our uninstructed eyes. They seem as though they had been taken out of their horizontal beds and placed on their edges, so that to split them you must cut them vertically. This makes them easy enough to climb, for any projecting ridge is an edge which can only be broken off by a long vertical cleavage. And this at once suggests the idea that this narrow chasm which separates us from the fall is but a vertical split, as is that through which the fall dashes. However, we leave this to the geologists, and hasten down that we may see to greater advantage from below the fall which loses much of its grandeur above, for in this, as in so many other things, " 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

But this path too soon comes to an end. It has evidently been intentionally destroyed ; and so we learn subsequently at the Krokan, in consequence, it seems, of an accident last year which resulted fatally. So we perforce turn up again, look once more upon the mighty rushing waters, climb a bit of an upward path, which gives us a side view of the *fos*, and stroll downward to rejoin our friends and carriage, and drive once more through the narrow and picturesque Vestfjordalen (whose name we have just learned) to our quaint little inn on the margin of the Tindsjø.

We are all hungry enough when we arrive for *aftensmad* (supper) ; and as we drive up we rejoice to see lights in the large room and a cloth laid on the long table ; but the appointed hour or the expected company has not yet arrived, and the room door is locked ! So we distract our thoughts with a sleeping difficulty, between a double-bedded ante-chamber through which others must pass and a triple-bedroom which another may claim to share. We decide on the former, and come down stairs again, but find the company in the ante-room. Our Norse friends are quartered in an adjoining room, which having access to the supper table is besieged by hungry tourists, and they have much ado to hold their own. At length the long-watched door is thrown open, and we hasten in like hungry schoolboys and scramble for the seats around the table. A few thin slices of sausage and some whity-brown bread is quickly seized and devoured. Some luxurious travellers have brought their own white bread, and are eyed ravenously as they display their treasure. At length another door is thrown open, and some meat—of course, shapeless fragments of veal—is brought in

quite processionally, a teapot following, and some bottles of beer. It was thoughtless to hand the dish round, for, of course, it was emptied long before it had completed the circuit; and then the second pause seemed longer and harder to bear than the first; for there was surely something like a triumphant rattle of knives and forks by the winners of the veal; which dry and stringy as it was, looked quite appetizing to those who had no need of such kind of incentives. However, we all got something at last, slow and apathetic as the attendants might be. So we went to bed in good time, and awoke with the bright sun full in our faces on the morning of

Tuesday, August 6.—Bright and cheerful is the view over the Tindsjö as we linger upon the little balcony-pier of the Strand Hotel. To the right stretches the upper end of the lake, which narrows rapidly until it finishes where the Maan Elv pours the waters of the Rjukanfos into its capacious bosom. Beyond that opening rises the grand range of mountains which shuts up within its lofty walls the narrow valley we explored yesterday, and still beyond and perhaps the most striking feature in the scene, stands the long wedgelike jagged ridge of the Goustaffeld. So it looks from this distance, but as we worked round it yesterday, it suddenly changed its shape into a sharply pointed pyramid. It must command a vast view, but as it takes six hours in climbing, we left it undone, and contented ourselves with another look from a distance over a scene which will not soon be forgotten.

The little steamer soon arrives and we sail up the lake to Tinoset, enjoying this return voyage and the new views which the grand mountains that contain the little sea open out as we see them under fresh combinations. We leave our Norse friends at Strand, but have scarcely reached Tinoset and taken our seat in the carriage that awaits us, when a young Swede and his wife ask and obtain permission to join us for a portion of our drive back to Kongsberg. So we are once more in company, very pleasant companions we find the young couple to be, and useful interpreters on our way.

Our drive of forty miles from Tinoset to Kongsberg is quiet and orderly enough, compared with our wild and rugged route through Bolkesjö, but it has attractions of its own which render it very interesting. For Hitterdalen, besides its natural beauties, which are indeed proverbial even in this land of lovely dales, has a *fos* of great renown and a church of special interest. Our old

Saxon and Norman churches of wood have long since perished, and though we believe many of their characteristics have passed into the stone buildings which succeeded them, there is a natural wish to form a more correct idea of what they were than imagination, even with these helps, can supply. Now here in Hitterdalen remains one of these wooden churches, contemporary in date, and doubtless in style also, with those that seven centuries ago were so familiar in England. So we pull up by the roadside and enter the churchyard, wherein stands the largest and almost the last relic of the ancient and venerable order.

The outside is very quaint, and yet has a dignity which raises its quaintness into grandeur: it is so unlike anything one has ever seen, and yet somehow it has a familiar aspect. The natural way in which the rude timber has been used to work out the architect's design, startles us; for in it we at once recognize forms that are familiar enough in stone, which have evidently grown out of, and owe much of their peculiarity to the material in which they were originally wrought. Three spires crown the church. The lowest stands on a round tower, which rises from the centre of the circular roof of the apse; next comes a similar, but more lofty one, that springs from the centre of the roof of the chancel, which itself rises a story higher than the apse, and last a still loftier spire which rises from the centre of the nave, itself a story higher than the chancel and two above the apse. But these central buildings, rising step above step, from east to west, stand not alone, as indeed they scarcely could do being built, as the whole church is, entirely of wood, so they are surrounded all, except the low apse, by aisles with high pitched and gabled roofs, the windows placed high up, for the outer walls are yet again inclosed by a lean-to cloister, which runs entirely round the whole building. The effect is very good. Look at the church from whatever point you may, it rises in three stories before you. So what with the three spires of various heights and the three tiers of high-pitched gabled roof, it is wonderfully rich in varied, and yet well harmonized, outline, and sparkles with details which give life and dignity to the simple materials out of which this grand old church is constructed. Nothing can be more simple than the way in which the timber has been turned to best account; its natural weakness sustained by each tier buttressing the taller one within, and yet in all this one sees the rudiments of those vast edifices of stone which

copied for their beauty the contrivances which the new material so little needed. And so is it in minute details as in the general outline. At home and in Ireland we find in ancient stone carvings the very same designs, which are here in the tracery, mouldings, and other decorations. For here are those quaint, intertwined, and fierce dragons which tear one another and carry on their rude sport in foliage as rude and quaint as themselves. Here they are cut clean and yet shallow in the heavy squared posts just as they were afterwards in stone, and with just the same flatness and want of relief, as though the new carvers saw no better means for light and shade in stone than in the old material. So, too, with the simple moulding; they scooped out the face of the heavy beam, and nailed in it short wooden billets; and thence we have the stone billet-moulding which bears unmistakeable testimony to its wooden origin. Just as we have seen on the stations the *Jonas Lie* visited, the herring-bone painted on the doors and walls as the natural symbol of the trade carried on, so have we the same design copied and repeated so often in Norman churches, that it has brought itself and its name into architecture, and is spoken of as "herring-bone work."

Several porches flanked by sturdy posts, on which the dragons flourish, open into the cloister, which is panelled to half its height, and then is lighted with well arched open windows. The interior is simple in its design and still simpler in its decorations. It is eighty-four feet long and fifty-seven feet wide.

The school children were singing within when we drove up to the church, and when they came out the organist allowed us to enter, and with most welcome courtesy left us to ourselves. However, the exterior had the greatest attraction, and we soon left the empty, chilly place, which is no longer a Catholic church.

And as we drive along, we begin to muse upon the changes which have passed since the old church was built some seven hundred years ago, and upon the old faith which it seems to have outlived in Norway: and we marvel how the material fabric has withstood the ravages of time so much better than the spiritual fabric that once grew within it; how the thin coat of varnish which preserves the timbers so well, without obliterating the quaint carvings thereon, has no spiritual counterpart in this beautiful Hitterdal, to protect the people from the

dry rot of false doctrine and the decay of faith ; and it seems to us as though the old wooden church stood alone without one other memorial to join its testimony, or a single familiar token to bind its ancient glory to its present desolation. But while this thought is in our minds, a distant sound of waters comes on our ears, and we hail gladly a voice which sings now as it did seven hundred years ago, and salutes us with its glorious harmonies, as it did those who in long past years heard Mass at Hitterdal. So on we drive to the celebrated Tindfos, which just now seems to us as an old friend, and well does it deserve the renown it has obtained.

Indeed its name reminds us that its waters are no strangers to us, for is it not the river which joins our Tindsøe with the long *ffjord* which runs in here from the distant sea ? We pause on the bridge which carries the road across its abundant waters some distance below the great fall ; but this will not satisfy us, so we send on the carriage to the neighbouring station, and hurry up the rough banks towards the great scene above.

Of course our ill-considered haste leads us into all kinds of difficulties which necessitate climbing up, clambering round and leaping down, each one pursuing his own wild career and calling out to the heedless others to follow. However, in time we all collect at the edge of the *fos*, and close to a bridge of a single plank, which spans the abyss into which the great cascade falls. This bridge leads to a central rocky island which divides the waters in such an unusual manner that one fall is a little in advance of the other, and forms an obtuse angle with it.

The single plank, which the great fall seems almost to scrape, has an iron rod suspended about five feet on each side of it, and makes a kind of Blondin-tight-rope, with a slack rope for the hands. We soon come to the satisfactory conclusion that the two falls can be best seen from the mainland, and leave the plank untrodden. The falls are both very grand, and, differing considerably in their general features, combine into a whole of wonderful beauty and variety. We agree that we prefer it to the more renowned Rjukanfos. We like it better, for it has many features, and is more accessible. The one shows itself at once, a sublime single spectacle, beyond our reach, and with too much grandeur to be more than wondered at ; but the other has endless variety of broken cascade, to be hunted out, clambered over, and almost played with ; and so we gaze in reverential awe upon the one, but treasure up in loving memory the other.

The remainder of our drive to Kongsberg is chiefly remarkable for the slowness of its earlier and quickness of its later progress. For miles our road lies up hill, terrace rises above terrace, but with steep and narrow steps; so the climb is long and the intermediate level trot is provokingly short. Nor is there variety of scenery to compensate for the slowness of motion, for both sides are shut in generally by trees. So we grow sulky, then angry, and at last almost violent. When our temper is nigh a climax our road proves to have reached its climax too. So the driver fixes himself firmly and permanently on his box, grasps tightly his reins, cracks his whip, and away we dash as fast as our horses can gallop, dragless and apparently heedless, down the gigantic staircase of this wonderful road. It is wonderfully exciting, this wild, harum-scarum gallop. All sense of danger soon passes away; for the heavy carriage, though it pitches and tosses from side to side, has its centre of gravity well down, and the sides are too high for us to be jerked over, and thus we conclude our long excursion into Thelemarken in the highest of spirits and fastest of paces.

Wednesday, August 7.—We start by the early train for Christiania—for there are only two trains a day—and though our journey is less than sixty miles, it takes five hours to perform it. Indeed, Norwegian railway-travelling has a good deal of the old carriole system about it, as is natural when things are in an early stage of transition. Not only is the pace slow, but the delays at the stations are long and uncertain. Most people seem to get out at every one of them; to gossip with the people of the locality, who make a point of coming up at the appointed time for the promenade; and when conversation flags the officials come round and suggest that we ought to be going on, which in time is done, and so we creap away to another station for similar delay and gossip.

Drammen is the chief place through which the train carries us. From a railway-carriage point of view, it is a bright, cheerful place, and looks as if it was not long since rebuilt after a fire, which indeed may be predicated of most Norwegian towns. The hotels are large and the streets broad, while the bridge which carries us across the river Drammen, winds and twists from island to island with an utter contempt for all railway straightforwardness. But the river may be excused its inordinate breadth, seeing that it here opens into the grand Fjord, whose great dimensions it seems trying to rival.

Ere long we are in the suburbs of Christiania itself, and very pretty combinations of land and water, of villa and fjord, do they present. Evidently the capital is a bright little place, with none of those grim features with which one is oppressed nearer home.

We quarter ourselves at the Grand Hotel in Carl Johans Gade Street, and find ourselves very comfortable there. Rooms are large and well furnished, and everything is well managed.

We stroll about the broad and very orderly streets, which stand at right angles to one another, almost as primly as those in Mannheim. We look from a distance at the Royal Palace, but do not feel tempted to leave the pleasant shade of the Student's Park (Studenten Lund) for the climb up a dusty hill in a broiling sun, to inspect the brand new, glaring building. Neither does the Parliament House (Storting) prove more attractive; for it is not in session, so we cannot hear the two things—as they queerly call the assemblies—the lower (Odels-thing) or the upper (Lag-thing).

The museums, however, are more attractive, and fill up pleasantly any leisure time.

The collection of national antiquities is very fine, and is seen—as, indeed, every public museum here is—under the special advantage of having as guide a professor who devotes a fixed time every day to the explanation of what is to be seen—not in the Munich fashion, where parties are taken in hand and lectured from room to room in a dry, perfunctory manner, but in a way that is simply delightful. Are you puzzled by some ancient piece of carving, or an ancient instrument of war, you have only to look puzzled, and somebody is sure to come up and tell you all about it, as an intelligent friend might do. For instance, we see many grim knives and stout leather girdles of unusual size. What are they? The professor is at our elbow, and we learn that they are the implements for duelling of great antiquity of origin, but not long since gone out of use. The process is simple enough. Each combatant takes a knife and drives it with all his strength into a board; the part of the blade which has gone in is the instrument of war; the unburied portion is covered with stout leather, and is useless. Then the girdle is put tight round the two duellists, and to work they go with the uncovered portions of their knives until one perishes. Evidently duelling was a serious affair in past days, and we must suppose people thought twice before they called one another out.

Many quaint carvings, such as we saw at Hetterdal, are here preserved from buildings which have not had such vitality or good fortune as the old wooden church there. The collection of pictures is neither large nor good. Tidemand is the chief national artist, but even his works look cold and hard. We were told that Norwegian artists and their pictures are to be found in other countries, where they meet with more encouragement than at home; so perhaps this may in some measure account for their absence from the National Gallery.

We spent two pleasant evenings in the Tivoli Gardens, which afforded us a great variety of original entertainment. The first evening was a kind of national festival, when the select singers who had been competing successfully at the Paris Exhibition, were welcomed home, and amid much speechifying gave some concerted music in excellent style. The University students took a prominent part in the reception, and thus we had an opportunity of seeing a large gathering of fine, gentlemanly young men, who, living scattered in lodgings and not in college rooms, are seldom to be met in any large numbers. The second evening showed us the usual form of varied entertainment which, in addition to the outdoor music of a band, juvenile bicycling upon round tables, and wrestling with a Norwegian giant, gave us three performances within a theatre, two of the best pieces being monologues by a very clever actress. It speaks much in her praise to say that in an unknown tongue she made her solitary parts quite intelligible and interesting, and showed how one clever person can fill a stage effectively without the assistance of others. It is curious that with all our love of novelty and keen search for foreign plays, our managers and star actors never try this kind of entertainment. Mathews used in long past days to give his popular *At Home*, but then his skill was shown principally in assuming several different characters with great rapidity. But here we have an actress playing only one part, yet by clever representation of different feelings which naturally succeed one another, keeping attention fixed upon herself, and never suffering the interest to flag from beginning to end of either of her little monodramas.

The only church which attracts our special attention is the Catholic Cathedral, recently built by the indefatigable Vicar Apostolic, Monsigneur Bernard. It is worthy of its position, and contrasts favourably with the heavy and gloomy Dom Kirke, which, we are told, is filled with pews of enormous size

and very unecclesiastical character, being fitted up with windows and green silk blinds! The same authority informs us that the only peculiarity of the services there is that the congregation never kneel, and only stand three times throughout the service. So we suppose the silk curtains are drawn in the several rooms, and the occupants—we cannot call them worshippers—rest at their ease. Let us hope that curiosity, if nothing better, may lead many of these people to visit the Catholic Cathedral and see the difference. The Norwegians are sensible people, and cannot but profit by the thoughts such contrast must suggest; and so in due time—for nothing is done in a hurry in Norway—the little band of Catholic missionaries may reap the harvest which they are sowing with such toil and care. There are nuns already at work, and what people can resist the influence of their piety and zeal? As we began at Bergen, so we finish our tour at Christiania, with the tokens of the work of the Church around us, and the sure presage of its future success.

A stroll in the suburbs brings us abruptly upon a rather steep hill, from the top of which we enjoy a fine view over the city at our feet and the grand *fjord*, which spreads far and wide beyond. Certainly the position of Christiania is very beautiful. The approach from the sea is about eighty miles. Islands stud the waters, which narrow as they come inland, then again expand into a beautiful lake, upon whose northern shore the fair city stands in the midst of a fertile valley, shut in by well-wooded heights. All is soft and beautiful, as though there were no Romsdalen nor Vest Fjord beyond. And as we steam along its placid waters on

Friday, August 9—on a bright afternoon, in the good ship *Angelo*, for Hull, we add this fair picture to the many we treasure up in our memory for coming days, when we hope to linger in thought over the varied scenes we have passed through during our Long Day in Norway.

HENRY BEDFORD.

Three Causes of Scepticism.

II.—A THIRD CAUSE.

IF any one wants, as far as it is allowed to human fallibility, always to perceive aright, always to judge aright, always to reason aright, one of the first things needful for him is a thorough loyalty to truthfulness in the whole extent of that virtue—to truthfulness in thought, in word, and in deed. This fact lies so plainly on the surface that it needs no proof, though it does need insisting upon. Whoever, in any matter, allows himself to take up false views, even as play-things or as means of escaping from stern realities, thereby weakens his power of taking right views. Whoever indulges in consciously fictitious attitudes, at least exposes himself to a harmful tendency. Thus, though it would be a gross calumny to say that an actor must, to some extent, carry his acting into real life, it is no calumny to say that, in order not to do so, he has an influence to go against; and that many people have, as a fact, from their connexion with the stage, become what is called "stagey" in their ordinary comportment. A like remark may be made about novel-writers. They may be, if they like, and often are, as straightforward as any of their neighbours; but this does not invalidate the statement that they have a danger proper to their own calling. Neither actors nor novelists can possibly be offended by such observations; no more than the keeper of a way-side inn can take it amiss, if he comes across a general statement, aimed neither at him nor at any other individual, that a position like his offers a temptation to over-frequent drinking. And as not a single station in life, be it that of "the gentleman with nothing to do," or of him who has to work for his living in some way or other—as no position is without its own peculiar incentives to evil, there would have been no object in bringing forward the two examples above mentioned, were they not wanted as convenient introductions to the subject I am now to propose for consideration. I wish to trace a third cause of scepticism,

especially amongst the masses, to the neglect of strict allegiance to the virtue of truthfulness. What I want to lay stress on is simply this. If a man has not a high and correct idea of truth, regarding it as something that has its standard for ever unchangeable, not variable, like the fashions or the market-prices; if he is not accustomed always to mark off clearly, in his own mind, what he knows and what he does not know; if he has not habituated himself to distinguish sharply between what are his rational sympathies, and what are the promptings of false sentiment, of passion, or of freakishness; then the result will be that such a man lies ready to fall an easy prey to the plague of scepticism. He has made himself a most apt subject wherein the disease-germs, floating so multitudinously in the air, may take root and grow. He soon loses all belief in himself; what wonder, then, if he loses his belief in God and religion?

Let us see a few points wherein the circumstances of our times are dangerous to right ideas about truth, and to right conduct in its pursuit. It is needless to do more than mention the ill effect arising from the sort of omniscience that is exacted of us now-a-days. Our poor finite minds are forced to exhaust themselves over an infinity of matters. To take a single instance. Every body reads the daily papers, and some people try to devour a great many. These papers have their correspondents scattered over the wide world, trying to take note of all that is going forward. Well, let us fix our attention on only two points, one having regard to the readers as passive recipients of what they are told, the other to these same readers as active reproducers, in their own way, of what they have taken in. On the first head, let us ask ourselves what must be the *de facto* impression on the masses, when they find that reports abound in contradictions; that opposite statements about the same event stand in the same column; that one class of papers are always full of commendations because they are on the Government side, while another side are equally invariable in their condemnations, because they are on the opposition side. How natural for the idea to creep in, without express advertence, that "truth is what man troweth;" that "the bell clinketh as man thinketh;" that morality is an affair of party, a course being just for the Ins because they took it, and unjust for the Outs precisely on the same ground, because the Ins took it! Then, to turn to the second consideration above proposed, how will the majority give forth their version of what they have

read? Will they stay to discriminate? Will they suspend their judgment? Will they have any solid conviction as to their own assertions? Not at all. They will grow quite accustomed to dogmatize wholesale, and the more irrefutably because they have no definite reasons to be refuted. It is amusing—though there is a more serious side to the amusement—to listen to a chance discussion in a railway carriage. It matters little whether the party is a pugnacious one, or one of those polite, complaisant parties, the members of which would not for the world disagree, and therefore feel their way to a general sentiment, in which all will pleasantly concur. In either case one cannot help feeling that there is a great absence of steadiness of principle, and of anything like solid conviction. Of course no one would be so absurd as to forbid any person to utter an opinion in politics unless he was an able statesman; or to give a view about the conduct of a campaign, unless the speaker was able at least to take command of a regiment. An outsider has a right to his conclusions if he will only form them conscientiously. We must all of us often talk of what we know very little about, and we must all have many opinions to which we ourselves attach little importance. But where the mischief to truthfulness comes in is the point, at which we cease to recognize our views and our statements just for what we honestly believe them to be worth; or at which we cease trying to form any intelligent appreciation of their worth. For instance, if, in conversation, a question crops up as to whether the present Afghan war is justified by necessity, there are several of us who ought to know that we, at least, have never given any serious study to the documents that would furnish us with the materials for forming a judgment. Perhaps it would take us a good week's work to come to any conscientious decision; perhaps, even after a week's work, we could not honestly pronounce an absolute sentence. In such a case we are weakening our hold upon truth, we are preparing the way for scepticism, if inwardly we attach more importance to our conjectures than belongs to conjectures, or if outwardly we are dogmatic in our assertions.

To return, however, to newspapers and their effects, it but remains to repeat that one of their influences is, if I may coin the word, *scepticizing*. The same to some extent would be the result even if all papers were conducted in the spirit of strict moral principle. By their very nature they would contain many statements that were hasty, ill-considered, or grounded on false

reports. But it is not as the would-be abolitionist of newspapers, or even as the censor of existing papers, that I have ventured to make these remarks. I have no further aim than to call attention to a source of scepticism from which we may all unwarily drink in some poison. And in mentioning newspapers I have taken them only as a single instance out of many of the same kind. From the huge mass, in general, of published matter that issues from the printing press, the indiscriminating, incautious reader has to fear a deadening of his belief in truth, especially in supersensible truth. Much reading may be to many the destruction of sound thinking.

Second among the faults against truthfulness which lead to scepticism, I will place false sentimentality. And it is all the same for my purpose whether the instances adduced relate to inward feeling or to sheer outward affectation. Mine may sound a strange accusation to make against an age, which boasts to have discovered the great secret of salvation by facts alone. But prominent among the apostles of the gospel according to facts stand the positivists. Now the positivists profess a religion; and this religion they declare to be based on sentiment; and this sentiment they avow to be, at bottom, an unreality, a sham, a deliberate fiction of the brain, admissible only because of its usefulness to turn emotion into the energy of action. This is the purpose, the excuse, of all religion. All religions really belonging to their age are, in their day, good, that is useful; and each successive religion becomes bad, that is, useless, as soon as its age is over. So here is an open declaration that, under the high title of religion, false sentiment is to be embraced, not indeed for its own sake, but for the sake of what it enables man to do.

No doubt many of those, who, with some protest, accept the name of materialists, would rejoin, that they scorn the positivist religion, and are amongst the foremost to denounce it as an outrage against truth. This is all very well; but when these same materialists, because they cannot and dare not deny aspirations in man higher than the things of sense, advise their readers "to rise above the steaming valley of sense," the recommendation sounds nobly as a phrase, yet cannot bear analysis as to meaning. For unless they allow a knowable realm of spiritual reality and of spiritual truth, such as they have asserted to be unknowable, they can give no solid basis to their so-called religion. If there is any point demonstrable and often demonstrated, it is, that morality without dogma is

a castle in the air. So that, once more, we have sentimentality made to do duty for reality. We have another sham, only a degree more plausible than the positivist sham.

Similarly the doctrine of full-blown altruism, in as far as it professes to see selfishness in the Christian law of charity, to be an improvement on the Gospel, and to have a purely rationalistic basis, must be a piece of sentimentality, in which its most ardent advocates cannot really believe, and on which they cannot consistently act.

Again, no one can be surprised that, in the present state of thought, religious feeling is often put on a par with poetic feeling and assigned the same sphere of usefulness. Goethe is described to us as a man of "strong religious *sentiment*, whilst not much attached to *doctrine*;" and, no doubt, many, who thus admiringly depict their hero, would not have substantially distinguished his poetic from his religious temperament. Both are refining influences, useful in the development of culture. And when we come to examine what is the form of poetic sentiment most in favour, we find that it too, even when it is not made to stand as the substitute of religion, is yet made to add one more force to the agencies destructive of sound belief. Much of our modern poetry is poetry with a purpose. It deals with human destiny, and seeks to inculcate views with regard to that destiny. A specimen may be quoted, without offence, in the person of one who is no longer alive to hear what is said of him, and who, during life, so little shrank from being called what he was, that he wrote himself down *Atheist* in a visitor's book. In Shelley's *Queen Mab*, then, what the Christian has to complain of is that, while there is a deal of sentiment—of very powerful sentiment—it is sentiment, not only without reason, but violently against reason. The poet is inconsistent with himself, most wayward, most wildly and ungovernably passionate. He rages against evils and prophecies, quite gratuitously, remedies worse than the evils. The power that is to work the cure is nature; and nature, in the context, evidently stands for an idea. With every allowance for the fictitious part of the poem, we must recognize a portion which Shelley meant to be taken as the setting forth of fact; and of this portion the mildest thing that can be said is, that, if the poet really believed what he said, he must have let his imaginative faculty gain a strange tyranny over his intellect. But, leaving aside a poet who was exceptional in the open violence of his unbelief, we may perhaps more advantageously study the possible influence of sentimentalism upon the spread

of scepticism, in poets who are not themselves sceptics. Let us take the case of one who was even a good Catholic. No one will deny the many excellencies of Lamartine. Yet in the matter of sentiment he certainly exceeded. In a discourse on M. Autran, lately delivered before the French Academy, Lamartine's enforced enthusiasm is brought out and put in contrast. He is described, while walking about an unpicturesque neighbourhood, as "stopping short all at once and exclaiming: *Beautiful country! What a majesty there is about these old sycamores!* In astonishment, M. Autran [his companion] looked around in search of the sycamores, and saw nothing but some stunted mulberry trees. A little further on another exclamation burst forth: *Ah, this clear spring! and that young damsel!* *She is Nausicaa!* Now to tell the truth, adds M. Autran, Nausicaa was only a good country lass, and the spring nothing but a stream used by the villagers for washing purposes. Have I quoted this incident for the malicious pleasure of catching genius—*flagrante delicto*—in the very act of giving way to uncalled-for transports? You will cast no such imputation upon me. My reason is simply because the story seems to show, how wide was the difference between the two poets, and because I find the whole character of M. Autran's future work in this protest on behalf of reality against dreaming. By the side of M. Autran, the great lyric, with one glance of the eye, takes wing, soars aloft, and sees no longer the things of earth, except as reflected in a sort of mirage, which lends whatever colours the poet pleases. His companion, more calm, follows with some surprise this bold flight, which he has no mind to imitate. As for himself, seated quietly by the road-side, he contemplated nature as she presented herself to him in rustic simplicity, and saw in her nothing that gave a shock to his feelings."

The moral pointed by this anecdote is, not that all poetry must be strictly realistic, nor even that no poetry ought to be highly imaginative. But, I think, a lesson is conveyed to the effect, that sentiment may be over done, especially when it is carried out of the hours of poetic composition into the common intercourse of life. Whoever passes the due bounds, exposes himself to risk of contracting sceptical tendencies, though many stop short of what we call simple scepticism.¹

And to show that sentimentalism does not confine itself

¹ Sentimentalism also tends to make men credulous, but this is not the point at present. Besides, many sceptics are likewise credulous. This is an inconsistency, but a fact all the same.

to the moments of poetic production, but that it passes out into every-day life, it will be needful only to recall two instances that have lately been brought before the public. The *Quarterly Review*, speaking of a recent work of M. Taine's, thus describes the craze that followed upon the publication of Rousseau's *Héloïse*. There was a perfect rage for "sensibility." "Into every detail of life sensibility drags its emphasis. One builds in his park a little temple to Friendship; another sets up in her *boudoir* a little altar to *Beneficence*; another adopts a costume à la *Jean-Jacques*, analogous to the principles of the author. Others select for head-dresses *poufs au sentiment*, where may be placed portraits of one's daughter, of one's mother, of one's canary, of one's pet dog, with a hair of one's father or one's *ami du cœur* for garnish. . . . It is the fashion for every woman, at the sight of M. de Voltaire, to be suddenly affected with an all-overishness, to throw herself into his arms, stammer, weep, and fall into a state of emotion, exhibiting all the symptoms of the most passionate love. When an author of fashion reads a piece in a *salon*, it is the correct thing for ladies to explode in sighs and sobs, and for at least one fainting fair to need unlacing." May it not be asked, what chance has truth with creatures like these? Is it any wonder if they had sceptical tendencies?

The same periodical, in a later number, quotes from M. Sherer the following account of the *Werther* craze: "*Werther* is the poem of German middle-class sentimentality of that day. It must be said that our [French] sentimentality, even at the height of the *Héloïse* season, never reached the extravagance of that of our neighbours. Mdlle. Flachsland, who married Herder, writes to her betrothed that, one night, in the depths of the woods, she fell on her knees as she looked at the moon, and that having found some glow-worms, she put them into her hair," &c. Balmez remarked of the German philosophy of his day, that it had destroyed the intellectual basis of religion, which it had left supported only by sentiment. This last prop, he added, would soon give way, as indeed it has done, even though, as Baron Hübner observes, "the German is always sentimental, wherever he is."

These last two specimens are gross displays of sentimentalism, plain to recognize, at least for outsiders who are not blinded by the fact of being themselves victimized. But many a man is the sport of a subtler sentimentalism who is little aware of it. And if it be asked whether some are sceptics through sentimentality,

I reply, undoubtedly they are. With certain persons sentiment is *the* cause of unbelief; with others it is at least a partial cause. It is a pleasing thing, in its way, to be accounted a man who has thought so deeply as to have seen into the hollowness of the most cherished human expectations. The finger of wonder is pointed at such a man as he goes along the street, and it is muttered audibly enough for him to hear, "That is the great So-and-so." Before now sorrow has been worshipped, and its mood courted, because there is something pleasantly pathetic in the nursing of sorrow and in the sympathy it attracts. And one form of "sweet melancholy" is that of scepticism. If any one feels inclined to deny this statement on the purely *à priori* ground, that no man could woo the pain of doubt in any way for its own sake, I can only answer that the experience of human nature is against the theory. It is simply a fact that there are people who can find a sort of perverse pleasure in what is of its own nature painful. To recur only to the already quoted influence of *Werther*, Mr. Carlyle says, "*Werther*, infusing itself into the core and whole spirit of literature, gave birth to a race of sentimentalists, who have raged and wailed in every part of the world, till better light dawned on them, or at least exhausted nature laid itself to sleep, and it was discovered that lamenting was an unproductive labour."

And if further proof is wanted that not all causes of sceptical difficulties are purely intellectual, I suppose it will be enough to show that many of these difficulties are the outcome of a process that cannot claim for itself the epithet *intelligent*. There are unmistakeable tokens that the intellect has suffered violence from some disturbing cause without. What I mean is, that while there are such things as logically constructed arguments against details in the received belief of Christendom, some of which arguments may never be thoroughly answered on their own individual grounds, but only on more general grounds, the scientific sceptic's difficulties lie hopelessly beyond this sphere of what, for some men, and for a certain length of time, may really be reasonable misgivings. They lie, that is to say, in some, evidently unreasonable, previous negation of man's power to reason at all, in the proper sense of the word. For the current doctrines on which they rest, or with which they are intimately bound up, are such as these: That acknowledged self-contradictions do not of themselves condemn a system of philosophy; that what is true for man's intellect

may be quite false for another order of intellect; that even man's intellect may one day come to deny all that it now affirms; that when we speak of certainties we mean only probabilities, and probabilities mean simply the best guesses we can make, though these may have no correspondence whatever with objective reality. Now I maintain that reason, left to herself, could no more have arrived at the results just instanced, or at any others like these, than the professed advocates of them can consistently act up to their profession; for reason would have seen that she could enounce such conclusions only by denying her own existence, by denying that she was reason. She would have seen that her analysis of her own knowledge ignored altogether the essential nature of knowledge as knowledge, and as distinguished from everything besides itself. She would have detected herself engaged in the ridiculous task of proving by argument that all her arguments were without the force of real demonstration, and that she was certain there was no such thing as certitude. Her utterances would have been choked in the very attempt to disprove her own grasp upon absolute truths, for in the process she would have found her denials containing implicit avowals of just the opposite. Such a sceptic's difficulties, then, cannot be purely and persistently intellectual, though the intellect may have far more to do with them in some cases than in others.

And this last assertion will become all the more credible if two important remarks are borne in mind. The first is, that the reason may accidentally err upon matters outside itself, when these are neither very evident in themselves nor checked by kindred sciences, which would make the presence of some mistake apparent; but that, when the reason is turned in contemplation upon its own nature, then, especially as soon as it finds itself brought to conclusions that plainly contradict the facts of its own self-consciousness, it is not reason but a perverted will that is at work if the errors are allowed still to have place. And precisely such self-condemning conclusions are those maxims of modern philosophy of which I have already given a few examples.² The second remark is very briefly

² Of course intellect never in any case, *per se*, tends to error. All that is meant in the text is to lay special stress on the impossibility of intellect so flagrantly belying itself, on facts so unmistakeably present to it as those of its inner consciousness. He who knows thereby implicitly knows that he knows; and it is only by an outrage upon nature, that he can confound the intuition of necessary truths with the synchronizing of two series of nerve-vibrations; which synchronism might not have place in a differently constituted brain.

this. Experience goes to show that, as often as the habitual sceptic betrays his principles in much writing, he shows that he has taken up some of those self-refuting propositions on the constitution of the human mind itself.

So that, at the end of all, we are brought back to the starting-point of this paper—that truth is not firmly grasped because the virtue of truth is but ill-cultivated. Not that men live, or could live, in plainly recognized antagonism to what they acknowledge to be the truth; but they deceive themselves little by little, and they let others deceive them. There is inexcusable fault in this process of self-deception, but still they manage to excuse themselves to themselves.

To all, however, who have yet strong hold on the truth, to all who feel themselves only slightly tempted to waver, how solemnly the warning comes not to plunge into the gulf from which return is so hard! For, out of the category of human errors, perversion of the intellect is the hardest to correct. It carries with it, as far as any vice can carry with it, the necessary principle of its own perpetuation. From a peril so awful whoever wishes to be secure has one natural safeguard, and that, in its own order, is sufficient. Let him be ever loyal to truth. The truth, like God, Who is the Fount of all truth, will abandon no one who does not abandon it. Let a man know his own knowledge and know his own ignorance. Let him be generous in his ready recognition of both—of the former no less than of the latter. Let him never turn sophist, but let him be prompt, when sophisms allure him, to say with Shakespeare, "that way madness lies." Let him never wilfully confound truth with falsehood in the privacy of his own mind; and, in his outward speech, let neither idle sentiment, nor the love of novelty and singularity, nor vanity, nor prejudice, nor the malicious pleasure of humbling a rival, nor a general spirit of contradiction, nor the fear of a retractation, nor any cause whatever, induce him to make profession of what he does not honestly believe. If such be his fixed resolve, he may err in this or that particular; but he will never so destroy the intellect God gave him, that it no longer serves the purpose for which God gave it—the steady grasp of the essential truths concerning as well this world as the next.

JOHN RICKABY.

*The King's Secret.*¹

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, to his more revolting follies, added the absurdity of carrying on for the last twenty-five years of his life costly diplomatic transactions in the dark, apparently during the greater part of the time for the childish pleasure of feeling that he was a conspirator, and the possessor of a State secret. He seems to have had at first some indefinite idea of saving Poland, but that was soon abandoned. The Duke de Broglie gives us the entire history of this strange caprice, which, although it was nearly meaningless, as it came from the brain of the royal trifier, was yet admirably adapted to exercise the ingenuity and firmness of the servants of the Crown, to whom was intrusted the delicate task of acting out the King's little comedy without compromising more than might be the dignity of France. The incessant clashing of public and private instructions led to perplexing complications of diplomatic duty and the most charming confusion. With all his wonderful tact and high courage the Duc de Broglie's great-uncle could not finally make order out of chaos, and he received from the vile master whom he served the natural reward of his unscrupulous loyalty. Through all the curious narrative the consummate selfishness of Louis is painfully conspicuous, and the publication of the history of his secret diplomacy, if it seems to show a little more of mental activity than is commonly attributed to him, instead of diminishing his infamy thereby, only makes him more contemptible.

The Duc de Broglie does not profess to have made an entirely new discovery. He only fills in the "shading" of what has been known in outline for some years past.² The secret correspondence of Louis the Fifteenth did not escape

¹ *Le Secret du Roi*. Correspondance secrète de Louis XV. avec ses agents diplomatiques. Par le Duc de Broglie. Paris, 1879.

² *Correspondance Secrète*, inédite de Louis XV. sur la politique étrangère avec le Comte de Broglie, Tercier, etc. Published by M. Boutaric in two volumes in 1866.

observation altogether even in his life-time, and it was officially acknowledged in the succeeding reign ; but Frenchmen found other things to think about in the stormy years which followed. The documents themselves had a narrow escape. Louis the Sixteenth gave the order for their destruction. His pious solicitude for the memory of his grandfather was certainly superfluous, and, as M. Broglie observes, the more enlightened admirers of the French monarchy "have no interest in hiding either the misdemeanours of the pitiful prince who hastened its downfall, or the abuses of arbitrary power which have too often dishonoured its primary intention and marred its usefulness."

The first idea of instituting an inquiry into the affair came to the Duc de Broglie after reading the published collection to which we have already alluded. He felt at once that it ought to be possible to supply the omissions, which M. Boutaric deplored. The central figure of the history was a member of his own family of whose mysterious intercourse with Louis the Fifteenth he had often heard mention made in his childhood. M. Boutaric had found in the national archives under his care only the instructions given, and the answers received, by the King. The Duc de Broglie, from some indications which he had found in his father's papers after his death concluded that the whole correspondence very probably existed in the records of the Foreign Office. He was not mistaken. The desired information was there preserved, but the papers were scattered and the search would have been tedious if the labours had not been lightened by his own enthusiasm and much kind assistance on the spot. The treasures there accumulated were supplemented from the private collections of various members of the two branches of the De Broglie family. There is no doubt about the authenticity of any of the papers, but the thread of the story which they contain is not immediately visible. The Duc de Broglie was fully sensible of the difficulty of making a consecutive narrative out of such materials, but he judged rightly that his readers would not think his industry thrown away, and that they would find in his recital "a higher interest than that which attaches to the working out of an amusing plot."

For fear that the title selected, which, although in reality rigidly descriptive and almost imposed by the nature of the treatise, is at the first appearance a little fanciful, might to the idle and inquisitive raise expectations doomed to be disap-

pointed, M. de Broglie from the outset declares that his pages are not concerned with the scandals of a dissolute Court.

The secret correspondence belongs to a very memorable period in the history of Europe and the world. It saw the Seven Years' War, the partition of Poland, the transfer of Canada, the establishment of the British Empire in India, the first efforts of American Independence. Not certainly for the ascertaining of the King's intentions, of which the King himself was only partially cognisant, but for the right appreciation of the tortuous policy which his whimsical orders imposed, constant reference is needed to the great events in which the Comte de Broglie, ostensibly as the Ambassador of France, really as the confidential agent of the French King, played always a very active and sometimes a most conspicuous part. This agreeable necessity has made it more easy for the Duc de Broglie to give life and vigour to personal details. He has made a very skilful use of his mixed materials, giving coherence to his account of a dreamy and unsubstantial enterprize by interweaving more tangible facts. The interest of the book never flags, for before we have time to grow weary of the revelations of those inner depths of selfishness and duplicity, our attention is caught by some well known name of battle or treaty which has changed the fate of nations.

Four years after the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle had closed the great War of Succession by balancing one half of Europe against the other in the vain hope that the equilibrium thus established might produce a lasting peace, Charles Francis, the young Count de Broglie, son of one marshal and brother of another, who had attained high distinction in the army, but was untrained in the arts of diplomacy, was suddenly, at the instance of the Prince de Conti, appointed by the King French Ambassador at Dresden under most peculiar circumstances. He was only thirty-two years of age, conscious of great powers of mind and will, very ambitious, devoted to his prince with that excessive and mistaken loyalty which make a royal command into a precept of conscience whether the conduct prescribed has for its object to promote peace and good will, or to foment discord and provoke bloodshed. This loyalty formed the solid basis of his character. Although he did not in the beginning anticipate the ingratitude which awaited him, and although he was without doubt encouraged for many years by the thought of "glory," which few Frenchmen, unless they

are saints, ever entirely dismiss from their minds, we must do him the justice to acknowledge that nothing but devotion to duty, as he understood it, could have made him persevere in his thankless task after he had learned by experience that it was a positive bar to promotion. The young Count had been chosen by the Prince de Conti to be the depositary of a secret, known to three persons, the Prince himself, the King, and a certain M. Castéra, the French resident at Warsaw, but carefully concealed from M. Castéra's immediate superior, the French Ambassador in Dresden, and from the Ministry at home. The Prince de Conti, proud of his royal descent and his own great deeds in an Italian campaign in his youth, a fluent speaker in Parliament, and a star in Parisian society, had banished himself from military life rather than take service under a rival commander. Yet he nursed in bitterness of soul the belief, not shared by those who knew him, that he was born to command. While he was thus chafing under the sense of unmerited obscurity, a deputation of Polish gentlemen arrived in Paris, charged to make known to him in confidence that in the event of the death of Augustus the Third, then in feeble health, he would be received by a large party in the kingdom, if he offered himself as a candidate for the vacant throne. The proposal was all the more tempting because it did not demand immediate action. The Prince de Conti would not act without the sanction of Louis ; but he soon discovered that the King was well disposed to listen to the proposal. This was in reality all that Louis cared to do. He would have liked exceedingly well to see the fallen influence of France re-established in the counsels of Poland ; he had no objection to plans and programmes and conversation and correspondence, but he did not mean to reduce theory to practice, he did not mean to risk another failure ; above all things, as M. de Broglie says, he had no intention whatever of allowing his Ministers to know anything about it.

In endeavouring to set aside the House of Saxony, Louis would have raised a storm in his own household, which counted among its members a brother and a daughter of Augustus ; and the miserable slave of vice, who, when he was told that he was preparing the ruin of the French monarchy, could reply that it would last out his time, was not the man to incur willingly so much trouble and annoyance for the sake of his good cousin, the Prince de Conti, or for the welfare of Poland. However,

instructions were sent to the French resident in Warsaw to watch and report proceedings, and to encourage the friends of France. This was the condition of the secret when the Comte de Broglie was admitted to the royal confidence. He was a man of action, and he entered with youthful fervour into a scheme which seemed to him, not only honourable to France, but possibly the only salvation of Poland, for he had yet to learn that Louis did not mean to move hand or foot to help the Poles.

During the war lately concluded, the King of Poland in his capacity of Elector of Saxony had ranged himself on the side of Russia and Austria, but the kingdom of Poland claimed its right of independent action, and observed a self-denying neutrality, which, at the cost of great danger to itself, had been eminently useful to France. The vast territories of Poland, still undivided, were closed against the passage of Russian troops, and when a new war seemed impending, Elizabeth and Maria Theresa resolved to win over Poland as well as Saxony to their interests. If they succeeded, not only would the movements of Russian troops be greatly facilitated, but Prussia would be encircled by hostile territory, and unable to effect a junction with France. It was no longer possible for French statesmen to refuse to interfere in the face of a danger so evident and so close at hand.

The first ministerial orders which the new Ambassador received agreed admirably well with his royal commission. He was told to oppose with all the means at his command the accession of Poland to the Treaty of St. Petersburg. For this it was necessary to restore French influence, and create a French party, in the Diet. His secret instructions he received from the Prince de Conti, who first presented his warrant written by the King: "The Comte de Broglie will give full credence to all that my lord the Prince of Conti shall say, and will not breathe a word of it to any living soul." The appointment surprised everybody, but no one more than the young soldier himself. He could not understand why he had been selected to undertake a duty for which his military education had not prepared him, and for which he felt neither inclination nor aptitude. Then also he was not rich, and the special mission confided to him would entail large immediate expenditure, for which he could not demand assistance from the Government. The Prince de Conti met and refuted every objection. It was

the King's will, and it must be. The King would provide all the money that might be wanted.

The Count had an uncle, a worldly-minded priest, whose influence was felt in the government of France. He held no acknowledged official position, but his advice was eagerly sought by the ministers and the King, and his caustic wit was the delight of his friends. The Abbé de Broglie was not a man of depraved morals, but he was too good a courtier to give offence by impolitic severity. He pleased the King and his profligate associates by joining with disedifying freedom in their light conversation, and he pleased the virtuous Dauphin and his son and the royal ladies, whose piety and goodness shone with so pure a lustre amid the multiplied horrors of Versailles, by constituting himself in point of fact the champion of justice and religion, in defending the clergy against the Parliament and the Jesuits against the Jansenists. The Great Abbé, as he was called, had a sincere affection for his nephew Count Charles Francis, and was full of joy at the new appointment. His importunate advice, given in utter ignorance of the secret mission, proved on more than one occasion a great additional embarrassment to the young Ambassador. But the secret which was not intrusted to the Abbé owed nevertheless to him its first successes, and even its very secrecy. He did not know that his nephew had been selected principally because he was his nephew ; and if he had known thus much, he would still have been far from guessing the particular merit of that relationship. Not because the uncle was a great man, a diplomatist, an honorary chancellor, not because he had deserved well of the country, or possessed the ear of the King, did royal patronage fall upon his favourite nephew. The conspirators had made the choice, because it seemed to their shrewdness that the name of De Broglie would disarm suspicion, for if the Count was his uncle's nephew, no one could for a moment suppose that he was engaged in any clandestine attack upon the royal House of Saxony.

Armed with his double instructions the Ambassador departed from Dresden at the end of the summer of 1752, traversing the recently conquered Silesia, and encountering the mighty Frederick himself at Breslau. The Count did not quite know what kind of reception would be accorded to him, for, though Frederick was still nominally the ally of France, he had given abundant proofs of his contempt for the conventionalities of

national intercourse, and he had spoken most irreverently of the French army on several occasions. However, it suited the great man's policy at that particular time to make himself agreeable, so he invited the Frenchman to dinner, and conversed with him in the most amiable manner about the different parties in Poland. "Our friends there," he said, "are sadly disheartened and need much encouragement, but I know how to give it them." The Count in reply ventured to hope that his majesty would give effect to his knowledge. At dinner, the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, with other high dignitaries of the Silesian Church being present, Frederick thought it a fit occasion to make known his irreligious views. The opinions which he expressed were not then common in the very highest society, and the Count was not a little shocked to hear them fall from kingly lips. Frederick, when he rose from table, passed behind his French guest, and said, with engaging condescension, "I wish you good success, and shall hear with pleasure of the prosperous issue of your first essay in arms."

The Count found on his arrival in Dresden that King Augustus had just taken his departure. The Polish Diet had been summoned to Grodno in Lithuania, and the King was enjoying the magnificent hospitality of his General-in-Chief, Count Braniński, at the palace of Białystock, in the vicinity. Thither the Comte de Broglie followed him.

He found himself suddenly thrown into the midst of an assembly so strange, that he might have been pardoned if it had seemed to him like the medley of persons in a dream. The grand old Polish constitution, though dying, was not then dead. It belonged to a bygone age, and was altogether out of harmony with European thought. The only wonder was that it had come down to modern days at all; but the very causes which could not fail to work its ruin in the end had helped to confer longevity. The wild spirit of independence, which made civil war almost an institution of the kingdom, created at the same time a feeling of patriotism and national pride which could consent to forego fratricidal strife in the presence of a common foe, and as long as simplicity of manners favoured honesty and valour, so long Poland had been able to resist such violence as the surrounding kingdoms, still immature, could employ against her. But as the inherent vices of the constitution displayed themselves more vividly with the decay of domestic virtue, and as Poland became from year to year

more feeble, her neighbours grew in power. Sooner or later in any case undisciplined levies, however brave the separate combatants might be, would have been compelled to yield to armies trained in the science of war; but the end might have been indefinitely delayed, if vicious behaviour and mercenary views had not sapped the public spirit of a large portion of that ancient aristocracy. Stanislaus Poniatowsky, the last King of Poland, uncle of the gallant marshal who perished at Leipsic, was only too faithful a representative of the degenerate electors who, at the bidding of Russia, were ready to choose one so ignobly bad to sit upon the throne.

Voltaire said truly that Poland had maintained the way of government of the Goths and Franks. All the members of the ruling caste, in number about a million and a half, and holding in subjection a population of serfs, were equal in the eye of the law. Each nobleman, of legal age, had a vote in the election of a king, and each was himself eligible. No decree could be made except with the consent of all, but the majority had a right to appeal to force. Such a constitution, as M. de Broglie says, would be quite natural in a nomade tribe marching to conquest and spreading itself for the first time over uninclosed lands. It was like "a wave of invasion solidified."³ But a discretionary *veto* and power to make political combinations at pleasure cannot be conceded to individuals with impunity under a settled government.

What the Comte de Broglie saw on his arrival at Grodno belonged to barbaric magnificence, not to European civilization. His eye rested upon a surging throng of armed cavaliers, some poor and proud, some splendidly arrayed, all fully conscious of their right to speak and be heard in the national assembly, all doing what they liked with a kind of aggressive independence, which produced so much variety of apparel and demeanour that eccentricity seemed the prevailing fashion. The affectation of foreign manners and the importation of new ideas were largely on the increase at the time when the Comte de Broglie made his first appearance. Side by side with the plain-spoken, uncouth proprietor of a few acres, who had lived in seclusion all his life, despised book-learning, and hated refinement, was some young lord fresh from Paris, with dainty manners, and the latest discoveries of the school of Voltaire; but both alike were mounted, and carried lance or sword, and both alike were deeply versed in the laws and customs of their native land.

³ Vol. i. p. 43.

There was a stir and bustle on all sides, for every man present had a personal interest in each political movement. The muddy plains were alive all day with eager calvacades. At all hours the nobles were riding to and fro at a rapid pace, organizing discussions, or settling disputes, or forming alliances. And other politicians were gathered in the intervals of business to pass the time much as they might have done in the *salons* of Paris; for here and there among the huts of serfs rose stately mansions which might bear comparison with the noblest of other lands. All charms and graces of the most polite society awaited the favoured guests in hall and garden at Pulawi or Bialystock.

Our young Ambassador stood astonished at his own imperturbability. Everything was new to him, and like a dream; but just as in a dream nothing came amiss. The most unexpected incident, the most incongruous situation, seemed to fall in quite naturally with the current of his thoughts. "If some friend," he says, "had told me a year ago that I should be playing such a part he would have astonished me considerably; I hope in my turn to astonish others by playing it well. No better proof could be that with good will success is possible in any undertaking." The Comte de Broglie found Sir Charles Williams at Bialystock engaged in active endeavours to push Poland into the arms of Russia. Sir Charles was a friend of the Prince of Wales, and had been his companion in much unseemly mirth. He was one of those men whom perfidious Albion in her prudery "is glad to relegate" to foreign shores, as though deeming them unworthy to take part in the austere duties of a Parliamentary career, she finds them only fit for the laxity of Continental life. His activity was portentous, for he had pledged his honour that he would open a free path across Poland to an army of 100,000 Russians. The Comte de Broglie was rather amused than alarmed at the more than Italian urbanity by which the vivacious Englishman sought to gain adherents to his cause, and the principal effect which he noticed in himself after watching the exertions of Sir Charles was a tendency to take everything very quietly, out of the spirit of contradiction.

Bialystock contained within its walls many determined enemies of France, and the Count resolved to use his ears more than his tongue until he saw his way more clearly. Old General Braniński himself had no antipathy to France, of which he retained many pleasant memories from his early days, but he had

then lately married a young Polish Countess of the powerful house of Czartoryski, which at that period was entirely in the Russian interest, and the old dotard submitted in all things to his wife's dictation. Through her the chiefs of the Czartoryski family held sway over Bialystock and, more at least than its shadow of a king, over Poland itself. Their wealth gave them unbounded influence with the voluptuous Augustus and his venal minister, the Comte de Brühl, and they took especial care to flaunt the same in the eyes of the new French Ambassador.

He on his part laboured under many disadvantages. The partisans of France were scattered and disheartened, haunted by the memory of a great defeat, and the bitter consciousness of ill-requited zeal. The King of France had placed at his disposal for the secret service a little more than thirty thousand pounds. It was a miserably insufficient sum, but he disbursed it as a first instalment, with copious promises of future favours, and thereby secured the active assistance of some very useful auxiliaries. The noisy meetings of the Diet did not displease him, for they reminded him of his old military habits, and the kindly manner, in which he conformed himself to the customs of the country, went far to establish his credit. Now began the battle. The Comte de Broglie had received instructions to devote all his efforts to bring about an immediate dissolution of the Diet, before it had time to decree the acceptance of the alliance; but he soon perceived that to do this would be to play a losing game. It was the easiest thing in life to break up the Diet, but as soon as it was at an end the disappointed majority would be free by immemorial right to urge their views by force. The friends of Russia would have been deeply grateful to the Count if he had precipitated the appeal to arms; but, as he steadily refused to interfere with the course of things, they themselves in desperation deputed some members of their own party to interpose a veto, and the Diet was closed.

At once an invitation was issued by the Russian party to rally round the King. The address received the signatures of the greater part of the senators. Braniński, to please his wife, had promised his support, which was of paramount importance. All seemed lost, but the Comte de Broglie found an *aide-de-camp* equal to the emergency. Among his retainers was a young gentleman by name Mokranowski, tall, handsome, of fascinating manners and ready eloquence, famed for his feats of

strength, and brave to rashness. He stood up singly against the nation.

The act of confederation was lying for signature in a tent with a crowd collected round. Mokranowski cleared a passage for himself, as if he meant to sign, marched straight to the table, seized the paper, and holding it against his breast, declared that whoever wanted it must take his life first. Followed by great numbers, whom his audacious act had drawn to the spot, he hurried to the house of the General-in-Chief, and in a loud voice, audible to all, proclaimed the consequences of the measure, by acceding to which the veteran was about to bring disgrace on his grey hairs. Behind the national confederation he showed him foreign invasion lurking in ambush, waiting for the signal to show itself—a Russian army already massed on the frontier, and ready to lend its aid to the civil war, and, as a consequence of this hateful foreign interference, not only a treaty of alliance adverse to the interests of Poland, but a revolution which would overthrow the ancient freedom of the people to exalt the royal power at their expense.

These words, as brave as they were prophetic, went with the force of truth to many hearts. Branicki clasped the young man in his arms, and hailed him as the saviour of his country. Mokranowski tore the paper and trampled it under foot. He had gained the day. It is not necessary to suppose that this was only a clever piece of acting. Since the alternative for Poland lay in the most perilous friendship of Russia, and in "such protection as vultures give to lambs" Mokranowski might with good conscience help the Comte de Broglie's views, judging that the best interests of his country were bound up with these. Whether he was a pure patriot or, like so many of his *confrères*, had sold his services to the highest bidder, only God the Searcher of hearts can tell.

Louis the Fifteenth could by no means keep pace with his active envoy. The rapid realization of his own ideas quite frightened him. Already by one bold stroke France had retrieved her former influence in Poland, and if the Comte de Broglie did not abate his fervour it might very soon be necessary to change writing into fighting, a consummation devoutly to be dreaded. The ministry only cared to prevent the alliance with Russia, and, that being accomplished, were willing to take time to survey the situation. The Count had guessed how it would be, and was careful to send home a very sober report, in which he endeavoured to make light of the advantage gained. The affair would have had the same termination, he said, if he had not

been at Grodno at all. Then he urged that it was time to adopt a plain outspoken policy, to make a public avowal that France felt real concern in the affairs of Poland, and had the will and the power to protect her own interests, and he suggested that the first intimation of her resolve might be to bestow upon the gallant Mokranowski the Cross of St. Louis and the rank of General. He showed by this that he was yet very far from knowing his master's mind. He wrote also to the Prince de Conti, explaining in jocose terms, but with serious intention, the embarrassment which he felt. His words must be given, for they make it evident that he was too honest a man for the part which had been allotted to him. He had arrived at the conclusion that there was no longer room to doubt about the line of policy which France in honour and conscience alike was bound to adopt, and he longed to escape from the crooked paths to which the King's command consigned him.

My greatest difficulty is to send to the Minister a due report of all that is going on, of all that I have done, and all I see, and yet to make my report agree with the intentions of your Serene Highness, and with the exalted policy which his Majesty enjoins. This puts me under the obligation of concealing many things which I see, and of supposing much which I do not see, and this behaviour is not at all according to my mode of thought. . . . M. de Saint-Contest, for instance, remarks in his last letter that all he hears about the health of the King of Poland seems to imply that the end is approaching, and asks me to keep him advised thereupon. If I had told him in reply what I see and what I think, I should have said that he appears to be very well, has a good appetite and a wholesome complexion; but as I conjecture that your Serene Highness wishes it to be supposed that the death of the prince is near at hand, I make answer to the effect that the King of Poland is not actually ill at the present moment, but that he is so stout, and has so short a neck, that a stroke of apoplexy at any time would not surprise me in the least (p. 64).

The proposal to interfere openly in the affairs of Poland met with no encouragement. The Cross of St. Louis was emphatically refused, and while the statecraft of France was dismayed at its own success, the Saxon King of Poland and the princes and princesses at Dresden and Versailles were grievously displeased at the rude overthrow of a cherished scheme of family ambition. The pious Dauphiness complained to the "great abbé," and he administered a lecture to his meddlesome nephew. "What are you dreaming about, my dear nephew? You are

making arrangements and playing the politician as if you had been ten years in the work." He received much salutary advice from other kinsmen and acquaintances. They did not know how faithfully he had been carrying out the royal command.

The superior obligation of obeying the King was so impressed upon his mind, that he ventured to promise Mokranowski the rank of General in the teeth of the ministerial refusal, and in his letter to the Prince de Conti boasted of having done so. Although in his despatches he had studiously avoided all jubilant expressions, he could not altogether control his own feeling of exultation, and would have liked to extort the King's consent to improve the position while fortune continued to smile. His romantic ambition was cruelly fettered by poverty. He wrote to the King for fresh supplies. Life in Poland was very expensive. If an errand boy was wanted he must ride in a carriage, and no man of importance stirred out of his house without a retinue of mounted attendants. The dignity of France ought to be sustained. His words were wasted. No money came. A curt refusal sent by the King through the Minister was the only answer vouchsafed to his proposals. The day after receiving it the Comte de Broglie tendered his resignation. He had not the means to pay his debts, to say nothing of his inability to fulfil the promises which he had made in the confident assurance of support from the Ministry at home. This brought Louis to his senses, and a compromise was arranged through the intermediation of the Prince de Conti, who was much disturbed in mind. The Count received simultaneously a public order to retrench his expenditure, and a private permission to increase his retinue and give more sumptuous entertainments. He rose at once to the full dignity of his position, and the French Ministers shook their heads, and the dauphiness consulted the Abbé again, when it was rumoured that the little Count had even refused to dance with the Princess of Saxony in her own palace, because she had opened the ball with the Prince of Modena instead of the French Ambassador. It was evident that this haughty conduct contained some mystery.

M. Castéra, the French Resident at Warsaw, to whom the secret had been confided from its first conception, died at this time. His secretary, instead of giving notice of the occurrence to the Ambassador in the ordinary course and awaiting his instructions, informed him that he had received orders from

Paris to cause all the papers of the deceased officer to be sealed by the Polish magistrates, and to keep them till the new Resident arrived. The Comte easily detected the purport of the order. The secret was in jeopardy. He sent off his own secretary to Warsaw without a moment's delay, telling him to break the seals and bring him the papers. The Prince of Conti and the King did not know the peril till it was passed. The former wrote :

It is quite overwhelming, but your prompt energy has saved us. You will have a terrible altercation about it, but the King is satisfied that you could not have acted otherwise ; let them find fault, and make what excuse you can, good or bad. The King through me bids you fear nothing (p. 81).

There was no terrible altercation, because the Minister in ordering the packets to be sealed had exceeded his powers, and was not without fear of what the King might say. The incident marked the suspicion with which the Count was regarded at home, but the conscious power with which he acted on all occasions raised him very much in the estimation of the Polish nobility. He was the soul of an important movement, and had to carry on a busy correspondence with all parts of Europe, employing four secretaries, and sometimes dictating for sixteen or seventeen hours together.⁵

He well knew that his credit rested on the very infirm foundation of promises which he might be unable to perform ; and at any time the storm might come. He had not long to wait. His powerful adversaries, the Princes Czartoryski, had purchased an immense estate in the Ukraine from a spendthrift nobleman, who, because his family for many generations had resided there, considered himself the proprietor, while, by Polish law, he was only a tenant, holding by the good pleasure of the Crown. Great indignation was roused through the kingdom, but the Princes Czartoryski, knowing their power over the King, determined with the help of Russia to assert their claim. A confederation was formed against them. The Comte de Broglie discovered that the Queen, Maria Leczinska, had been to some nominal extent injured by the transaction, and on the strength of this excuse he affixed his signature. Civil war was imminent. Russia promised troops ; England money. What would France do ? Now was the time, said the Comte de Broglie's pensioners,

⁵ P. 83.

for France to come forward and redeem her promises. To help a war in Poland with men or money formed no part of the plan of the French Government, and the Comte could only wait for the final catastrophe. Fortune smiled upon him once again. The Count de Brühl said in the presence of General Braniçki, that as the administrator of the Osrog estate did not choose to take care of it, the King was free to appoint another.

Braniçki and De Broglie saw in this simple remark a possible solution of the whole dispute. If they could make it apparent to all the world that Augustus was opposed to the Czartoryski scheme, Russia and England would no longer have any plausible excuse for intervening. They knew that Count Brühl could effect what was wanted, and that he would surely do so if they made it worth his while. In five days a new administrator had been sent by the King to take charge of the estate. Russia could say nothing, the Princes Czartoryski were crestfallen, and Poland, saved from civil war, knew that her benefactor was the French Ambassador. His success had surpassed all anticipation, but the Prince de Conti could not conceal his vexation. The welfare of Poland and the preservation of peace were of little importance in his eyes. He saw with dismay the House of Saxony returning to favour with Polish patriots. To his mind the Comte de Broglie was failing in his mission. The Comte de Broglie, truth to tell, as his heart warmed to his work, cared more and more for Poland, and less and less for the disappointed Prince de Conti. Saxony and Poland, united heart and soul, would form a barrier which Russia could not cross, and if Turkey and the Danubian powers, Sweden also and Denmark, could be roused to the attack, Europe would have little to fear from the northern barbarians. Prussia might seize Hanover, and drive England from the Continent, and France need have no fear of Austria, thus left without allies. And without doubt, even at that early date, across the tissue of his dreams, woven in golden letters, ran the legend, "England must be invaded." He could not act against the orders of the Prince de Conti except by directly defying him, since all despatches passed through his hands, but still less could he consent to disobey the public orders of the Minister, which at this period commissioned him to follow the very line of conduct which he had so anxiously planned. France and England were already engaged in a naval war, and the support of Saxony was most

desirable. The Comte de Broglie obtained leave of absence from the King, and went to Paris to confer with the Minister. It was arranged that Saxony should be generously subsidized.

All these lofty hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground. Another politician not less active and more unscrupulous than the Comte de Broglie had also formed far-seeing plans. Frederick of Prussia was born to disturb calculations. In January, 1756, he forsook the alliance of France, and entered into an engagement with the English Government to preserve a strict neutrality. It became necessary for France to reverse her policy. Civil messages passed between Vienna and Paris. Marie Theresa submitted to the degradation of writing a letter with her own hand to Madame de Pompadour, and an alliance was formed between France and Austria against Prussia. Elizabeth of Russia had been offended by some witty sayings of Frederick, and willingly joined his enemies. The Duc de Broglie, not from any misplaced pity for the miserable woman whom Louis the Fifteenth obeyed, but in the interests of truth, affirms that Madame de Pompadours's influence in these European changes has been enormously exaggerated. Whether Frederick had won her hatred or not, France and Austria would have been forced into friendship by the policy which he had adopted.

Vainly the Comte de Broglie on his return to Dresden tried to persuade his Polish friends that Frederick's agreement with England was not displeasing to the French Government. His cheerful countenance deceived no one, and he acknowledged to himself with sorrow that the painful labours of four years were fruitless after all. Branicki stopped his warlike preparations, recalled his agents from Turkey and the Danube, and waited to see how the wind would blow. The French Ambassador received orders to confine himself to a close observation of all that passed, taking no action of any kind. The Seven Years' War was now ready to begin. Frederick discovered many fine reasons after the event to justify his conduct, but at the time he told the simple truth to the English Ambassador: "I am in a very dangerous position, and only a bold stroke will get me out of it. That woman (Maria Theresa) wants war, and shall have it. I must be beforehand with my enemies."

On the 29th of August, 1756, Augustus the Third and his Minister, the Count de Brühl, on their return from hunting, received a formal demand from Frederick for permission to

lead his army across Saxony into Bohemia. He was already on the Saxon frontier at the head of his troops. He could have passed through Silesia if he had chosen, but it was not a simple right of passage that he wanted. He wished to secure his own communications, and he marched through the country as a conqueror, dismantling the fortresses, levying supplies, seizing the public money, and punishing all who attempted to resist. Then, in answer to the remonstrances of the feeble King, he coolly demanded the incorporation of the Saxon troops in his own army under the regular military oath. It was idle to protest. The envoy returned to Dresden, but did not find the King or the Minister. They were strongly posted at Pirna by that time. It was Frederick's turn to be surprised, and if the Comte de Broglie had fallen into the great error of proposing to settle European politics without making much account of the King of Prussia, Frederick himself had now committed on a smaller scale a similar mistake. He knew the weakness of Augustus and the Comte de Brühl, and he had not had a thought to spare for the little Frenchman. It was, nevertheless, purely and only by the advice of the Comte de Broglie that Augustus took the step which for the time quite disconcerted the invader. Frederick, however, soon took courage, and after defeating the Saxon army at Pirna, ordered the Comte de Broglie to quit Dresden at once. The French Ambassador refused to move without instructions from Paris, and Frederick, after three times repeating his command in the most imperious terms, was obliged to control his impatience, and wait six days until the orders came. During the excitement of the last few weeks the Count had learned a bitter lesson. He had been proposed to the King as the new Ambassador at Vienna, and had been rejected for the very reason which ought to have obtained for him a favourable judgment. He had served his master too faithfully. The Prince de Conti spoke against the appointment. He must go back to Warsaw, because the King could not carry on the secret without him. It was beyond endurance. In his letter to the Prince de Conti he loses his temper :

I see that all who are employed in the secret affairs of your Serene Highness are condemned to do nothing else all their lives. I comprehend that no changes in the ministry can be permitted to affect my fortunes.

No truer thing did the poor Count ever say. From that time till the death of Louis the Fifteenth, in the year 1774, the secret went with him everywhere, to blight his prospects, and to waste in a purposeless pursuit talent and energy and health.

We shall not follow further the fortunes of the secret mission, which from this time was altogether aimless. On his return to Warsaw, the Comte de Broglie was delayed in Vienna at the earnest prayer of Maria Theresa, and played a leading part in the relief of Prague and the disastrous defeat of Frederick at Kolin, in 1757. In 1763, he drew up in minute detail a plan for the invasion of England which received great attention from Louis. He survived his ungrateful master seven years, and his death was edifying. Even in the distractions of his diplomatic life he had retained a certain inclination to piety, and in the midst of profligacy had been respectable. He lived to regret, like a greater man, that he had not served God as faithfully as he had served the King.

ARTHUR G. KNIGHT.

Council of Florence.

HISTORIANS are out of date who do not aspire above the bare narration of battles, the intrigues of courts, the marriages of princes, their vices and their virtues. Their place has been supplied by men who are not satisfied with statements calculated to startle or amuse, rather than teach lessons which may help to guide the present and the future by the light of the past.

The history of the Byzantine Empire opens a wide field for any one ambitious enough to undertake the task of tracing the decline of its power and opulence, from Constantine the Great to Constantine son of Paleologos. It can hardly be said that Ottoman fanaticism was the sole cause of its downfall. An Empire which had once been so strong in the extent and richness of its territories, in the enlightenment of its people, and in the success of its arms, would not have fallen a prey to invaders, even though they were more powerful than the Turks had ever been, unless it were rotten within itself, and so may be said to have died of waste of nature rather than of external violence.

Looking at the matter in the light of faith, and with the knowledge we have of God's providence and action in the world, we need not be much surprised that a heavy curse fell on the proud and wicked Empire. It had been specially favoured among many nations. The foundation of its capital was in great part the outcome of the mighty movement towards Christianity which took place under Constantine. It had consequently nothing to purify from the pollution of paganism. Among its earliest masters were to be counted great saints and doctors. But shift the scene, and you will see Constantinople turned nurse and patroness of every form of error. Heresiarchs sat in its patriarchal chair; and the lives of its Emperors and people were as a rule wicked and ignoble. The religion has not become extinct with the Empire, for Russia and wide tracts in Southern Europe inherit this dangerous heirloom. Zealous

men who take the welfare of mankind to heart have good reason to weep over the spiritual desolation of those peoples. It would be vain indeed to speculate on their future. We may with more profit turn our gaze backwards to the past, and try as best we can to see what was done long ago to save the old Empire from ruin, its people from schism, and those who fell under its influence from the same abyss. To narrate the story of the quarrel between Rome and Constantinople would be a task of great labour. An account of what was done to recall the Greeks from their hazardous position would itself be a long tale. Let it suffice to trace in outline one passage in this work of reconciliation. Our example shall be as near our own time as possible. It shall be one which will set forth in the clearest light the motives which actuated the parties concerned, the means they employed, and the result which followed.

The last great attempt which has been made to unite the Latin and Greek Church in the bands of harmony and peace, took place in the Pontificate of Eugene the Fourth, and under the last but one of the Emperors who ruled at Constantinople.

Though the General Council at which this union was attempted, and externally effected, is commonly called the Council of Florence, and under that name is known in history and theology, its more correct name would be Ferrara-Florence. for at Ferrara it was begun, there sixteen out of the twenty-five Sessions were held, there the Fathers resided for nearly a year, while at Florence they lived only from January to July.

Although no great permanent good resulted to the Greeks, in whose interest all was done, although the best intentions on the part of the promoters of the union were frustrated in a very short time by the evil passions of bad men, and by the disastrous events which befell the Byzantine Empire when Constantinople was lost—notwithstanding all this, we have no reason to regret what has taken place, for this great Council definitely settled the disputed points between the two Churches. It has established a basis on which all future attempts at union must be founded. Although more than once during the period which followed the schism of Photius in 866, the Popes had tried to win back again to unity of faith the separated Church of Constantinople; and although these attempts were revived more earnestly after Michael Cerularius had put the finishing stroke to the schism in 1075, still the advocates of the union, both in the East and West, could not shut their eyes to the fact that

any general movement towards a union on the part of the Greeks always coincided with political difficulties and national dangers at home, which made it the interest of the East to seek help from the princes of the West, who alone were able effectually to beat back invasion and restore national prosperity and security to the Court of Constantinople. Such was notably the case in 1274, when under the Pontificate of Gregory the Tenth, Michael Paleologos sought—and perhaps, as far as he personally was concerned, with all honesty—to put the Church of his nation in the position it occupied before the scandal of Photius. However this may be, it cannot be denied that in 1422, when the Greeks began to negotiate with Martin the Fifth about a general union, the Papal agents at Constantinople spared no pains to test the sincerity of the motives which actuated the Emperor and his people.

We need not wonder that John the Seventh (Paleologos) should have strained every nerve to bring help to his country. He had indeed an unpromising task set him when he ascended the throne in 1425. The Greek dominions had dwindled down to the city of Constantinople and a few neighbouring towns, Thessalonica, and a part of the Peloponnesus. All the power of his ancestors had passed into the hands of the Turks, and the Genoese had a monopoly of trade. The administration of justice was such as to make the advent of the Ottomans not quite undesirable. No effort was made by the clergy to improve the morals of the people; and the citizens, neglecting industry, deprived themselves of the only means now in their power to save what remained to them from better days. Their want of good faith made all intercourse with them hazardous and unsatisfactory. Bertrandon de la Brocquière says of them: "All those with whom I have had any concerns have made me more suspicious, for I have found more probity in the Turks." The material condition of the country was not more reassuring. In Constantinople itself the fortifications alone remained strong and imposing. Within the city, many of the palaces and finest public buildings had been allowed to fall into decay. The portico which had inclosed St. Sophia was partly in ruins.

Outside the walls, the last small tract of territory which remained in Greek hands presented a dismal aspect indeed. The desolation of war had left its dread mark behind it. Murad the Second, from his seat at Adrianople, had destroyed all the fortified places. The ruins, scattered in all directions, bore

unmistakeable evidence of the terrible scourge which had fallen on the country. Such was the state of the East at the end of the first quarter of the fifteenth century. In this miserable plight the Emperor John found it when he succeeded his father Manuel. With abilities of no mean order, of a kind disposition, and a good heart, he was enabled by his tact and pliancy to ward off during his own lifetime the fatal blow which in the next reign put an end to his dynasty and his Empire.

The highest gifts of heart and head must have failed to do much more. It would require more than human power to infuse national life and vigour once again into the dry bones of his Empire. His people were not only degraded, but they were insensible to their own degradation. For even at this period of national humiliation and debasement, they continued to condemn the kingdoms of the West as heretics and the Turks as barbarians.

In 1430 a severe shock was given to the tottering fabric by the loss of Thessalonica. To increase the panic, the Genoese blockaded the capital with their war vessels, to punish some wrongs which they imagined they had sustained in their Black Sea trade. Such an accumulation of evils set the Emperor and his counsellors in eager search of some means abroad to save the last relics of power. To the West alone they might hope to turn with any prospect of success. And of all the Western princes, the Pope was the only one that could be relied upon to organize a league capable of keeping back the rising tide of Turkish invasion, or perhaps of driving those terrible foes from Europe altogether.

Let us now turn our eyes from Constantinople to Rome. At the time of which we are speaking, the Papal throne was occupied by Gabriel Gondelmero—Eugene the Fourth. He was a Venetian by birth, and of a family lately enrolled among the Patricians. He was himself the nephew and the uncle of Popes. In his youth he became a monk among the Canons Regular; and was raised to the episcopal see of Siena at the age of twenty-four. When the Cardinals met to elect a successor to Martin the Fifth, Cardinal Gondelmero was chosen in the following remarkable manner. Whether it were chance, or God's guiding providence, it would be needless to say. This is the story. After the first scrutiny the votes of the Conclave produced no decided result. Of the two Spanish Cardinals present, one aspired to the Papacy so ardently that, casting

about in his eagerness for support to make his election sure, he addressed himself to John de Rochetaillée, whose assistance he solicited. With this one additional voice in his favour, he hoped to succeed. The Frenchman rejected all his offers with scorn. Thereupon the Spaniard, raising his voice in anger and confusion at his defeat, said aloud, so as to be heard by the whole Conclave: "I shall vote then for Gabriel Gondelmero." His motive for so doing we need not inquire into. The result of his words was more important; for the Cardinals, hearing what was said, took up the word and cried out as with one voice—"We, too, salute Cardinal Gondelmero Pope." In this way, in 1431, began the Pontificate of Eugene the Fourth: a time of high enterprize and great failures. He was one of the least fortunate of the Popes, for both at home and abroad he was harassed by contradiction and persecution. Though his features were handsome and his bearing kingly, he appears to have lacked those indescribable charms which win men's hearts and make them submissive through personal attachment. The Council sitting at Bâle began by resisting his authority and refusing to be transferred to Italy. At Rome, the Colonnas, combining with the Duke of Milan, succeeded in driving him from the city. The States of the Church thus fell into the hands of adventurers, who for a while ruled supreme. The Pope, himself an exile at Florence, proved superior to these passing troubles. Far from being discouraged by such great difficulties, he never lost sight of the chance which had offered of uniting the Greek and Latin Churches. It may in truth be said of him that, born for great undertakings and the formation of vast combinations, the state of Europe in his time baffled all his noblest efforts. France and England were engaged in the terrible struggle which followed the death of Henry the Fifth. Spain was only growing to influence, for the Moors still held sway in Granada. The German Emperor died at a most critical moment, when the presence of a great potentate was needed to add solemnity to the council of union, and to set an example of genuine submission to the spiritual authority of the Pope before a humbled yet imperious monarch, and before his schismatical adherents.

Further, respect for Papal authority had suffered severely by the great schism of the West. Three men, each claiming supremacy as the Vicar of Christ, were ill-calculated to inspire the nations of Europe with that high esteem and reverence

which are due to the Successor of St. Peter. The memory of this great scandal was fresh in the minds of men still young. It could hardly be expected that the people of England and France should not have lost some of their awe and love for the name of Pope, when they looked back to the time when the man acknowledged in one country as filling the highest and holiest office on earth, and that too by God's own protecting providence, was anathematized as a usurper and forerunner of Antichrist by his rival, whose claims were acknowledged by the neighbouring nation. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Eugene's zeal for the salvation of men made him shrink from no labour, spare no pains or expense, in order to spread the truth, put down heresy, and bring back the poor, erring, and fallen Churches of the East to that unity of faith with Christ's Catholic fold which alone could save the souls of their people, and even rescue them from that utter annihilation as a nation which was coming fast upon them.

From what has been said, it may be possible to catch a glimpse of the respective position of the East and West, of Constantinople and Rome—of John and Eugene. We may be able to understand the causes which led the Greeks to court the favour of the Pope, and seek reconciliation with Latin Christianity. It must be confessed that the politicians on the Bosphorus tried from the first to gain all the advantages arising from the union, without making the smallest sacrifice either in money or religious prejudice. On the score of money they were unquestionably excusable; and the Pope relieved them from all anxiety on that point, for he defrayed all the expenses of the Emperor and his people from the time of their leaving Constantinople till they returned there again. The Greeks were not so successful when they tried to impose their own programme of union on the agents of Rome. Their eagerness to get military aid made them loth to risk the delay of a voyage to the West, and the absence of the Emperor and his advisers from the capital.

The time was full of peril, and no monarch would willingly quit his kingdom at such a crisis, unless constrained by the direst necessity. To avoid these grave inconveniences, they offered to come to an accommodation with the Pope if he, to save time and trouble, and get them the help they wanted so much, would issue a decree *proclaiming* the union without the vexations of detailed discussion and the waste of time insepa-

rable from the preliminaries to precise definitions. A method of proceeding so vague could not meet with the approbation of the Court of Rome, after their past experience of Greek craft and treachery, and as soon as it was understood at Constantinople that there was no chance of help if they remained schismatics, and no hope of being recognized as orthodox children of the Church unless they submitted the points on which they differed from the rest of Christendom to a General Council, it was thought expedient as a last resource to have recourse to this unpleasant remedy, thereby to rescue from ruin what remained of the Empire. So after seventeen years of negotiation, after other means had been tried and failed, after nearly four hundred years of schism, the whole Greek Church and Empire came begging to the gates of Rome. When the Orientals had submitted thus far, they hoped to extract a promise from His Holiness to excommunicate every prince or potentate who should refuse to promote the interests of the anti-Ottoman league to the best of his power. So violent a course could not be countenanced at all, and whatever was to be done must be effected by far milder means. Eugene had no thought of branding with anathema his faithful children to save a falling throne and a corrupt Church which had vilified the Catholic doctrines, and despised the authority of the Pope, so long as no danger threatened from without.

At last, in November, 1437, Paleologos, with twenty-two bishops, set sail in the Pope's galleys, his followers numbering seven hundred in all. After a tedious and troublesome voyage of seventy-seven days they reached Venice, where they were received with all the manifestations of joy and friendship which the proud Republic knew so well how to display. The Doge and the Senators paid the Emperor all the marks of homage which might be considered due to the title he bore, or to the extravagant claims of an Eastern potentate, but which were ill suited to his present state of humiliation. The whole city was in holiday, from the Doge to the sailors in the many merchantmen. Thence the Greeks, too, proceeded to Francolino, the port of Ferrara. As soon as the Emperor landed he was met by Nicolas d'Este. In the first week of March he made his public entry into Ferrara under a golden canopy, seated on a black horse, while a milk-white steed was led before him.

When he entered the city he was received by the Pope, with a hundred Latin Bishops who had been awaiting his arrival.

The old Patriarch of Constantinople, Joseph, came up a few days after the rest of his countrymen. When he was asked on the road how he would regulate his conduct in the Papal presence, he replied : "If the Pope is older than myself I shall honour him as a father ; if he is of my own age I shall treat him as a brother ; if younger, I shall love him as a son." His patriarchal dignity made him shrink from the kissing of the feet. But from this the Emperor, as well as the Patriarch, were dispensed.

The order of precedence was next to be settled. The Greeks claimed for their Emperor the right to preside with the Easterns and Westerns on either hand. Constantine, they said, did so at the Council of Nicæa. It was finally agreed that the Pope and his Bishops should sit on the Gospel side of the Cathedral, and the Greeks on the Epistle side. The Emperor had to content himself with a place facing the vacant throne of the German Emperor, Sigismund, which was on the Pope's right hand. In front of the high altar stood a sort of throne on which were placed the Holy Scriptures, between the heads of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul ; before them candelabra were kept burning. The members of the Council met at High Mass on April the 9th, but the first public Session did not take place for months. This long delay was owing to an arrangement which had been entered into between the two parties, to depute some of their number to review in private the heads of dispute between them. It was soon seen by these commissioners that they disagreed on five essential points—(1) The procession of the Holy Ghost ; (2) the addition of the *Filioque* to the Creed ; (3) the state of the souls departed out of this life, before the general Judgment ; (4) the use of unleavened bread in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass ; (5) the primacy and authority of the Holy See. It may be well to indicate here in a few words in what consisted the quarrel on the above subjects between the two Churches. In the first place, the Latins hold that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. The Greeks admit His procession from the Father, but deny His procession from the Son. Hence arose their disagreement about the *Filioque* ; for this word, expressing the Western doctrine, was added to the Creed without the consent of the Greeks. In the next place, the Greeks thought the eternal destiny of men was not permanently fixed at the moment of death. The fourth cause of contention was that the Greeks used leavened bread

and the Latins unleavened bread in the Sacrifice of the Mass. Finally, the authority of the See of Rome was not allowed to be universal by the Greeks.

None of these matters were examined in the private conferences of which mention has been made, with the one exception of Purgatory; for although the Emperor consented to the appointment of the commissioners to examine the doctrines in question, he tried his best from the first to hamper his representatives with private instructions, and thus he rendered their labours unsatisfactory and unfruitful. He was afraid that a great deal of useful time would be lost in theological subtleties and scholastic refinements, and he hoped that matters would be brought to a head much sooner in the open air of public discussion. In this he seems to have been quite right; for business progressed so slowly, that four months elapsed before they decided finally the one subject of the future life. This question naturally divides into two distinct parts: (1) As to the nature of Purgatory proper, as we usually understand the word; (2) as to that particular view about the state of men's souls after death which had been introduced by the Greeks.

The first of these, it must be allowed, offered more than ordinary difficulties to an easy and ready solution. For the Easterns not only held different opinions among themselves, but some of them began by believing that the disagreement between the sister Churches on this important point was inconsiderable; but, on being better informed, they found it not to be the case. So thought Mark of Ephesus; Gregory, the Vicar of the Patriarch, found the reverse to have happened to him. Bessarion of Nicæa, next after Mark of Ephesus the ablest exponent of Greek teaching, was more outspoken than any of his countrymen, and summed up what he believed to be the prevalent doctrine throughout the Eastern Churches. "We hold," he said, "that there is a state of punishment and purification after death, where many who die in God's favour shall have to make atonement for sins committed in the flesh, and not satisfied for in life." He could not, however, go so far as the Doctors of the West in attempting to decide definitely the nature of the pains to be borne in that prison-house of God's justice. "We cannot allow," he continued, "that *fire* is God's agent in punishing the souls who depart this life stained with the after-blemishes of sin; for we have always understood that the punishment by *fire* in the next life was exclusively confined to

Hell." This exposition of the belief in Purgatory was sufficiently satisfactory. The Latins did not wish to push their opinions any farther, for we are not bound to believe as of faith in the elemental nature of the Purgatorial fire.

Bessarion was supported by a certain number of the Greeks, and so the matter rested. But though both parties agreed so far, there yet remained the far wider subject which embraced the general condition of the souls before the resurrection. What was taught among the Greeks on this head may thus be summarized :

Before the resurrection of the body the punishment of the damned is not complete—they are in a sort of middle state—their punishment will be complete only when the body shall rise and share therein. It is the same with the blessed, whose happiness will be perfect only when the body shall be able to enjoy with the soul the bliss of Heaven.

The Latins professed, on the contrary, that the souls enter at once after death on a permanent and complete state of misery or happiness, though some for a time may be prevented from sharing in the joys of Heaven on account of the remains of sin which adhere to the soul. But no Catholic can safely admit that there is a state intermediate between Heaven and Hell where men's souls will remain till the Last Day. For the soul when purified flies at once to the presence of God, Who constitutes its happiness and fills it with all the blessedness of which it is capable. So serious a divergence of opinion could not fail to suspend all further progress towards a mutual understanding until that vital point was set at rest.

The Emperor saw no hope of a speedy settlement if he did not employ his own authority to bring his party round to give up their private opinions and adopt the doctrine propounded by the Roman theologians. After he had held repeated meetings with his advisers, and after he had weighed well the draught which the Latins had laid before him, he succeeded in drawing up a profession of faith which put a stop to all further controversy. It was so explicit and satisfactory that nothing more was required, and it is so concise that no excuse is needed for introducing it here. It is this: "The just enjoy in their souls immediately after death, and consequently before the resurrection of the body, all the bliss *of which they are capable*; but after the resurrection they get an addition to this happiness, which consists in the glory of the body, which will shine like the sun."

It was now the end of July. Five months had passed since Paleologos came to Ferrara. None of the controverted subjects had been settled but one, and this slight progress was due more to Imperial influence than to polemics. A calm succeeded the little gusts which prevailed now and then between the commissioners in the Church of the Franciscans. During the two months which preceded the opening of the Public Sessions time lay heavy on the hands of the members of the Council. His Imperial Majesty relieved the monotony of his leisure by committing sad havoc on the game in the parks and preserves of the Lord of Este. Courteous hints did not make him alive to the grave displeasure he gave his host. The pleasures of the chase and the company of his favourites made him forget for a while the troubles of Church and State. Mark of Ephesus and the Archbishop of Heraclæa tried to escape home, but were overtaken at Francolino, where they were detained for some time, waiting for a ship to sail. By the Emperor's order they were brought back again to Ferrara. On the eve of the Public Sessions, and in sight of the great preciseness required of them in debate and in the definitions of faith, the Greeks became dispirited, or pretended to be so, and raised many points of law, refusing to proceed further unless their scruples were allayed. (1) The Council was not Œcumenical, for the Synod which was assembled at Bâle did not recognize its authority, and would not come to partake in its proceedings. (2) They were sure to be outvoted on all points, for the Latins were a hundred and twenty-two, and they only twenty-two, and they could not see at once that a union based on numerical superiority would be no union at all. For men cannot be made to believe by force, and the Greeks had in every case a ready expedient at hand: "We do not accept the union on conditions such as you propose."

The next question to be settled was the order to be followed in the public sessions—were they to discuss first the dogmatic question about the procession of the Holy Ghost, or the secondary question about the addition of the *Filioque* to the Creed? After some time they adopted the latter course, and although it inverted the natural order it was finally agreed to by all, to prevent any further delay.

Things were now ready to begin the public business of the Council. Six theologians were selected from either side to be the mouthpieces of their party. Among the Greeks Bessarion

and Mark of Ephesus spoke. The principal champions on the Latin side were Cardinal Julian Cæsarini, André, Archbishop of Rhodes, and John of Ragusa, Provincial of the Lombard Dominicans.

The Pope fixed the first session for October 8th, and as he was suffering from gout it could not be held in the Cathedral, but took place in the chapel of the Papal Palace. On this occasion the Emperor took a very strange and ludicrous way of showing his imperial dignity. He tried to enter on horseback into the hall of the palace, and so to the foot of his throne in the chapel. The Pope's officers would brook no such insult to their master; accordingly he had to dismount, and was carried in high indignation to his throne in the Council Chamber.

Since the procession of the Holy Ghost and the insertion of the *Filioque* in the Creed were the two subjects which mainly constituted the wall of separation which remained between the Churches, and in comparison of them the others were of minor importance, it may be well to stop a while and briefly review the history of the quarrel between Rome and Constantinople on these two points.

As all well know, the Fathers of the Council of Nice composed a formula of faith, which has ever since been known as the Nicene Creed. Additions were made to it in the next General Council of Constantinople. The Council of Ephesus in 431 confirmed the Creed of Nice, with the additions and modifications of Constantinople. The Fathers of Ephesus further pronounced anathema against any one who should make bold to change this form of faith of the Universal Church.

We forbid [say they] every one *to profess or compose any other form of belief* except that which has been defined by the Fathers assembled at Nicæa, with the help of the Holy Spirit. And whoever shall dare either to profess or compose any other form of belief, or offer it to those who wish to be converted to the knowledge of the truth, whether it be from Paganism or Judaism, or any heresy, whatsoever it be. If those who do so be bishops or clerics, we declare them to be deprived of their episcopal or clerical office, and if they be laymen, we pronounce anathema against them.

In the Creed as it stood after Ephesus we find these words : *Et (credo) in Spiritum Sanctum, dominum et vivificantem, qui ex Patre procedit.* In course of time, however, the Latin Churches of Spain and France began to employ the fuller form : *qui ex Patre Filioque procedit*, and at last it came into general

use throughout the entire West, and was adopted and approved of by Pontifical authority under Benedict the Eighth. Against this the Greeks protested as an innovation and contravention of the decree of Ephesus, and Michael Cerularius, in the eleventh century, made it an excuse for separating from the Latin Communion. We are not to understand from what has just been said that the Greek schismatics quarrelled with Rome on the one subject of the *addition* of the *Filioque*; their error lay much deeper, for they denied the dogmatic truth expressed in it. They denied that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. They taught that He proceeds from the Father alone. Their real ground of complaint ought to have been the error in faith implied in the addition, and this once established all question about Ephesus would have been superfluous. The reasonable course to follow would have been to settle first the dogmatic question, and this once disposed of the *Filioque* would stand or fall accordingly. Mark, their leader, suggested the inverse order, to decide first the lawfulness of adding anything to the Creed, how exact soever its dogmatic truth might be, and afterwards they were to go on to test the accuracy of the dogma itself. To justify the introduction of the *Filioque*, André took up a line of defence which made it impossible to separate the two questions.

The Latins had two courses open to them, both of which would be effectual in silencing Greek cavilling. The first would have been to deny that Ephesus intended or had the power to exclude the defining of doctrine in time to come, as long as it is done by legitimate authority. Of course when a Council once defines any doctrine as a truth to be believed, no subsequent Council can rescind such a decision, for truth being eternal and immutable it cannot vary with the changes of time and circumstances. This is the only power which a Council can exercise over succeeding Councils. It can in no wise prescribe the line of action to be followed, or the doctrine to be defined, or the rules to be drawn up for the discipline of the Church. These must depend mainly on the needs of the time and the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The second course would be to deny that any addition—in the scientific sense of the word—had been made to the formula of Ephesus. This latter line of argument was adopted by André. Perhaps he did so to avoid entering into the question of the authority of Councils, which would entail unnecessary

labour and delay. Now in order to make good the position he had taken up he had to prove the truth of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son. He proceeded to argue thus: The *Filioque* is not an *addition*, properly so called, but a mere explanation of a truth already contained in the words, *qui ex Patre procedit*.

For [said he] an addition in the strict sense is a new element borrowed from an extrinsic source and added to a text. But if it is already in the text, though not verbally expressed, it can only be called a further elucidation or exposition. In this way the Fathers of the First General Council of Constantinople regarded the definitions which they introduced into the Symbol of Nice. Now in the present case the *Filioque* is contained in the *ex Patre*. For whoever believes [here he was obliged to enter into the dogmatic question] that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father must necessarily believe at the same time that He proceeds from the Son. This is the doctrine of Scripture, and the Greek Fathers themselves are at one with us here. St. Basil, for example, insists that we cannot have a concept of the Father without at the same time having a concept of the Son and the Holy Ghost, and that it is impossible to separate in thought the three Divine Persons. "If we have an idea of the Son, we must on the one side have an idea of the Father, and on the other side an idea of the Holy Ghost. And consequently," adds the Saint, "we must admit that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. Every thing which the Father has the Son has too, except the one thing, namely, that the Son is not the Father. We must attribute accordingly to the Son all that we attribute to the Father—with that one exception. Has not Christ Himself said, *Omnia quæcunque habet Pater mea sunt*—'All things whatsoever the Father hath are Mine.' Hence no addition has been made to the Creed."

This line of argument was continued by André to the end. When his opponent, Mark, had exhausted all his learning and the argumentative skill for which he was distinguished, and it was found that he was ever recurring to the old thread-bare subject of Ephesus, all began to think it to be high time to pass on to the *formal* investigation of the doctrinal question about the procession from the Son. André had in fact, as we have seen, proved the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, but a full and exhaustive examination of the subject was necessary.

It fell to John of Ragusa to justify the Catholic belief against Mark on this head, before the Council and the world. At this break in the business of the Council, the Pope suggested to the Emperor the propriety of removing the Council to

Florence, for the plague was spreading in Ferrara, and some of the Fathers had been carried off. The Florentines themselves had been urging Eugene to come, and he was not loth to gratify them in return for the hospitality they had shown him when he was forced to fly from Rome before the united onslaught of the Colonnas and Milanese. Besides this, Cosmo de' Medici, the father of his country, was eager to add the glory of a General Council to the other splendours of his citizen-kingship. It was a grand moment for him when the head of the Universal Church, and the successor of Constantine chose to become his guests, along with the great men who accompanied them from East and West. The meeting of the Council in Florence in his time has added more lustre to his name than the architectural genius of Michelozzi and Brunelleschi. His devotion to the See of Rome, and the cause of unity, will outlive the productions with which Masaccio and Lippi have adorned the churches and palaces of Florence. The decree of union is at this day known and studied by thousands who have never seen or heard of the Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore. And the marble slab in the Cathedral commemorating the union has excited as much historic interest in travellers as the gates of the baptistry which Ghiberti cast, and Michael Angelo pronounced fit to be the gates of Paradise. Cosmo was at the time fifty years of age. He had been brought back in triumph from banishment five years before. His enemy and rival, Rinaldo Albizzi, was pining away at Milan in vain regrets for moments lost, and for his remissness when Cosmo was in his power.

To Florence, then, the Council was transferred in January, 1439. The nine Sessions which took place there were occupied by John of Ragusa and Mark in debating the procession of the Holy Ghost. Mark relied for the defence on passages from the Greek Fathers, which John showed to be no way contrary to Catholic belief. It would be tedious to enter into a detailed account of them here.

It will be enough to indicate a few of the arguments adduced on both sides, and the replies which were elicited. Mark brought forward a quotation from St. Basil, where in his third Sermon against Eunomius he says: "The Holy Ghost is from Him (the Father), and *from no other source*."¹ John answered in all fairness, that St. Basil is here engaged with the Arians,

¹ καὶ οὐκ ἐκ τίνος.

and keeping in view the nature of the heresy he was attacking; we must understand him to mean that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the *Divine* substance alone, and from no *created* substance, and that he in no way intended to teach that He proceeds from the *Person* of the Father alone. To show that this was no arbitrary explanation, he appealed to another passage of the same Father, in the third book of his work against Eunomius. "In the consideration of His (the Holy Ghost's) dignity, the language of religion teaches that the Holy Spirit follows the Son, *having from Him His being*, and from Him receiving, and to us announcing, and being on that cause wholly dependent."¹ On this there ensued a long and angry discussion, which was carried on into several sessions. Mark tried at first to explain away this text, on the grounds that St. Basil only taught that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the *substance* of the Son, for as there is but one most simple substance in God, if the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father—as all admit—He must have the same substance as the Father and the Son, and therefore is consubstantial with the Son, and hence may be said to have His being from the Son. But the Latin view he would not allow, namely, that the Spirit proceeds from the hypostasis of the Son. However, in subsequent sittings he abandoned this line of argument, an easier way out of the difficulty had in the meantime been suggested to him. He denied the authenticity of the text, on the plea that the passage in question was an interpolation made at a later date to justify the *Filioque*. This charge John disproved by producing the copy from which the extract was taken. It had been brought to Rome from Constantinople by Nicolaus de Cusa, and had been in existence for six hundred years at least, and consequently before any question was raised about the *Filioque*. If the disputed passage was not in all the Greek codices there was no cause of wonder, for the falsification of texts had become a common practice in the East.

A curious story is told of an incident which occurred at this stage of the proceedings, in connection with the system of tampering with the Greek text. A servant of the Bishop of Nicomedia was sent to procure a copy of St. Basil. And when he discovered that the text which his friends repudiated was

¹ Ἀξιώματι μὲν γὰρ δεύτερον (τὸ Πνεῦμα) τοῦ Ἰησοῦ, παρ' αὐτοῦ τὸ εἶναι ἔχον, καὶ παρ' αὐτοῦ λαμβανον, καὶ ἀναγγέλλον ἡμῖν, καὶ ὅλος τῆς αἰτίας ἐκείνης ἐξημμένον παραδίδωσιν ὁ τῆς εὐσεβείας λόγος.

in the codex, he attempted to erase it at once. With that intention he laid the book on a window, and while taking out his knife the wind turned a leaf. In his hurry he did not advert to this accident, and erased a corresponding passage on the next leaf. When the book was produced in Council, containing the words dangerous to his friends' cause, and seeing the disappointment of his countrymen, the poor fellow stoutly asserted that if the words were there it must be due to magical influence. At the Council of Lyons in 1274, another Greek had recourse to a similar expedient but with more success, for he really removed from St. Gregory of Nyssa the words, "*From the Son.*"²

John next cited St. Epiphanius, who in his *Ancoratus*, lays down in clear terms that the "Spirit is from the Father and the Son." And in another part of the same work he says: "No one knows the Holy Spirit except the Father and the Son, *from Whom He proceeds and from Whom He receives.*" This language seems decisive enough, but Mark found a way out of the difficulty, which was ingenious, but hardly convincing. According to him the words, "*from Whom He proceeds,*" belong exclusively to the Father—the others "*from Whom He receives*" belong exclusively to the Son. So in this way He would have His being from the Father, and His *inspiration* from the Son.

Disputes of a like nature took place over other writers and Fathers, both of the East and West. It was every day growing more evident that no conclusion could be arrived at if they continued the public disputations. It was seen that all that could be said by Mark was said, he had exhausted his store of learning and eloquence, and after traversing the wide field of controversy, he returned again to the well-worn text of St. Basil. The Emperor was growing more and more restless and anxious for the end. No Greek would venture into the lists against the great Dominican; and when he stated that although the Catholic Church believes that the Holy Ghost proceeds from *two Persons*, it regards the *principle of this procession as one*, the Emperor gladly embraced this doctrine, which seemed to be common to the two parties, and likely to bring them to a mutual understanding on all the rest. It met with the approbation also of a considerable section of his followers. To make the course of events smoother henceforward, he forbade Mark to attend at the ensuing sittings.

² ἐκ τοῦ υἱοῦ.

His absence was the death-blow to further debate. The two next and last Sessions were taken up by John in answering some arguments which had remained over from former meetings, he also brought out some fresh proofs of the Latin teaching. He spoke till the darkness of that March evening brought the twenty-fifth and last sitting of the Council to a close. When all was over and the Council was breaking up never to meet again, Isidore of Kiev remarked with grim pleasantry: "The Dominican has fought bravely, but it is easy to win the victory when there is no opponent." This was the end of the Council. Learning, eloquence, and skill had been shown on both sides. But although the Greeks allowed that they were beaten in argument, they showed no sign of conviction. Further public disputations were not to the mind of the Emperor and his people, and at their request were stopped. Then there followed a series of meetings, inquiries, comings and goings, to try to bring round the Greeks. The imperial influence was brought to bear on all who were inclined to hold back. Eugene himself addressed the assembled Greeks on the advantages of the view. Bessarion, Isidore the Russian, and Dorotheus of Mitylene used their eloquence and tact in the same direction. One by one the Greeks submitted and declared themselves ready to accept the union. So at last the decree was drawn up and signed by the Bishops of the West and by all the Greeks but two, the Bishop of Stauropolis, who had fled from Florence, and Mark of Ephesus. On July 6, 1439, it was read from the pulpit of the Cathedral by Bessarion in Greek, and by Cardinal Julian in Latin, after which they mutually embraced in the name and presence of their applauding brethren. This decree, which is contained in Bull *Latentur Celi* of Eugene the Fourth, lays down the Catholic doctrine regarding all the five questions which had been submitted to the Council. On the first point the decree determines for ever the faith of Christians in these words:

[We define] that the Holy Ghost is from the Father and the Son from eternity, and has His essence and His subsistent Being from the Father and the Son together, and proceeds from eternity from both as from one principle and by one only spiration. We declare that that which the holy Doctors and Fathers say about the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father *through the Son* bears with it this notion, that the Son, as likewise the Father, is according to the Greeks the *cause*, and according to the Latins the *principle* of the subsistence of the Holy Ghost.

The insertion of the *Filioque* is justified as follows :

We, moreover, define that the *Filioque* was lawfully and reasonably added to the symbol for the purpose of declaring the faith, and to meet the wants of the time.

Priests were allowed to follow the rights of their Church, and might licitly consecrate in leavened or unleavened bread, according to the established custom in the East or West.

In the fourth place, the vexed question of the future life is settled thus : " Moreover if those who are truly penitent die in God's love before they have satisfied by fitting works of penance for their sins of commission and omission (we define) that their souls are cleansed after death by the pains of Purgatory, and to relieve them from those pains the suffrages of the living faithful are of avail, that is to say, Masses, prayers, alms-deeds, and other works of piety, which are commonly done by the faithful for one another according to the approved practice of the Church. The souls of those who have not contracted the stain of any sin after baptism, and the souls which have contracted that stain, but have washed it away, either when in their bodies or after their separation from their bodies, are at once admitted into heaven, and see God clearly, Trinity in Unity, as He is, more or less perfectly, however, according to the merits of each one. But the souls of those who depart in actual mortal sin, or in original sin only, go down to hell directly, and are to be punished with pains varying according to the nature of their guilt." The primacy of the Pope is decided in the following terms :

We likewise define that the Holy Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff holds primacy over the Universal Church, and that he is the successor of Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, the true Vicar of Christ, the Head of the Church, the Father and Teacher of all Christians, and to him in Blessed Peter has been committed by our Lord Jesus Christ full power of feeding, directing, and governing the Universal Church, as is also laid down in the acts of the Œcumenical Councils and in the Sacred Canons.

The main business of the Council was now over. The Greek party began to break up, and were hastening home again after an absence of two years. The Emperor and his suite left Florence on the 26th of August. He did not go quite empty-handed, for on June 1st the Pope had agreed to the following conditions : (1) To defray all the expenses incurred

by the Greeks on their way home. (2) To maintain for ever three hundred soldiers for the use of the Emperor in Constantinople. (3) He agreed also to keep two galleys for the same service. (4) The crusade which he hoped to set on foot for the deliverance of Jerusalem was to pass through Constantinople. (5) The Pope was to send to the Emperor, in case of danger, twenty vessels of war for six months, or ten for a year, as might seem best. Lastly, the Pope undertook to organize a league of the Christian princes for the defence of the Empire whenever it should be deemed necessary.

With these promises, and the consciousness of having done his best to serve his country and his Church, the Emperor set off for Constantinople by the way of Venice, as he had come.

If he had fed himself with the fond fancy that all would be smooth and harmonious at home, the shock which he suffered on his arrival must have been rude indeed. The discontent which prevailed in the capital expressed itself in no measured terms. The national pride was hurt when the people learned that their leaders had given in to the Doctors of the West. Their disappointment was the greater as they had deceived themselves into a hope amounting to certainty that the learning and acuteness of the East were sure to win an easy victory over the supposed ignorance and dulness of the West. The material advantages which had been secured did not in any way compensate adequately for the degradation of the Greek cause.

They had been worked up into a state of deadly opposition to the union by ignorant and turbulent monks and demagogues, who used their dangerous influence over the mob with fatal effect during the absence of all the great civil and ecclesiastical authorities at the Council. Demetrius, the Emperor's brother, fanned the flame of schism, in hopes of winning the throne for himself. Although while at Florence he shared the Papal bounty, and observed a discreet silence, he fell in on his return home with the stream of apostasy which carried away many who had signed the decree of union.

But of all the malcontents, there was one whose talents, energy, influence, and exasperation made him more mischievous and dangerous than all the rest—Mark of Ephesus. He had refused to sign the union. In this he is worthy of more praise or less blame than those of his party who signed at Florence, and deplored their weakness at home. The Pope was not blind

to this serious drawback to the perfect success of the union, and on being told that Mark had not signed, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he said, "Then all our labour is vain and our high hopes are vanished." The apprehensions of His Holiness were not ungrounded. By his example and writings, Mark popularized and justified the schism, and dying, he requested that no unionist should attend at his obsequies or pray for his soul. Outside the court there burned a fierce flame of opposition to the Emperor and his unionizing adherents. Even beyond the Greek territory the schism spread. The Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem assembled a numerous synod, and disowned the action of their brethren at Florence, and went so far as to threaten the Emperor himself with ecclesiastical censures.

Bessarion, who by his talents was capable of throwing oil on the troubled waters, did not return permanently to the East. He was raised to the purple by Pope Eugene, and as Cardinal Bessarion is a prominent figure in the history of the Church during the latter part of the fifteenth century.

PATRICK ANDERSON.

Gleanings among Old Records.

VI.—MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND CLAUDE NAU.¹

HAVING placed Mary Stuart and her husband, Henry Darnley, in safety within the Castle of Dunbar, her biographer Nau furnishes us with some striking particulars as to her escape from Holyrood, and makes us acquainted with the incidents which occurred during their journey. Their novelty is unquestionable; and no one, I think, will dispute their interest. But it is best that Nau should tell his own story in his own way.

In their flight from Holyrood to Dunbar, a midnight ride of thirty miles, they were accompanied by the Laird of Traquair, captain of the guards, who has been already mentioned.² The Queen rode upon a pillion behind Arthur Erskine; one servant of the bedchamber, and two or three soldiers, completed the party. In crossing the cemetery attached to the church of Holyrood, their path took them near the grave in which lay the body of the murdered Secretary, Rizzio. The exact spot was known to Darnley, but not to the Queen. Oppressed by a sudden terror he began to groan, upon which Mary asked what troubled him. He answered: "Madame, we are just passing the grave of poor David. In him I have lost a good and faithful servant, and I shall never look upon his like again. Every day of my life I shall regret him. I have been miserably cheated." Here he was interrupted in his talk, for there was danger that he might be overheard.

As soon as the party had cleared the town the King began to gallop, and Arthur Erskine after him, until they reached the outskirts of Seton. Here some soldiers had been posted by the nobles who were of the Queen's party. When the King saw them he took it into his head that they belonged to the enemy; and dreading to fall into their hands he spurred on his horse with increased energy. At the same time he tried to make the Queen's horse go yet faster; for he flogged it on the hind

¹ Continued from n. lxiv. p. 550.

² See p. 546.

quarters, crying out, "Come on! come on! By God's Blood,³ they will murder both you and me if they can catch us!" Worn out by the fatigue which she had already endured, and in great suffering, the Queen dreaded a miscarriage, and entreated him to have some regard to her condition. She would rather expose herself, she said, to any danger than imperil the life of the unborn child. Hereupon the King put himself into a fury: "Come on!" said he; "come on! if this baby dies. . . ." At length, however, she could bear the galloping of the horse no longer, so she asked him to push on alone and take care of himself. And this he did very thoughtlessly; he, the occasion of all her miseries, abandoned this poor princess, abandoned her in the midst of the open country, when she was near her confinement and in danger of her life. Yet she reached Dunbar Castle in safety, where she was accompanied by the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell, the Lords Fleming, Seton, and Livingstone, and some others who had joined her on the road. They were unanimous in declaring that the King had shown himself to be a simpleton and a man devoid of resolution. Every one blamed him, some would not even speak to him or have any dealings with him, while others (especially Lord Fleming) openly censured his conduct, not only towards his wife, but to the whole of the party, whom they said that he had consigned to destruction.

When Darnley saw how these lords resented the insult which he had passed upon them, and when he noticed how strong was the force which they had raised to fight against the rebels, he betook himself to the Queen, his wife. He told her of the coldness which had sprung up between the lords and himself, and asked her to bring about a reconciliation. He was willing, he said, to promise upon his oath, that he would enter into a close and perfect friendship with them for the future, and would never abandon them. Her Majesty exerted herself to the utmost to accomplish his wishes, but she found it very difficult; and for the following reasons. The nobles had risked their lives, they said, in his quarrel, and in return he had betrayed them to their bitterest enemies. Not only had he undervalued their own personal services, but he had made light of the obligation which he owed to her, their true and

³ Darnley's conversation seems to have been largely interspersed with profane oaths and indecent allusions, which I do not think it necessary to preserve for the future.

lawful sovereign. Although she had permitted him to share her bed (here the earls in their language called him her *Beth-fallow*), yet their obedience was due to her alone. For the future neither his promises, nor his orders, should move them. The only authority which he could expect to exercise over them must spring from their sense of the duty which they owed to the Queen, his wife. They were no more bound to him by a solemn oath than he to them; for neither they, nor any of the nobility, had accepted him as their King or admitted his authority.

On Tuesday morning, the Earl of Lennox, who was in the Palace of Holyrood, was informed that the Queen and his son had escaped. Against the latter he launched forth many bitter imprecations, giving him his curse and calling him traitor for having abandoned his father in so great danger. Secretary Lethington was also told of the news by the waiting-maids of the Queen's chamber, who went to ask him as to the truth of a report to the effect that the palace would be sacked. Here let it be remarked that Lethington was secretly of Moray's party; not so openly, however, that any one could charge him therewith. He did not sue for his pardon along with the others, but upon the Queen's flight he went to reside with the Earl of Athol, with whom he remained for some time, until recalled by the Earl's intercession.

Tidings of the escape of the Queen and the King spread through the city, whereupon such of the lords as had been in the plot, either overtly or secretly, absented themselves. All the soldiers did the like, each one trying to clear himself and get his own pardon. They did this all the more eagerly when it was understood that a proclamation had been made in several parts of the realm to the effect that within the six days next following all persons who were of an age capable of bearing arms should present themselves at Dunbar. Letters to the same purport were sent to various lords and gentlemen, summoning them to meet the Queen in all haste. She reached the Abbey of Haddington on the night of the 18th of March, well attended.

On the 19th, the Bishop of St. Andrews, bastard brother to the Duke of Châtelherault, and the Hamiltons, met the Queen near the village of Musselbro', and accompanied her into Edinburgh, where she stayed for some time in the house of the Bishop of Dunkeld. With her were the Earls of Huntley;

Athol, Bothwell, Crawford, Marischal, Sutherland, and Caithnes; the Bishops of St. Andrews, Ross, and Su . . . ; the Lords Livingstone, Fleming, Seton, Hume, Borthwick, and others. By their counsel the affairs of the realm were quieted, and for a time all was at peace. And in this state of calm they might have remained but for the turbulence of the King, who could not long continue on good terms with any one.

At this meeting of the council the King became aware that the Earl of Moray and his adherents, now that they had won their way back to the Court, would never trust him, and would be revenged upon him at the first opportunity. He was still further pushed on by the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell, who had their own private feuds with the lords, more particularly with Lethington. The King was thus induced to propose that the office of secretary should be conferred upon the Bishop of Ross in the place of Lethington, whom he charged with having been a principal in the late conspiracy; and in the Queen's absence he signed the order passed to this effect in council. She would not consent however to this measure, for she was persuaded that the King had brought this charge against Lethington in order that, on his dismissal, he might put into the vacant office a man at his own devotion. Darnley's object was now to play off, by every means in his power, the one party against the other, so that he himself might become stronger than either of them. The Queen had reason to dread this, knowing, as she did, the inconstancy and treachery which, it must be admitted, she had found in her husband's character. She refused therefore to dismiss Lethington, although advised to do so by the King and the lords; for he was a man of penetration, experienced in the affairs of the country, and of whom—if the truth must be told—she stood in need in the midst of this turmoil of tempers and disputes. As no definite charge had been brought against him she caused him to be reinstated shortly afterwards, for she flattered herself that his gratitude and his sense of duty would secure to her his future allegiance.

When the King understood that the Queen refused to confirm and sign this resolution in favour of the Bishop of Ross—whom, however, she valued and willingly employed in other matters—he became exceedingly angry. On the following night he sent to her one of the grooms of his chamber, who told her Majesty how much the King was displeased with her, and

added that he had loaded and primed his two pistols, which she would find hanging at the back of the bed. The Queen went to visit him without delay, and after having stayed with him for some time she quietly carried off the pistols. Next day she told the members of the council what had occurred. She did this to remove from her husband's mind the prejudice which he had conceived against Lethington, and to let the councillors understand the decision at which she had arrived, and which she would have them follow. Of this more presently. She forbade the Bishop of Ross to accept this office, even if it were offered to him. As for the others, each of them sued singly his own pardon.

It has been already mentioned that at the beginning the King was openly hostile to the Earl of Moray and his adherents; but in the end the Laird of Traquair, surnamed Steward, made him understand the true position of affairs. The Queen was unwilling that Moray should lay all the blame upon herself. As for her, she had no ill-will against him save on the King's account; and as he was now mollified, the Earl's pardon was granted to him when he was at Linlithgo. The like she did for the Earl of Argyll and Lord Boyd, who were ordered to betake themselves into Argyll, there to remain during her pleasure; which they did. The Earl of Rothes had his pardon, so had the Earl of Lennox, at the request of his son, the King, as also the Earl of Glencairn and the Laird of Cunninghamhead, who came to her Majesty at Dunbar. The King had a high regard for the Lords Ruthven and Lindsey, Douglas L'Apostolat, and some others, of whom, however, he did not venture to speak openly to his wife. From the outset she had vowed that she would never pardon these persons, whom she regarded as the originators and executors of this conspiracy. When they and the Earl of Morton saw that they could not obtain their pardon, they fled into England, where Ruthven died, a maniac, in the town of Newcastle.

When the Queen heard that these lords had been harboured in England, she sent James Thornton, chanter of the bishopric of Murray, to the Queen, her good sister. Thornton also went to Queen Mary's own relations—namely, the King of France and the princes of Lorraine—to let them know the state of her affairs and the rebellions and insurrections of her subjects, and to ask for help. The Queen of England, having been requested neither to receive these rebels nor permit them to remain within her

kingdom, sent into Scotland a gentleman named Henry Killigrew. He brought with him very civil letters, in which Elizabeth promised that these rebels should soon be expelled. But she did not keep her word ; for the Earl of Morton and the son of the late Lord Ruthven resided in the town of Alnwick and the neighbourhood, until they had their pardon and were restored, which did not take place until the birth of the prince.

Before his death Lord Ruthven showed signs of great repentance for his wicked life. He thanked God for having given him the opportunity and the inclination, before He called him to Himself, to pray for mercy and the pardon of all his sins. Others say that he died like a madman, exclaiming that he saw Paradise opened, and a great company of angels coming to seek for him. These were probably illusions wrought by the devils, who wished to cheat him at his death, so that he might not escape them ; for during his life he had been possessed by them, having practised the art of magic.

Conscious that the time for her delivery was at hand, the Queen now took up her abode in the Castle of Edinburgh. She was anxious not only to prepare for that event, but also to guard against what she had been warned would occur, namely, that the lords were resolved to take possession of the infant from the moment of its birth. Regarding this child as the heir to the crown, they determined to have it baptized in their own form of religion, and educated and trained up by some of their own school, without any interference on the part either of her husband or herself. She knew that many parties and serious differences already existed among the nobles, and she was aware that in the event of her death in childbirth these dissensions would widen and deepen day by day, so as to make the position of her child most insecure. She felt, too, that she could not entirely trust him to the keeping of her husband. She determined, therefore, that she would forgive all the offences already committed by the lords, and bring them together, especially those of her council, so as to effect some good reconciliation. About the end of April, therefore, she sent for the Earls of Argyll and Moray, and settled all such disputes as remained between them and the Earls of Athol, Huntley, and Bothwell, as far as these disputes had been referred to herself. This having been done, these nobles remained with her all the remainder of the following summer.

The pardon of the Earl of Moray and his adherents has

already been mentioned, to which we may now append the following remarks. These persons assured her Majesty that they had taken up arms against the King only, and in their own defence—not against her. She had no cause, they said, to complain against them, except in that they had not appeared in Court in obedience to her simple orders—orders which had been obtained from her by their enemies, who surrounded her, and aimed at the entire destruction of themselves, their properties, and their families. “We always listen with attention,” continued they, “to the excuse of the man who is fighting for his life, or his possessions, or his honour, and who does his best to repel the attack of those who seek to injure him in matters of such vital importance.” These considerations, joined with the position in which they found themselves, compelled them (said they) to avail themselves of the last chance which remained for their recovery. They could do nothing less than break up a Parliament which was assembled for their trial and condemnation. They had no share in the insults and indignities offered to the person of the Queen in her own palace, nor with the murder of the late David. For these acts Lord Ruthven and his associates were entirely responsible.

Such explanations had their weight with the Queen. She admitted to herself that at the outset she had no patent cause of hostility, no private quarrel with Moray and his followers: all these feuds had come through the King, her husband. She had grounds for believing that even he was now satisfied with Moray; for Darnley was acting in concert with Moray's party, even against herself. She knew the credit in which these lords stood with England, a power which might keep her in perpetual trouble, and in the end lead things to a fatal issue. Seeing that the King was resolved to pardon Moray, despite all the difficulties which had hitherto been urged, she was easily induced to yield her consent to this measure. The rigour with which she had hitherto acted towards the Earl was chiefly to please her husband, by whom she had been feebly seconded. To some extent here was the primary cause of all the evil which these conspirators subsequently attempted. As she could not trust either the one party or the other, it seemed to her to be the wisest plan to fortify her own position by reconciling these two rivals.

Having retired into Edinburgh Castle, while the greater part of the nobility remained within the town, according to her

directions, the Queen made the necessary arrangements for her delivery. She executed her will and received the sacraments, acting herein like one who is in proximate danger of death.

About this time there came from the King of France a gentleman of honour, named Le Croc, sent to be ambassador resident with her Majesty. He was one of the gentlemen in ordinary in the King's service, while at the same time, even during this embassy, he depended entirely upon the Queen-mother, whose creature he was.

We must not forget to mention a trick which was attempted to be played by the Queen of England. She sent an old gentleman named Ruxby to the Queen, who pretended that he had come under the auspices of the Earl of Northumberland and his brother, Sir Henry Percy. He wished that the Queen would join them in an insurrection against the Queen of England; and to accomplish this end he brought forward all the arguments which he could devise. He chiefly urged that Elizabeth was offended because Mary had married the King without her knowledge and consent. Elizabeth could not but see that by the birth of a child Mary's claim to the throne of England was greatly strengthened; she did not cease, therefore, from trying to work the ruin of the Queen and her husband, both of whom she cordially hated. In furtherance of this scheme Ruxby suggested that Mary should secure the adhesion of every Catholic who would join her party, the names of several of whom he mentioned.

From Ruxby's mode of procedure the Queen suspected that the whole affair was a fraud. She told him that she thanked the Earl and his brother for their kind intentions, but that so far from being inclined to listen to reports prejudicial to her good sister, Queen Elizabeth, she had never been more anxious than at that present moment to please her, and to maintain a good understanding with her. She was going to ask the Queen to be godmother to her child. As to Ruxby's request that she, Mary, would give him letters to these noblemen, she would not write one single line without having previously heard from them, or at least having received some more distinct evidence.

With this answer Ruxby returned to England, and having fraudulently obtained papers from Sir Henry Percy and some others, who had a secret affection for her Majesty, he made his way back into Scotland. During the interval the Queen's

doubts about him had been cleared up. No sooner was she informed that he had returned than she caused his papers to be seized. Among them was found a document signed by William Cecil, Secretary of State to the Queen of England, in which she promised Ruxby and his heirs in perpetuity an annual rent of £100 in landed property, provided he would produce letters signed by Queen Mary, and addressed to the Earl of Northumberland and his brother, in answer to the offers made to her by them. This fact having been clearly established, Ruxby was sent as a prisoner to the northern district of the realm, where he remained in the house of the Bishop of Moray for nearly eighteen months without any effort having been made for his release. In order more successfully to play the Catholic, he gave the Queen a tablet of ivory, on which was engraved the entire Passion of our Lord.

On Tuesday, the 19th of June, between nine and ten in the morning, her Majesty gave birth to a son, with great labour and suffering, in the presence of many of her ladies. They seeing her danger, and telling her of it, she requested that the infant might be saved, without any regard being paid to herself. . . .

On June the 15th, it had been reported through the whole town of Edinburgh that the Queen had given birth to a son, whereupon bonfires were lighted.

Immediately upon the birth of the prince, all the cannon of the Castle were discharged, and the lords, the nobles, and the people went to St. Giles' Church to thank God that they now had an heir to their kingdom. Upon the birth of the child, certain gentlemen were despatched to the King of France, the Queen of England, and the Duke of Savoy, to ask them to be godfathers and godmother to the prince, to which they very graciously consented. The King of France sent the Count de Brienne, of the House of Luxemburg, shortly before whom M. de Mauvissière had been despatched into Scotland. The Queen of England, the godmother to the Prince, was represented by the Earl of Bedford, with a numerous retinue. Henry Killigrew had arrived during the previous month to express the joy and congratulations of his mistress at the Queen's happy delivery. The Duke of Savoy sent M. de Morette, who, however, did not arrive until after the celebration of the baptism. His substitute was M. du Croc. As the Earl of Bedford would not enter the church, the Countess of Argyll was his proxy, and she assisted at the ceremonies of the

baptism in the name of the Queen of England. As long as the Queen remained in Edinburgh Castle she caused her son to sleep in her bedroom, and she often watched by him herself.

While the Queen resided within the Castle, and during her confinement, the King, her husband, led a very disorderly life. He vagabondized every night. Sometimes he went to bathe in the sea, sometimes he went to other out-of-the-way places. When her Majesty heard of this, she became apprehensive of the danger which might follow, because of the ill-will which the greater number of the lords felt towards him. As he caused the gates of the Castle to be opened at every hour of the night, there was no safety for either herself or her child. She entreated him therefore to be careful, and not to put himself so unwisely into the power of his enemies.

To all these remonstrances Darnley paid very little attention. Naturally of a very overbearing disposition, he began to threaten all the lords, especially the Earl of Moray, telling the Laird of Balfour that he would kill him as soon as he ceased to reside within the Castle. The Queen saw the great danger of such a plot as this, which probably would lead to serious troubles in the kingdom, and a sudden insurrection within the city. She contrived therefore always to find something about which to busy herself, so as to keep near him, and thus to thwart his design. But in private he did not abandon the idea.

The King was also much offended, because, contrary to his advice, Queen Elizabeth had been invited to become one of the sponsors. Speaking of her, he said that he would no more own her to be the lawful Queen of England than she would own him to be King of Scotland. The Council, however, wishing to have this Princess well affected towards their country (and this was for the public good), held to their resolution, wherewith Darnley was much annoyed, and took daily opportunities of showing his anger. By the persuasion of some dissipated youths, who were his chief companions, he determined that he would go secretly to France, and there support himself upon the Queen's dowry. When she heard of this, she spoke to him about it with great frankness. But do what she might, she could not prevent him from leaving Edinburgh upon a day fixed for receiving the Sacrament, to the great scandal of the Catholics.

About the beginning of August, the Queen crossed the Forth, and went to Allowa, a house belonging to the Earl

of Mar, where she remained for some days in the company of the ladies of her Court and the Earl. While she was on this excursion, the King visited her, making, as it were, a passing call. He spent only a few hours with her, although it had been arranged that they should return together to Edinburgh.

Towards the end of the same month, the Queen, attended by the King, the Earls of Moray, Huntley, Bothwell, and Athol, and several other persons, went into Megotland, on the borders of England and Scotland, to amuse herself by hunting the stag. When on her way back to Edinburgh, she decided upon removing the Prince, her son, to Stirling. For this purpose she raised four or five hundred hackbutter, who, on the journey, surrounded the Prince's litter, and conducted him to Stirling, along with the Queen. The care of him was assigned, in the first instance, to Lord Erskine, and afterwards to the Earl of Mar and his wife.

During this excursion into Megotland, the Queen paid a visit to the house of the Laird of Traquair. While the party was at supper, the King asked the Queen to join a stag hunt. Knowing that if she assented it would be requisite for her to gallop her horse at a furious pace; she whispered in his ear that she suspected she was *enceinte*. The King replied aloud, "Never mind . . ." Thereupon the Laird of Traquair rebuked him sharply, and told him that his language was not that of a Christian. Darnley answered . . .

Returning from Stirling, the Queen made a progress to "Glen Arknay," and thence went to Edinburgh, where she remained for some time. She wished to be present at the passing of the public accounts, which at that time were under examination; and further, to cause new inquiries to be made about the rebels who were still in England, and to make certain preparations for the baptism. Thence she went to Jedburgh, there to keep the Law-days, which are generally held there every year, with the intention of bringing the Borders into subjection and punishing the thieves who lived in the neighbouring mountains. The Earl of Bothwell, who had been sent there to keep these marauders in order, as he was pursuing them, was wounded so severely in the hand that every one thought he would die. He thought so himself. The Queen was both solicited and advised to pay him a visit at his house, called "The Hermitage," in order that she might learn from him the state of affairs in these districts, of which he was the hereditary governor. With this object in

view, she went very willingly, accompanied by the Earl of Moray and some other persons, in whose presence she conversed with Bothwell for some hours, and on the same day returned to Jedburgh.

On the following day, she was seized by a pain in the side, which confined her to bed. It proved to be a severe attack of the spleen, which had troubled her during the present week, and to which she had been more or less subject ever since her confinement. Some thought she was dead. She vomited more than sixty times, and on the third day of the attack she lost her sight. From the frequency and the violence of these fits of vomiting within the period of a single day, it was suspected that she had been poisoned, particularly as among the matter ejected from the stomach there was found a lump of a green substance, very thick and hard.

On the Thursday, news came that the Prince was so ill that his life was despaired of ; but after having been made to vomit, he recovered.

On the Friday, her Majesty lost the power of speech, and had a very severe fit of convulsions about ten or eleven o'clock at night. All her limbs were drawn together, her face was distorted, and her whole body became cold. Every one present, especially her domestic servants, thought that she was dead, and they opened the windows. The Earl of Moray began to lay hands on the most precious articles, such as her silver plate and jewels. The mourning dresses were ordered, and arrangements were made for the funeral. But Arnault, her surgeon, having observed some tokens of life in her arms, which had not entirely stiffened, used an extreme remedy in an extreme case. He bandaged, very, tightly, her toes, her legs, from the sole of the foot upwards, and her arms ; and he poured some wine into her mouth, which he caused to be opened by force. When she had recovered a little, he administered a clyster, the evacuations produced by which were considered by the physicians to be very suspicious. From that time she gradually recovered, until she went to Edinburgh, where she vomited a great quantity of corrupt blood ; and the cure was complete.

On the day before this convulsion fit, the Queen, feeling that her strength was decaying and believing that she was in danger of death (for she had now lost her sight), called together the lords who were in attendance upon her. She reminded them at some length of the importance of their mutual union and agree-

ment for the good of the country and the safety of her son. She especially recommended him to their care, for she feared that his father might do him less than justice as to the succession to the Crown, to which he laid claim in his own right, and might take a second wife. She also asked M. du Croc, the Ambassador of France, to recommend her son, his country, and affairs to the most Christian King, his master. Then she caused prayers to be read by the Bishop of Ross, and disposed herself as one at the point of death, requesting those who were near to take care of her. Yet she felt confident that if she could get over that Friday she would ultimately recover.

About this time a person named John Shaw came to tell the Queen that Andrew Carr, of Fawdenside, had returned from England into Scotland, from which he had been banished, for having presented his dagger at the Queen and killed the late David. Some people having refused to admit him into their houses, because he had been put to the horn (and therefore could not be admitted), he boasted that within fifteen days there would be a great revolution, that he would soon be in better credit than ever, and that the condition of their own Queen would cause them no little anxiety.

The Queen returned from Jedburgh to Edinburgh to make the necessary arrangements for the baptism, which was celebrated about the feast of "The Kings" with great splendour, and liberal gifts were bestowed upon the ambassadors. The King was not present at the baptism, for he refused to associate with the English unless they would acknowledge his title; and this the Queen of England, their mistress, had forbidden them to do. Shortly afterwards he was seized with the small pox. He sent several times for the Queen. Although she was ill, having injured her bosom by a fall from her horse at Seton, she went, stayed with him, and attended him on his return to Edinburgh. During the journey a raven accompanied them from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where it remained. It perched on the King's lodging, and sometimes on the Castle. On the day before his death it sat and croaked for a very long time upon the house.

Anxious to complete the original narrative with the least possible delay, I reserve for the present such remarks as I may have to make upon the statements which have been transmitted to us by Mary's French Secretary.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

The Educational Crisis in France.

ON the 15th of March, M. Jules Ferry, whom a late change in the Ministry of the French Republic has brought to the post of Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, laid before the Chamber of Deputies two important Bills. The purpose of the Minister is to modify the system of education now existing in France. In the inflated language of M. Jules Ferry, the introduction of these measures is "the act of a Government alarmed for the rights of the State, jealous of its responsibility, and which has set itself the task of restoring to the commonwealth, in the sphere of education, that active part which should belong to it, and which for nearly thirty years has been declining under the influences of successive usurpations."

Stripped of its tawdry rhetoric, the phrase has this meaning. The Government of the Republic has decided to revoke the concessions made since the year 1850 to Catholic demands for freedom of education. The Republican Government has not thought fit to make public the grounds on which this decision has been taken. It is true that M. Jules Ferry has been at the pains to put together what he is pleased to call the *motives* of the Bill. But, without paying a high tribute to his acuteness, we may take 'it for granted that, executing the task, he enjoyed the while the easy consciousness that he was in no sense revealing the motives of himself or his colleagues. In one place he informs the legislators of France that the Upper Council of Education is in part composed of members who are not servants of the State, and who, nevertheless, as members of the Board, exert a certain control over the State Colleges. This looks like a grievance, and challenges our sympathy for those who must bear it. But M. Ferry, in the paragraph next succeeding, chills the sympathy which this piteous affliction might be expected to provoke, by informing us that the nomination of the members of the Board is wholly in the hands of the Government.

Again, M. Ferry assures the Chamber, that by existing law the Jesuits are proscribed in France: "C'est le cas de répéter avec M. Portalis et dans une situation infiniment plus compromise: Il est avéré qu'il existe, malgré les lois, et sans autorisation légale, une congrégation religieuse d'hommes." This as a reason why the Chamber should take upon itself the ungrateful, and possibly difficult task, of passing a law to proscribe them! Nor is the Minister of the Fine Arts above garbling texts to suit his purpose. To prove the illegal position of the Jesuits, M. Ferry quotes from the Report of a Commission, issued in 1828, of which mention will be made later. This quotation, he asserts, represents the general and unanimous opinion concerning the Jesuits. The document from which he quotes distinctly asserts that it represents the opinion of the *minority* of the Commission. This last clumsiness has drawn much reproach upon M. Ferry. He must be strangely impervious to motives of contrition, if he have not already repented of his indiscretion. On the whole, the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts does not reason well. If there be even a specious argument in favour of the proposed law, he has failed to find it. Were the Deputies of the Republic exacting as to the form in which plans of persecution are drawn up, they might find much to censure in the shape M. Jules Férry has given to his.

In the quotations already made we have become acquainted with the most respectable of the grounds which M. Ferry publishes in justification of his Bills. Other grounds indeed there are, indicated mysteriously in concise phrases, "The Government has formed the opinion," "The moment seems to have come," and the like. But these we may not hope to fathom. The method by which the present Government of the Republic forms opinions, and the instinct by which it discerns times and seasons are hopelessly beyond our reach. We turn, therefore, to subjects more accessible. We will examine that model condition of things which was in vogue thirty years ago, to which the present Government looks back with longing; and then we will examine the means by which the present Government proposes to restore it.

The Universities which had grown up under the old French monarchy went to wreck, along with some better institutions, in the storm of the Revolution. In 1806, the First Napoleon had so far mastered the unruly elements of French Society, that

he was able to give his attention to the educational system of his Empire. In that year, by a law bearing date the 10th of May, the University of France was established. The law provided that there should be created, with the title of *The Imperial University*, a body to which the control of public education throughout the Empire should be exclusively intrusted, and that the organization of the body should be definitively fixed by law in the legislative session of the year 1810. Napoleon was not over scrupulous in the observance of constitutional formalities. He undertook himself the organization of the new University, and on the 17th of March, 1808, his scheme was published in an imperial decree. It is needless to state that few were found to question the legality of this proceeding.

The new University was unlike anything that had borne the name before, unlike anything that has claimed it since. It had no affinity with the great institutions of which Oxford and Heidelberg are proud. It was simply a department of the public service, fashioned after the imperial model. It was made to serve the purposes of the despotism that created it, and it has not failed to serve the purposes of the despotisms, royal, imperial, or republican, that since have come and gone. It was a part of the public administration, just as the Commissariat or the Police; and it may not unjustly be described as combining, in the sphere of education, the functions of both these departments. It was formed to provide for the minds of Frenchmen the quantity and quality of instruction which it pleased the Emperor to allow them; and it was its mission besides to watch that others did not meddle unauthorized in the work of education. The monopoly of teaching was bestowed upon it; all education, except under its direction and control, was made contraband. An exception was at first granted in favour of the ecclesiastical seminaries, but this privilege they enjoyed only for a season. In 1811, by a new imperial decree, those of the lesser seminaries (*petits séminaires*) that were not suppressed were placed under the jurisdiction of the University.

To understand aright the ever-recurring debates on French education it is important to make acquaintance with the organization and work of the University. According to the decree of May, 1808, the Imperial University was composed of as many *Academies*, or provincial educational synods, as there were Courts of Appeal in the Empire. Under these Academies were ranged the schools which gave instruction to the French people.

First in order came the *Faculties*, in which the higher sciences were taught, and degrees conferred. Next followed the *Lyceums*, schools for the ancient languages, history, rhetoric, logic, and the mathematical and physical sciences. After these came the *Colleges*, or communal intermediate schools, for the elements of the ancient languages, and the first principles of history and science. Below these ranked the establishments known respectively as *Institutions* and *Pensions*, and which may be described as colleges maintained by private enterprise. Last of all came the primary, or elementary schools, in which were taught reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic. At the head of this scholastic system stood the Grand Master of the University, assisted by the Upper Board, or Council. This Council consisted of thirty members, and formed the supreme tribunal in matters educational. It controlled and directed the administrations of the Faculties, Lyceums, and lower schools, it defined the matters to be taught and the method of teaching it, it framed disciplinary statutes, decided what books were to be admitted into the libraries of the Lyceums, and in matters of dispute was the final Court of Appeal.

Miniatures of this sovereign body were the Academical Councils, or Councils of the Academies. They consisted each of ten members named by the Grand Master from among the members of the Academy. Their functions were, in a lower sphere, analogous to those of the Upper Councils, but they affected only the schools of a particular district.

The Upper Council and the Councils of the Academies formed together the government of the University. Its administration was carried on by a vast body of officials—Chancellor, Treasurer, Inspectors, Deans of Faculties, Provisors, Censors, Principals of Colleges, and so on, down the formidable list contained in the 29th Article of the Imperial Decree. The principles which were to guide the labours of the University were specified in the 38th Article. They were: firstly, the precepts of the Catholic religion; secondly, fidelity to the Emperor, to the Imperial monarchy—safeguard of the national prosperity, and to the Napoleonic dynasty—guardian of the unity of France and of the liberal ideas proclaimed by the Constitution; thirdly, obedience to the statutes of the teaching body, which have been framed for the uniformity of education, and with the purpose of forming citizens attached to their religion, to their sovereign, to their country, and to their family. An effective guarantee

that loyalty to the Emperor should prevail in the counsels of the new University was provided by the 144th Article. This is the last and not the least significant clause of the Decree. "We reserve it to ourselves to recognize and to reward in a special manner the services which may be rendered by the members of the University in the education of our people, as also to reform, by Decree issuing from our Council, any decision, statute, or act of the Council of the University or of the Grand Master, as often as we shall judge it expedient for the good of the State."

Thus the University of France received its being and its form. The power that had made it prepared also the field in which it was to labour. All rival institutions were summarily swept away. By an Imperial Decree of September 17th, 1808, it was enacted that, after the first of the January next following, public education in France should belong exclusively to the University; that after that date all and every educational establishment not furnished with a special diploma from the Grand Master should cease to exist.

The Constitution of the University has undergone no radical change since the days of the First Napoleon. In the eventful year 1815 it passed through a grave crisis. Louis the Eighteenth, by a Royal Ordinance issued on the 17th of February, abolished the Napoleonic University, and set up seventeen universities of the older type in its stead. But by March 30th of the same year Imperial Decrees again had force in France, and on that day the Royal Ordinance was cancelled. By August 15th Royal Ordinances were again in fashion. This time, however, there was no pulling down and building up. Louis the Eighteenth was now content to ordain that "the organization of the academies be provisionally maintained." At the same time he expressed a hope that circumstances would soon enable him "to establish by law the foundations of a definitive system." The circumstances for which the King hoped have not come. The University adapted itself to the new constitutional monarchy, and lived on. The duties of its Grand Master became merged in those of the Minister of Public Instruction; its offices of Chancellor and Treasurer were abolished. The control of the Episcopal Seminaries also slipped from its grasp. But no substantial change was wrought within the system. It has carried the form and character impressed upon it by Napoleon through the later revolutions. Under much pressure

it has consented, in recent time, to forego something of that monopoly of education which it held; with a bad grace it has consented to make room for rivals by its side. But these changes have not affected its internal structure. Substantially it now is what it has always been.

If this brief sketch of the organization and rise of the University of France be enough to make known the nature of the institution, it will be enough to make known why, from the first, it should have been hateful to a large section of the French people. In the intervals between the holidays on which Napoleon's military triumphs were celebrated, there were many things to make Frenchmen alive to the fact that a crushing despotism was growing and waxing strong behind all that pageantry. In this respect the Imperial school system was singularly effective, hardly less so than the yearly conscription which decimated the homes of France.

From the outset M. de la Mennais was an enemy of the University, a fearless enemy at the time when the power of the University was greatest. He wrote against it in the full flush of his early zeal, before the cloud that darkened his later years had begun to gather. He saw it at work; he will tell us why it was felt by many to be a burden. "In an age which boasts of its philosophy, and among a people proud of its enlightenment, was seen what had never been seen in any other age or among any other people—ignorance decreed, under pain of fine or imprisonment, against all who would not accept, or could not pay for, the instruction prescribed by the Sovereign. Education was rigidly denied to every child whose parents were poor, and this at the close of a revolution which left destitute families that some time before had ranked amongst the highest and the wealthiest. To comfort them in their poverty a paternal government forbade them to rise out of it; because they were unfortunate it degraded them from their place in society.

"Charity itself had not the right to open a school unless it paid a tax on the alms it gave, and soon even this liberty was denied it. Education had its rates, its duties, its contraband articles. Such a master, even when his tax had been paid, could teach only such a branch, up to such and such a point. One had the right to construe *Livy* with his pupils, another, more in favour, was privileged to explain *Tacitus*. Inspectors kept watch to prevent fraud, and to secure the customs—so much for learning to distinguish the letters of the alphabet, so much

for learning to form them, so much for declining *Musa!* . . .
 "And why all this persecution? To pay the men who were compelled to inflict it. It has been reckoned that, to furnish the salary of the Grand Master alone, five thousand children had, every day, to sacrifice a portion of their scanty pittance of bread. M. de Fontanes has a kind heart; he must, at times, have felt his own bread taste bitter."¹

We have next to learn the quality of the education which Frenchmen were forced to buy at such a price. Let us confine our attention to the secondary schools. In the elementary schools the extreme hardships of the system were not everywhere felt. Napoleon, in his Decree of March, 1808, had commanded that the Brothers of the Christian Schools should be licensed to teach by the Grand Master of the University.² This clause saved many of the primary schools from the evils that weighed upon the higher establishments.

The object primarily aimed at in the Imperial Lyceums and Colleges was to form good soldiers. The school exercises began and ended to the roll of a drum. The pupils were divided into companies and squadrons; they had their captains, their sergeants, and their corporals. The prescribed themes for their school compositions were the battles of Napoleon. Everything, down to the dress they wore and the punishments that followed their misdeeds, was arranged to create in them a military spirit. "A Decree of Buonaparte," writes M. de la Mennais in his indignant bitterness, "taught us that to be one day or other a good magistrate, an honest steward, a doctor, merchant, or man of letters, it was necessary before all else to learn to stand in line, and to march by the right and left; that the priest's hands destined to offer upon the altar the Sacred Victim sacrificed for the redemption of men should first of all learn to wield the weapons that slay them."

But there were graver defects in the system than its military character. The teachers were men who had passed, not always untainted, through the orgies of the Revolution. It was not in the nature of things that they should uniformly bring to their new duties the purity of life and purpose, and the ready spirit of self-sacrifice, which alone could fit them to protect the hearts of their pupils against the prevailing corruption. In spite of the system of camp discipline and military punishment, irreligion, immorality, and insubordination prevailed in the schools of the

¹ *De l'Université Impériale.*

² Article 103.

University. According to the letter of the law, the precepts of the Catholic religion formed the basis of the University system; in the practical application of the law, religion was so rudely treated that, in not a few instances, the Chaplains of the Lyceums were forced by insult to abandon their posts.

Such was the University, and such had been its results when Napoleon fell. Elsewhere it has been mentioned that during the first days of the Restoration its existence was seriously endangered. Ultimately the danger passed away; under the Elder Branch of the restored Bourbons the University held its monopoly unimpaired. It was not that the Catholic section of the population was blind to the injustice it represented. But the Catholics of France have been slow to learn the arts of constitutional government, and have ever been modest in giving constitutional expression to their wants and wishes. With a prominence which reflects disparagingly on their fellow-Catholics, three men stand forward as the champions of free education in that dismal time, men gifted in a rare degree with that lofty and pathetic eloquence which belongs to the orators of France—De la Mennais, Lacordaire, and De Montalembert. Their enthusiasm and energy did a double service to the Church. They disconcerted her enemies, and they shamed into activity her half-hearted friends. But with all their efforts the work made slow progress; the time was yet far off when a beginning of justice was to be made. In 1828 it was discovered that the Bishops of certain dioceses had engaged Jesuit professors to teach in their seminaries. The liberal press, jealous guardian of the public liberty, raised the cry of danger. The Cabinet took alarm. A Commission was appointed to investigate the momentous question. After a lengthened inquiry, a majority of the Commission decided that the accused priests had in no way offended against the laws of the realm, that they could not be molested without a violation of the Charter. It mattered not. The attitude of the friends of liberty was threatening. On the 16th of June the Jesuits were proscribed.

Two years after this, another branch of the house of Bourbon was on the throne, and in another charter the foundations of French liberty were laid afresh. In the new deed of liberty it was stipulated that the government monopoly of primary and secondary education should be abolished; that "freedom of teaching should be granted with the least possible delay." Time passed and the promised favour came not. There were, however,

those who had determined that the promise of the Charter should not remain a dead letter. In May, 1831, Lacordaire rented a house in an obscure street in Paris, and defiantly opened a free school for the instruction of the poor. De Montalembert was master of one of the classes. The school existed for two days. At the end of that time the children were dispersed by a policeman; the door was sealed up, and the offending schoolmasters eventually arraigned before the House of Peers. They were condemned, and fined each a hundred francs. But their boldness had gained its end. They had pleaded for liberty before the assembled Peers of France, they had startled from their inaction the appointed defenders of the Church, and they had concentrated public attention on their cause. "It was a small price," writes M. de Montalembert, "to pay for the honour and advantage of having forced upon the attention of the public a question involving the life and death of our cause, and having obliged Catholics to recognize the only ground upon which they could one day hope to conquer."³

In 1833, the condition of the primary schools was somewhat improved under the ministry of M. Guizot. But that complete triumph which M. de Montalembert hoped for was still a long way off. Twenty years of waiting, watching, and struggling separated him from that "one day." Painful waiting and watching too! For never did the sins of the University of France multiply faster than in those years. Impiety of a virulent type settled upon and corrupted it. The evil took possession of the fountain-head itself, and poisoned the stream of knowledge at its source. In the Normal School of Paris, the members of the University, its professors, its rectors, its inspectors, its censors, were trained. It is not too much to say that for seventeen years, dating from 1830, this school was a conspicuous centre of atheism. No religious instruction was provided for its inmates, no act of religious worship was enjoined within its walls. It was here that M. Victor Cousin delivered himself of those vague mystic rhapsodies which his friends have called philosophy—vague in everything but their antagonism to God and to His Christ. From this centre went forth in large volumes the flood of infidelity that deluged France under Louis Philippe. In the Sorbonne, in the College of France, and in the great provincial centres of education, the evil was not behind in its growth. Jouffroy, Quinet, Michelet, Jules Simon,

³ *Memoirs of Lacordaire*, p. 41.

and the rest laboured to do in their respective spheres what M. Cousin did so efficiently in his.

And while all this mischief was in progress, none dared dispute with the University its empire over the youthful minds of the nation. The licence to open a school it alone could grant, and where it feared a rival it used this power charily. It was the guardian of the State monopoly of education; whether it chose to teach Atheism or Christianity, there was no appeal against its choice.

And now half our task is finished. We have made acquaintance with that golden age of education which M. Jules Ferry longs to bring back. We have determined precisely what is that "active part in the sphere of education" which he would restore to the State. This mechanism which moulded the young generations into soldiers or atheists according to the temper of the Government that controlled it, he would set up again in all its despotic proportions. It is to this state of things that he, the mouthpiece of a faction whose watchword is liberty, would return. It is on the overthrow of this insufferable tyranny that he bestows the epithet "usurpation."

Not three years since—on the 3rd of June, 1876—a speaker in the Chamber of Deputies thus denounced the system which it is now proposed to restore: "By putting education, in all its branches, into the hands of a body constituted as the University was, the Emperor Napoleon the First established the most monstrous despotism over opinions and ideas that has ever existed in the world. The system of the Ulemas alone could be compared to it."⁴ How shall we secure credence for the statement that the speaker who pronounced this judgment on the "active part" taken by the State in education thirty years ago, was M. Jules Ferry, now Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts?

After the Orleans dynasty had been swept away by the rising revolutionary spirit which it had done so much to foster, a reaction set in against the University. It had not shown well in the day of trouble. The fruits of its evil teaching were so manifest that the more thoughtful of its patrons became alarmed. M. Thiers himself, by no means an enemy to the University, insisted that other and better influences should be permitted to act upon the minds of the youth of France. His views prevailed. The Upper Council of Education was remodelled. The University was henceforth to be represented

⁴ *L'Union*, 17 Avril, 1879.

in the Council by eight members ; the clergy, the legal faculty, the institute, and the non-university schools by twenty members. This was not the most important change. It was furthermore enacted that any Frenchman who had taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, might, on fulfilling certain formalities, open an independent college or secondary school. When this concession had been made, the higher faculties alone remained the exclusive property of the University. After twenty-five years had passed, this last monopoly, too, was surrendered. In July 1875, a bill permitting the establishment of higher faculties outside the State system, passed through the Chambers. Beyond this permission the measure conceded nothing. The Free Universities were not recognized as State institutions, and consequently were not exempted from State burdens, nor could they confer degrees. Their students, to obtain degrees, should be examined either before the examining board of the State University, or before a mixed board in which the representatives of the State University had the majority.

The concessions made by the laws of 1850 and 1875 M. Jules Ferry now proposes to revoke. The liberty which other Republican Governments found it just to concede, the Republican Government represented by M. Ferry thinks it needful to withdraw. He proposes to effect three changes. Firstly, he would increase the Upper Council of Education to fifty members, and would exclude from it, with four exceptions, all who do not belong to the teaching body of the State. Secondly, he would require all candidates for degrees to be entered on the registers of the State faculties, to be examined by the State examiners exclusively, and to pay to the State University their examination fees. The name *University* he would reserve for the State institution, to none of its rivals would he allow other title than that of Free School. Thirdly, he would disqualify all teachers who are members of religious associations not specially authorized by law.

The drift of these projects is manifest. The first removes from the governing body of the French educational system, the Conservative elements which might possibly impede the work of regeneration undertaken by M. Ferry and his colleagues. The second effectually crushes the Free Universities. It robs them of their revenues, since it diverts the fees earned by them into the coffers of the State University ; and it robs them of the reputation which follows success, for it insists that the students

trained by them shall be entered on the State registers and thus be examined as candidates presented by the State Faculties. The third section of M. Ferry's scheme goes far to exclude the influence of the Church from the domain of education. In France, Catholic education is imparted chiefly through the religious associations. If these are denied the right to teach, it is impossible, under existing circumstances, to create another channel through which religion shall effectually influence and guide the youth of the nation.

This is not the place to forecast the political consequences of M. Ferry's measures, or to test them by the approved rules of statecraft. Political events in France do not always happen in accordance with the laws which are held to govern the functions of the body politic. It will be enough, therefore, to consider them in their relation to those other laws which hold in France because they are universal, and hold during the triumph of a democratic Republic, because they are eternal. We shall study them only in the light of those elementary principles of justice which are not affected by geographical boundaries, by national character, or by changes of government.

It is a grievous wrong to deprive the Church of all control over the education of a Catholic country. The interests which it is her mission to protect are seriously affected by systems of education; as far as these interests are concerned, she is entitled to control such systems. But this is a nicety of justice which the world will not now think worthy of its attention. The exclusion of the Bishops from the Upper Council of Education we may let pass. The age is not in a temper of mind to be moved by a wrong of this nature.

But when we come to the suppression of the Free Universities, the evidence of injustice is of a kind which it is not easy to put aside. Under sanction of the law of 1875, secured in the enjoyment of their rights by the most solemn assurances that the inhabitants of a free country can receive, the Catholics of France gave themselves to the work of establishing their Universities. At Paris, Lille, Angers, and Lyons,⁵ Faculties of Arts, Science, and Law were founded. To set up schools of medicine was a more difficult task. But, however difficult, it has been accomplished. Lille has now a flourishing school of medicine, and similar institutions are forming at Paris and Lyons. All this has not been achieved

⁵ The University of Toulouse is in course of formation.

without a large expenditure of money and labour. Fifteen million francs have been expended on the work already done. Lands have been bought, houses built, museums and laboratories stocked, professors engaged, and all the machinery of a great educational system constructed and set in motion. Are vested interests recognized by the Republic?⁶ Is all this to be swept away merely because M. Jules Ferry, on his accession to power, finds that it does not fit in with his theory of State rights in education? State rights! What right has the State as opposed to the citizens who form it? What function has a constitutional government other than that of protecting the rights of those it represents? And what French citizen is there whose rights would be better protected in consequence of this contemplated edict of plunder? What is this Republican Government that it should set up claims against the power that has made and can unmake it? Who has delivered the people into its hand that it should spoil them of the fruits of their labour, merely to bring things into harmony with its own notions of the high attributes of government? There is much reason to think that motives of unreasoning passion dictate this attempt against justice. In the words of the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishops of his Province: "The Catholic Universities are the work of religion, the outcome of its prayers and its struggles, its most assured hope for the future. This is their crime. Here again it is the Church that is aimed at; and such is the blindness of anti-religious passion that no respect is shown for public opinion which asks for peace, for the stability of the laws, for vested rights, or for the principles on which our Constitution rests—equality of all before the law, and liberty of conscience."

We turn now to the last change which M. Ferry proposes to effect—the disqualifying of all teachers who are members of religious associations not authorized by special law. It is strange that a clause of this kind, affecting the whole range of education, should find its way into a Bill professing to deal with higher education only. The device is of a piece with M. Ferry's method of quotation, to which allusion has been made elsewhere. As it stood in the first draft of the Bill, this

⁶ "Et si l'on tentait d'opposer à la revendication des droits de l'état la théorie des droits acquis, il suffirait de répondre que si les établissements libres ont besoin pour vivre de faire monnaie des droits de l'état, l'urgence n'en est que plus certaine de faire rentrer l'état dans son domaine, et tout en laissant la liberté, de retirer le privilège qui a la vertu d'une subvention" (*Exposé des Motifs*).

clause was harsh enough; the Parliamentary Commission appointed to consider the Bill has decided to add to its severity. M. Ferry was disposed to make the yoke of the Congregations heavy; the Commission has decided to add to their burden. M. Ferry was content to chastise them with whips; the Commission has determined to chastise them with scorpions.

Fifty of the ablest lawyers of France have laid before the public their carefully formed opinion that the clause, in either shape, directly violates the Concordat of 1801, and is a palpable infringement of the rights guaranteed to every citizen by the Civil Code.⁷ On the mere legal issue let the authority of these fifty skilled men be enough. Against this clause, as against the others, we shall here invoke only that law which is above written codes.

The old-fashioned theory of parental rights, still in favour, teaches us that within the limits fixed by the Divine law, the parent is free to choose for his child the education he deems the best.⁸ It is a necessary complement of this liberty that the education he may select shall be permitted to exist. To permit him to choose a system of education, and at the same time to proscribe the system which he chooses is a transparent mockery of liberty. If then a Frenchman is free to educate his own children, he is free to have them taught to believe in Jesus Christ; and he is free to have them taught that belief as the Dominican or the Jesuit teaches it. To prohibit the teaching of the Dominican or the Jesuit, merely because it is not modelled on that of the State institutions, is clearly a trespass against parental rights, a sin of tyranny against every Frenchman who would choose their teaching for his children.

But in prohibiting all systems rivals of its own, the State does more than deprive the parent of the right which nature has made his; it virtually forces its own system upon him, for education of some kind he must have. In this, again, it exceeds its competence. The idea that the public authority is privileged to prescribe for its subjects a special system of mental training is as antiquated as the idea that it can prescribe for them a system of gymnastics or a course of diet. Both

⁷ *L'Union*, 10 Avril, 1879.

⁸ On this point we are not at variance with the most advanced modern legislation. We read in the *Code Civile*, art. 372: "The child remains subject to the authority of his father and mother till his majority or his emancipation."

notions are obsolete in the constitutional free States of the present day. M. Ferry's pretensions might have their place in a Platonic Republic, or in one of M. Fourier's *Phalanges*, but they do not fit in with the received views of sane men as to the functions of government.

Yet more. Another authority, sacred as that of the parent, is outraged by M. Ferry's design. In France the Catholic Church is recognized as an independent organization possessing definite rights, an organization with which the civil government enters into compacts and concludes treaties. In his Bills, M. Ferry aims a blow at the constitution of that Church whose freedom has been stipulated for in solemn compacts made in the name of the nation. The teaching congregations are an integral portion of the Church's organization. They are not of extraneous growth, they have been formed of old time within her, and they are claimed by her as her own. At news of the danger that threatens them, the prelates of France have risen to assert this claim.

"These congregations did not exist at the time of the Concordat," write the Bishops of the province of Toulouse in their protest against the Bills, "but their right to rise again was established in the right of the Church to rise again; since they are necessary to complete her organization." "We protest against the unjust suspicions of which these congregations are the object," write the Archbishop of Avignon and his suffragans; "we declare that they are the honour of our dioceses, and one of the principal resources of our people for the Christian education of their children." The protest of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and his suffragans is equally explicit: "No one shall persuade the Bishops to separate their cause from that of the religious congregations. These institutions form an integral portion of the constitution of the Church. Never since first she had a public existence, has she been deprived of their aid. It is only in their ranks that she can secure, in sufficient number, the auxiliaries she has need of to fulfil a part of her mission. Foreign missions, education in all its degrees, higher pulpit oratory, the cultivation of the sciences sacred and profane, the formation of the younger clergy, these are labours of the highest necessity, for which labourers are enlisted principally in the religious orders." The Bishop of Grenoble is still more emphatic in identifying the cause of the Bishops with that of the threatened congregations: "Knowing that the religious

congregations form the advanced guard of the Catholic army, they try to disperse and destroy them. They tell us that they will leave the secular clergy in peace, that they have no designs against religion. Believe them not. It is their purpose to divide and thus to triumph. When they have proscribed the Jesuits, they will proscribe the other religious orders, and then will come the turn of the clergy. . . . If you persecute the religious congregations, we will take part in their sufferings. You wound us if you strike them. If you proscribe them, we will share with them the crust of bread left us, till Christ, satisfied by our patience, shall send us better days."

The parochial clergy have generously adopted the same language, in the protests which they have addressed to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. On this head, it will be enough to quote briefly from the petition of the deans and parochial clergy of Lille: "We would not have it believed that the cause of the secular clergy is distinct from that of the regular clergy. To attack those priests who have been led by the call of God to embrace a more perfect state, and to render to the Church in their religious life other, but not less indispensable, services than those of the parochial ministry, is to attack us, to wound all the members of the sacerdotal body."

And now, if it be not boldness to claim civil rights for men vowed to God, I would urge that the clause we are discussing is unjustifiable on the further ground that it violates the individual rights of the French citizens who compose these congregations. These men have made their vows to the Lord, but the State takes no cognizance of their engagements. After, as before, they are, as far as the civil law is concerned, citizens of the Republic and nothing more. Now, according to what has been and is still to be the law of France, any citizen who fulfils certain prescribed conditions is free to become a school-master. The members of the religious associations fulfil these conditions. Why are they to be deprived of the common right? M. Ferry proposes that they shall enjoy this right only when specially authorized thereunto by law. Why should the member of a religious association require a special law to put him on a level with his countrymen, any more than the member of a Freemason's lodge, or a reprieved member of the Commune? Loss of the common civil rights is punishment for a crime. What crime have these men done that this punishment should be decreed against them? In what are they less worthy of the

full privileges of citizenship than the felons whom the Government is now taking from the hulks and introducing again to French society? If vows before God are a crime, let them be registered as such in the statute book. If they are not a criminal offence, why are those who have done no other wrong than to make them marked out for criminal punishment? There does not appear to be any escape from the alternative: either the observance of Christ's counsels is to become a statutable offence in the French Republic, or M. Jules Ferry's Bill, if voted, will go down to posterity as a caricature of law.

The disability thus wantonly inflicted would not only affect the position of the members of the congregation in the future, it would also annihilate the fruits of their labours in the past. We have here to do with vested interests, as in the case of the Free Universities; with vested interests more important and of older growth. We may put aside, at this point, the primary or elementary schools. On these the injustice could not so soon or so universally fall. To proscribe the congregations which labour in the elementary schools would be a madness, of which, without undue flattery, we may believe M. Ferry and his colleagues incapable. Before the consequences of such a step a more foolhardy Government might well stop short. By dint of labour the congregational teachers of the primary schools have made themselves indispensable. They are scattered over the whole of France, doing well thankless and unenvied work, and doing the work for which there is competition better than their competitors.

In a report presented in 1804, M. Portalis called the attention of the Emperor to the fact that the State schoolmasters compete with the religious associations at a disadvantage. "The career of a schoolmaster," he observes, "offers little scope to ambition. It is hard to consent to sacrifice the best years of one's life to prepare for a profession in which the only reward of labour is the labour itself. . . . We shall never have real schoolmasters so long as we have not a society of men devoted to this interesting pursuit." The members of the religious brotherhoods are poor and unambitious; in their poverty and lack of ambition lies the secret of their strength. They are content with humble fare,⁹ they ask no holiday from their

⁹ The support of the Congregational schoolmaster costs about 900 francs yearly, that of the lay teachers from 1,600 to 2,000 francs. The directors of the municipal schools of Paris receive as much as 9,000 francs, the lay teachers in the same 3,400 francs.

toil, they are satisfied that their good deeds and their privations should be acknowledged in a future life. For this reason no secular institution can hope to outdo them in the sphere they have chosen. They will work cheerfully under conditions to which no salaried officer will submit; they will give without measure the labour which he gauges by the payment he receives. This is why the congregational schools have had an overwhelming success in their competition with the Government establishments. Upwards of two thousand prizes have been awarded during the past thirty years to the primary schools of France. Of these, 1,547 have fallen to pupils of the Congregational schools, 494 to their rivals.

Success of this kind wins a way in spite of prejudice. The religious associations have established primary schools in every corner of France. In Paris, one association, the Christian Brothers, gives instruction to 20,000 children. These teachers cannot be dismissed till laymen are ready to take their places. Vigorous efforts are no doubt being made to increase the number of the State training schools, and thus to provide lay teachers in abundance. But with its hottest haste, the Republic must for a long time continue to tolerate, and if need be, to authorize by law the congregational primary schools.

Not so with the intermediate schools held by religious associations. These have not merely grown up on the ground which the State schools could not or would not occupy; their position has been, in great part, conquered from the University. Their pupils have come to them, not because the Lyceums were unable to receive them, but because a very large number of French families declined to intrust their children to the Lyceums. Patronized by the State, and aided by its resources, established in commodious buildings, supplied with skilled professors trained at the public charge, largely endowed with scholarships, the University Colleges have failed to win general favour. They have secured 70,000 pupils, but then 141,000 boys are receiving secondary education in France. They are, however, quite prepared to take in hand the instruction of the remaining 71,000. Their supernumerary professors, of whom there are not a few, would be glad to meet the increased demand for skilled intellectual labour. Their present buildings could receive many more inmates than they now contain; and if house-room was still wanting, it would always be possible to adopt an expedient

not unknown to the University in the past—the establishments of the proscribed congregations could be converted into State Lyceums. Thus the project of an immediate suppression of the secondary congregational schools is not unfeasible. We may therefore direct our attention chiefly to them, in considering the effect of the proposed law on the vested rights of the congregations.

Dealing with this theme, I shall be permitted to refer principally to one association—the Society of Jesus. I am warranted in giving it some prominence here; M. Ferry has given it a prominent place in his plan of proscription—to it and to its work he has specially pointed in his incoherent commentary on the Bills we are considering. It is not that I would exclude others from the honour of having deserved M. Ferry's hostility. But I would deal with this subject so as to be able to draw upon experience for facts. I do not hereby separate the cause of the Jesuits from that of their fellow-culprits; it will easily appear that what can be said in behalf of this section of the accused applies with little modification to the others.

When the law of 1850 laid open the field of education to the Jesuits, they began to build up once more an edifice already many times overthrown. Difficulties of many kinds weighed upon them. They were few in number, and they were poor. Popular report, indeed, represented them as possessed of vast wealth, artfully drained from the purses of devout adherents. It availed nothing to protest against the fable. Meantime it was not a surprise for those who were in the secret to find the masters of this reputed wealth shivering over their books in a garret, to see them go abroad in threadbare clothes—a sport for street children, or to know that within doors they had at times to bear the pressure of want in a still more sensible form. Better times came at last, but this was the beginning. Knowledge was then, as it is now, a marketable article; if they could offer a better supply than the State University, bread of their own earning would be assured them, and the career of usefulness they most desired would be theirs. It seemed a bold thing for a handful of men, situated as they were, to enter into competition with that powerful organization which had at its back the resources of an Empire. The design appears still bolder when we consider that they could succeed only by the success of their pupils before the examination

boards of that State system with which they competed. By this path, notwithstanding, they determined to advance. They were priests, but they would not claim the portion assigned to those who live by the altar. They would labour, after their fashion, for the Church, but they would reserve the right of asserting, when necessary, the independence claimed by the tent-maker who preached Christ to Ephesus and Corinth. Heavily weighted though they were, they succeeded. In a country like this, where the spiritual forces, by which men are impelled, are of slower action, their success will be a surprise. It is four years since they began the College of the Immaculate Conception at Toulouse. At the outset the teaching staff consisted of four priests, tenants of a half-ruined house, into the second storey of which they climbed by a ladder, the stairs having long before rotted away. The undertaking thus unpromisingly begun has prospered. The College has now spacious buildings and a numerous body of professors. Last year its pupils competed for the third time with the Government establishments. One obtained the first place among the candidates for the *École Forestière*, six won their way into the Polytechnic School, five into the *École Centrale*, two into the School of Mines, thirty-one gained places among the cadets of St. Cyr. Besides this, twenty-five graduated as Bachelors of Arts, and forty-three as Bachelors of Science. To appreciate these figures, one must know what the examinations for St. Cyr and the Polytechnic mean, and the efforts made by the Government Colleges to show results worthy of their splendid endowments. In Paris the College of Ste. Geneviève—it too begun under difficulties—has had a like success. It is of older date than that of Toulouse, and can show results more striking than those just quoted. During the last seven years this school has sent 541 cadets to St. Cyr, 239 of its pupils have gained entrance into the Polytechnic,¹⁰ 135 into the *École Centrale*, while 441 have graduated as Bachelors of Science. By much labour, and hardships firmly borne for a great end, the members of the Society of Jesus have approved themselves capable of competing with the highly equipped establishments of the State. From Catholic and non-Catholic families these results have met with marked appreciation. Their colleges are

¹⁰ These successes at St. Cyr and the Polytechnic show a yearly average of 110 officers supplied to the French army from this school. Since its first establishment, the *École Ste. Geneviève* has furnished 2,283 cadets to the military schools.

necessarily more expensive than those of the Government, yet the Jesuits now give instruction to 13,000 boys. The episcopate of France, too, has sympathized throughout with their struggles, and has ever been ready to applaud their success. This support has been at once their encouragement and their reward. It has never been more freely and generously given than at this critical time. "To justify such severity against the Jesuits," write the Cardinal Archbishop of Cambrai and the Bishop of Arras in their petition to the Chambers, "have their acts been arraigned? We see them at work, we Bishops, and we bless their labours, we avail ourselves of their unwearied zeal, we are edified by their virtues, we applaud their success. In each of our dioceses, at Lille and at Boulogne, whither they have been invited by fathers of families, whom they had educated, they direct two schools of the first rank. The suppression of these great establishments, which have won for themselves the public confidence and esteem would be an act of deplorable violence, a great sorrow, a real disaster for our country.

"We trust, gentlemen, you will not permit that these religious, these citizens of France, against whom no charge is made, shall, in their own country, be deprived of a liberty which they enjoy in virtue of the common law, and with the burdens it imposes; a liberty granted to them unrestricted in Protestant countries, where liberty is not a sham, in England and the United States; a liberty granted to them full and entire by pagan and infidel despotisms in regions where Christianity is tolerated, as in Turkey and in China."

"An Order," say the Archbishop and Bishops, founders of the University of Angers, "which has had its birth in the city of Paris itself, which for ages has identified itself with the national life and the national education; an Order whose masterpieces are the glories of French oratory! There is not a portion of the soil of France which does not bear traces of its genius and its activity. . . . The pupils of the Jesuits are there by thousands; they are in the Army, in the Magistracy, the Administration, and even in the ranks of the Ministry."

One other quotation on the point. It is from the letter of protest addressed to the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, the Archbishop, his coadjutor, and the Bishops of Meaux, Chartres, Blois, Versailles, and Orleans: "Thus is to be explained the hatred with which they persecute the Society of Jesus, the most remarkable as

well as the largest of the teaching congregations. It is attacked more fiercely than any other because it avails itself of the freedom of education with unequalled energy. For three hundred years the Jesuits have played an important part in the education of youth. . . . With science and literature they teach love of religion, respect for parents, and for authority. They form pupils whose Christian influence extends to every rank of society, and this influence they are reproached with as with an usurpation. To bring them into discredit every means is considered fair."

These and similar commendations might, at another time, be quoted as a subject of pardonable pride. Here they are meant to serve merely a useful purpose. They establish the fact that, using their right as citizens, the members of the Society of Jesus have made for themselves a position of some importance; that they have created a successful and widely-extended school-system; that, without State aid, and at the cost of much labour and privation, they have endowed that system with considerable material resources, lands, buildings, libraries, and the costly appliances of scientific teaching. This is their case, and this, doubtless, is the case of the Dominicans, Marists, and others who are threatened with the same dangers as they.

In the name of what principle that men profess without shame are they to be despoiled of the fruits of their labours, by being forbidden to use them? If a company of men construct a railway, is the Government justified in forthwith reserving to itself the exclusive right to use locomotives, on the plea that it has resolved to take "an active part" in commercial enterprizes? The religious congregations have established at their own cost this school-system; is it a ground for prohibiting their system that the Government has decided to "restore to the Commonwealth an active part in the sphere of education?" Has the Government not taken that "active part" hitherto? Can it not further develop its activity without putting down competition by violence?

Has M. Jules Ferry really no better plea than this to add to his garbled texts of the Report of that Royal Commission? Such, indeed, would seem to be the case. It is hardly necessary to notice his charge against the Congregations that they obey a Superior resident in Rome, and thus are "strangers," and consequently wanting in patriotism. That they are obedient to a Spiritual Superior resident in Rome, is a shortcoming which

they share with the greater part of Christendom. That they are "strangers," would, if the charge were true, be a shortcoming shared with a highly respectable section of the Ministry of the Republic. But surely they are not strangers in so strict a sense as M. Waddington, President of the Council of State, or M. Gambetta, President of the Chamber of Deputies, or M. Tirard, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. They are Frenchmen by birth and by education—a distinction which none of these high functionaries can claim. M. Ferry would make the conditions of nationality impossibly stringent in the case of the French Dominican or Jesuit who chooses to become a schoolmaster, why should he dispense with it altogether in the case of the Swiss or the Englishman who aspires to become a Cabinet Minister? And for patriotism, in what are they wanting? They do not, indeed, talk much of the rights of man and the dignity of a citizen; but they have much to say on the claims of God and the duties of a Christian. They teach patriotism after their own method, and hitherto they have no reason to be dissatisfied with the result.

That College of Ste. Geneviève, which has been mentioned as contributing every year so large a number of cadets to St. Cyr, was well represented in the war of 1870. One thousand and ninety-three of its pupils served in the armies of France. No one of them gave any indication that his early training had unfitted him to do his duty by his country. Eighty-six fell in her defence. Of the rest, one hundred and eighty-four wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour or other decorations in proof that they did not lack zeal in her service. A fortnight ago a London journal explained to its readers that the Jesuits must needs be expelled from France if the government of the nation is not to pass into the hands of "sneaks." Without attempting to grasp adequately the idea of "sneaks" who are capable of seizing the government of France, we may observe that the figures quoted dispose of the "sneak" theory in its most consistent shape, as well as of the equally statesmanlike argument of M. Jules Ferry.

It would be idle at this moment to indulge in prophecies as to the fate of M. Ferry's Bills. Much will depend on the manner in which public opinion makes itself felt on the question at issue, and at the present moment the public opinion of France cannot be fairly taken upon it. Stringent measures have been adopted to repress displays of Catholic feeling. It is prohibited, under that free Republican Government, to dis-

tribute or sign petitions against these Bills on the public highways, in taverns, in tobacco-shops, or in clubs; nor are placards inviting signatures against these Bills allowed.¹¹ All this by order of that free Government!

Should the worst happen, and these Bills become law, those whom they most immediately affect will be, perhaps, the least deserving of pity. The members of the religious congregations have deliberately chosen a career in which, now-a-days at least, persecution is more the rule than the exception. Most of them have known suffering in the past; they will, it may be presumed, bear it manfully if it comes again. Better deserving of pity are those on whose minds the Republican State shall exercise its "activity" when M. Jules Ferry has restored to it its sovereign prerogatives "in the sphere of education."

THOMAS A. FINLAY.

¹¹ *The Times*, April 10, 1879.

Anemone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOPHRONIA TONANS.

MOTHER SOPHRONIA was not altogether without experience of the sort of disappointment which befell her in the case of Miss Isabel Foster. As a rule, her subjects were fairly constant in their allegiance to her and to the Doctor Nebulosus. It may be that the extreme rigour of the obedience which she exacted from them, the great difficulty which they found in communicating with any one without her knowledge, the mystery which was observed to the external world as to the house in which this or that Sister might be, and other precautions which could certainly not have been found in her system if, as ought to have been the case, it had been recognized by the Anglican authorities and supervised by them as a condition of its recognition, may have helped largely to this result. It must always be the wish of a Catholic writer, in dealing with subjects like that of the so-called "religious" movement in the Anglican Establishment, to do full and hearty justice to the zeal and good intentions which that movement called forth. But it is undeniable that there was in the administration of these "amateur" systems a great deal of arbitrary tyranny, and that many souls suffered from the imperiousness and self-confidence which her position forced upon Mother Sophronia. It is very likely that if she had been born and bred in the Catholic Church, she might have done great service in some religious institute. As it was, she was never trained herself, and yet she undertook a work which can never be happily accomplished without training. She became, against her own will it may be, but she became a despot. Still, as we have said, she found her subjects generally willing to abide her rule, though there were many secret heart-burnings of which she knew nothing. But her reign was occasionally disturbed by incidents like that of the sudden

departure of a postulant, or even of a Sister or two who had been long with her, though it was not always the case that the matrimonial engagement of the fugitive followed, within a few weeks, on her abandonment of the conventual career. This was a blow indeed. In the present case, it was enhanced to the worthy Mother by the thought that she had been rather caught out. She had sent Isabel, in point of fact, on a recruiting expedition, and, instead of bringing back her recruit in the person of Miss Wood, she had fallen herself into the hands of the enemy. And such an enemy too—the world, in the shape of a High Church clergyman who was still almost, if not quite, a Ritualist, and who had once had an idea of being a “monk!” It was very bad. Only one thing, in Mother Sophronia’s eyes, could be worse. That one worst thing of all, would have been if her postulant had gone off and joined “the Romans.”

Mother Sophronia had one resource under such circumstances to which she invariably had recourse. She went to bed. Access to her sanctuary was more difficult than ever. The Sisters of the convent went about with softer steps than usual, there was a hush about the stairs and passages, and only a few privileged attendants were allowed the *entrée*. If the Sisters watched the door closely, they might have drawn some consolation from the evident fact that the good Mother’s state was not one which prevented her from taking food. Breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner, and five o’clock tea, and supper, succeeded each other at the ordinary intervals with edifying regularity. And the chickens and partridges and puddings and cakes and decanters of wine and cups of tea and jellies that entered the sick room were obviously not neglected by its inmate. Her courage was undaunted. Life was not at its last ebb. Appetite had not failed altogether, nor, if any one of those anxious souls could have seen into the interior of the shrine to which so many votive offerings were forwarded, would she have had any doubt of the fact that her Mother’s mental activity was equally unimpaired. Not one day did she lose, after the first access of her malady on the arrival of the final letter from Isabel, before writing to that young lady an epistle which was certainly not intended to add to the joy which she might feel at her future prospects. If there was any billing and cooing going on in the pretty garden of Mr. Foster’s parsonage, the distribution of the letters by the day-mail soon after luncheon must have acted like a terrifying thunderclap on the

gentle doves who might be engaged in that interesting occupation. Mother Sophronia asked her attendant Sister to bring her her writing desk, and began to pour forth her soul on paper for the benefit of Miss Foster. But a thought suddenly struck her, and she told her companion that she found writing rather too much for her. She would dictate instead. She thought that perhaps she might benefit some one else as well as Isabel. "Send me Sister Clotilda," she said.

Sister Clotilda was a cousin of Isabel Foster's, who had been some years in the community—a gentle, amiable girl, who could see no faults in any one but herself, and who went on smoothly through a great amount of hard work and drudgery, to which her good health and unruffled temper made her submit without the slightest repining. She had had her little romance in life, for she had been led, by the attentions of a gentleman who had been pleased by her pretty face and gentle confiding manners, to feed her heart for a few months on a dream of happiness, which had soon been shattered by his desertion of her for a richer bride. No one knew of her secret history, and she had bent her head to the blow, which left no traces on her character except that it made her more full of sympathy for suffering of any kind that she might come across. She had unbounded faith in Mother Sophronia and in her "director," and was as happy as she could be in her good faith and simplicity. There are many such souls to be found in Protestant convents. If Clotilda had a weakness, it was her reluctance to blaming anybody or thinking anybody in the wrong, and she had even been heard to express a hope that it might turn out that Isabel had made a mistake in coming to be a Sister, and that she might find happiness and peace in the devoted life of the wife of an Anglican "priest." This had been reported to Mother Sophronia, and that worthy lady immediately determined that Clotilda should hear of it. So she selected her for her secretary on this memorable occasion, when a letter like that which St. Bernard might have written to a monk who had gone off to Cluny, or such as the Saint of Avila, according to Sophronia's idea of her, might have sent after an eloping nun, was to be hurled at the head of the fugitive Isabel. Clotilda obeyed the call meekly, and was soon seated at the foot of Mother Sophronia's bed, while the latter, in a faint voice, dictated to her the burning words which the occasion seemed to demand.

It would not be quite in our province to give Mother

Sophronia's letter at full length. It was not without a certain gravity and power. Isabel had certainly done what she had done in a hurry, and there was something of the ridiculous, as well as of the precipitate, about her conduct. Mother Sophronia did not spare her. She spoke of the terrible pang that it cost her to dictate the letter which she was unable to write with her own hand, and of the laceration of heart which she experienced at finding that the ties between herself and her child had been so suddenly and so rudely broken. Those ties would never be forgotten by her. The sanctions on which they were based were too solemn to be obliterated by a moment's weakness and folly, even though the effect was to last a lifetime. Was it well, she asked, for Isabel to go off at a moment's notice, without giving the Mother of her soul an opportunity of tending her counsel? Was it well to act at the most important crisis of her life on the decision of half an hour? Could she hope for happiness in her new life, when it had been determined on so unreflectingly? She could not have known Mr. Bellicent more than a fortnight, and yet she had sacrificed to him the solemn engagements over which she had deliberated so long. The pain she was inflicting on those who loved her was as nothing to the forsaking of the high vocation with which she had been once so delighted, and in which she had recognized the voice of God. This was an apostacy indeed. What could not be feared from a decision so rebellious to a supernatural vocation? She had been called to take part in the great work which had been committed by Providence to a few chosen souls—the restoration in England of the holy life of religion. Alas! her companion in misery was a "priest," who had himself once heard the Divine call to share in the same work, in nothing less than the regeneration of the Anglican clergy by the revival of monasticism. Sophronia trembled at the danger to which her child—she would always be her child—had been led to expose herself. The guilt was greater in her companion than in her, but still her Mother could not but see that she was not blameless. For her own part, she felt bound to warn her and to hold out the hand of a mother to her now, even at the eleventh hour. She was not yet married. There was still time to secure her crown. Sophronia would be ready to throw her arms round her neck, like the father of the returning prodigal. At least let her come and give herself the advantage of a retreat—or let her go to another convent, and make it there. It was not often that a

second chance was given to those who had turned away. Isabel would incur a very grave responsibility if she refused to give her soul this last chance. She told her, as one who was to answer for her child, that she must either retrace her step, or at least take it in a more serious way.

All this was duly and meekly written down from the Mother's dictation by Sister Clotilda. Sophronia was not an easy person to write for, as she often changed her words after she had dictated them, and her faithful scribe had sometimes to make corrections. However, Sophronia told her to read over the letter as it was, and then write it out again.

"You know, Reverend Mother, Isabel will recognize my handwriting," said Clotilda.

"Well, what of that?" said the elder lady, sharply. "She knows, I suppose, that we all of us have but one feeling and one opinion as to what she has done."

"Yes; but, Reverend Mother—you say that she had thought of coming here for a long time before she came. Now, she told me herself that it was not so. I know that she thought once before of marrying some one."

"Leave it as it is, my child. Our Father, you know, felt quite certain about her vocation."

The Father in question had simply taken Sophronia's word about Isabel—as he usually took it about everything.

"I hope, my dear child," continued Sophronia, "this that has happened as to Isabel may be a warning to yourself. You have been expressing some kind of sympathy or compassion for your cousin, whereas you ought to be the last in the house to do so. It seems as if flesh and blood were not quite dead in you yet. You may lose your own crown if you begin by letting natural tenderness influence you in a case like this. I think you had better put in a little note of your own, telling Isabel how much you are shocked at her proceedings. You might tell her also, what I cannot say myself, what an effect her misconduct has had upon my health. Yes, write a note in your own name, and bring it to me to look at."

This was the hardest task of all. Clotilda had no doubts as to her own vocation, and was as happy as she could be. She was very fond of Isabel, but that would not have prevented her from regretting her loss to the convent if she had believed she ought to stay. However, the note had to be written—and rewritten, for Mother Sophronia was not satisfied with it in its

first form. The end of it was that poor Clotilda had to send off a sharp, cross reprimand to her cousin, which ended in a statement that her dearest Reverend Mother had been made very seriously ill by all that had happened.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SOPHRONIA BLANDIENS.

THE letter from the convent was duly despatched, and arrived at the Rectory, where Mr. Bellicent was now installed as of right as one of the family, by the afternoon post already mentioned. The contents of the envelope were by no means consoling to Isabel. Sophronia's thunder had its effect. Mr. Bellicent, to do him justice, did not laugh at it. This young man had become far more serious of late, and the trouble into which he had unwittingly fallen at Osminster had done him much good. He had honestly made up his mind that he was better as a married man than a young clergyman playing with edged tools in hearing confessions and directing "penitents" of his own age, without experience, learning, or authorization. He determined, at any cost, to respect Isabel's conscience, and not to take advantage of the heart whose affections he had surprised. He told her that things which it is very good to do must sometimes be done in a hurry, and that, under the circumstances, they had acted for the best. If she had had more time in which to make up her mind, it would have been well to wait. But, as it was, they could not have met again perhaps for months, and he did not fear for his part of the bargain. But he left her free to act as she thought best. He was very much in love with her, but he would give her up at once if she thought she should ever repent it. He would give her any time she liked. The best plan was to act by her father's counsel. Mr. Foster was a clergyman of the older school, a singularly thoughtful and gentle man. His life in his country parish—of which he had been a great benefactor, having rebuilt the church with his own money and furnished it with ample schools—was almost patriarchal in its simplicity. He had given his child leave to try her lot with Mother Sophronia, rather against his own will, because he thought that he might be interfering with the will of Providence if he resisted her desire. She was not necessary to him or to her mother, though they

were devotedly fond of their children, and he said to himself, what has so often been said to parents under similar circumstances, that if she had wished to marry he could not have prevented her. He was far too gentle to reproach her with her sudden change, and when she brought him Mother Sophronia's angry letter, he took it into his study, read it carefully and prayed over it. Then he told Isabel that he did not understand the assumptions of authority which it contained. "Our Church" did not recognize religious orders. They were simply voluntary associations, and, in any case, she had but been at the convent for a few weeks, with the intention of becoming a nun by-and-bye if it suited her. He was satisfied with Mr. Bellicent. He was satisfied that she was sincere in her affection for him, and in her fitness to make a good clergyman's wife. "It is not so grand a thing, my darling, as to be a Reverend Mother; but if you are as good a wife to Bellicent as your own mother has been to me, you will not be in any danger." So he bade her hold to her engagement, and never mind what Mother Sophronia said. He would write himself for her to the Superior, if she wished it.

Isabel was very grateful to him for settling the business in her favour, and still more so for the offer to write to Mother Sophronia. She was no match for that worthy lady on paper, certainly. She begged her father, however, to add an affectionate message from herself, thanking the Mother for all her kindness and goodness. She went up to her own room, and knelt where she had said her prayers ever since she could remember, begging that she might do her duty faithfully for the future, and then tripped off with a light heart to the garden.

She found her father with Mr. Bellicent. She hung back for a moment when she saw this, but her father called her to him, folded her in his arms, and kissed her forehead. Then, while her head yet rested on his heart, he took her hand and placed it in that of the young man. "God bless you, my child," he said, "and fear nothing."

Mother Sophronia, in truth, was much more anxious about the effect of Isabel's doings on Anemone, than about anything else in the business. She saw plainly enough, though she did not say so to any one, that Miss Foster's vocation could never have been very solid or real if it had succumbed to so slight an assault as that made on it by the appearance of Mr. Bellicent. Isabel was a good girl, but her religious aspirations had been

a matter of sentiment—her conscience had never reproached her with infidelity in listening to the suggestion that she should seek her lot in life as a wife. But Miss Wood might think that all nuns were like the specimen whom she had seen, and this might seriously turn her away. Mother Sophronia was too anxious to let things alone with Anemone. She wrote her a short note, saying how much Isabel had grieved her, and that she would have come herself to Nessop, if she had been well enough, that she might talk over what had happened. This was in fact a sort of summons to Anemone to come and see her. It was not often that Mother Sophronia paid a visit to any one. The people whom she proposed to "talk matters over" with were not many. It may be doubted whether in this case her condescension was fully appreciated—for the Wood family were not altogether well posted in the ways of behaviour which were habitual to the Mother Superior. However, the note obtained its end, for Anemone paid Mother Sophronia a long private visit on the following day. She was too simple to see that there was just a little acting about the faint voice and languid expression of suffering which the elder lady assumed for her benefit—especially as these indications of weakness soon vanished. She gave full credence to her assurances of the intense pain which the loss of a child—"and such a child, Miss Wood!"—caused to her, and again to all that she said about the precious consolations of the religious life and of the union of hearts who had vowed themselves to the service of God. All this was very true in itself, and its truth found a ready echo in the heart of Anemone. One thing Mother Sophronia was delighted to see—Anemone was not scandalized by Isabel's defection. When the Mother went on to speak about the great work which Providence had put into her hands, the revival of the religious life in the Anglican Establishment, and about the persecutions to which she had been exposed in her labours, even from the Bishops, Anemone was not quite so sympathetic. Might there not, she half thought to herself, be some danger about people who took on themselves works of this magnitude, and was not the first condition of success a true commission to undertake them? What was to distinguish Mother Sophronia from Joanna Southcott, of whom she had heard in Devonshire, and other visionaries, except a commission from the Church? St. Teresa she could understand—she had opposition enough, in all conscience, but then she did not begin without orders from

her General, and she was at last helped out of her difficulties by the Pope's Legate. There was certainly a tone of authority and independence in her mission which struck her about Sophronia. The latter was so accustomed to talk and think in that style, that she was unconscious how often she gave to her hearers the impression of which we speak. Her director, who was in fact the most slavish of her admirers, encouraged her in this, and both of them had long ago given up all hope of cooperation on the part of the Anglican Bishops. But the great jar in their conversation was kept for nearly the end, when Mother Sophronia went on to say how angry the "Romans" were at this revival of religious life. She spoke with a bitterness which her other words had not revealed. On the whole, the interview satisfied Mother Sophronia more than it satisfied Anemone.

The result of all this was that Anemone was in a state of puzzle. She paid many visits after this to Mother Sophronia, and she took some pains to go alone. It is not necessary for our history that all that passed in these interviews should be chronicled, but as they had some considerable influence on Anemone, we must refer to one or two of the conversations.

Mother Sophronia very soon found out that Anemone had been struck, in a manner altogether new in her experience, by the acquaintance with St. Teresa's writings, which had been the seemingly accidental fruit of Isabel's visit. Simple and open characters, like Anemone, are often shielded from giving their confidence too freely rather by their modesty and humility than by any great caution or prudence. They do not like to talk of themselves, because they think themselves not worth talking about. But Sophronia had discernment enough to read to some extent what was passing in the mind of her visitor without much trouble. A few questions and pointed remarks were enough, to show her that the thought of belonging to God entirely, of sacrificing the whole of life simply in His service, of allowing no human affection to reign in the heart, and a corresponding indifference to earthly things in comparison with what is eternal, had been growing in Anemone's mind as in a soil which was ready for them. In days which she herself could look back to, and when she had been far simpler and happier than now, Sophronia had felt very much what Anemone was feeling. Then she had come under the influence of her "director," who, at that time, had been to her a "director" in the full sense of the term, and he had persuaded her to

recognize in herself the lofty vocation, as it seemed, of restoring the religious life in the Anglican Establishment. Did she feel any remorse in attempting to do for her visitor, to a certain extent, what had been done for herself? As to this we cannot speak. But if she had any remorse, she was quite able and ready to stifle it. As a first step in the process to Anemone's "conversion," she suggested more than once that she should become the "penitent" of the Doctor Nebulosus. She could easily manage, she said, that the Doctor should see her without its coming to the knowledge of her family.

Then Geoffrey Arden's remarks at Foxat came back to Anemone's mind to create a difficulty—"All religious questions ran up into that of the Church." She told Mother Sophronia quite simply that she had never been taught that the English Church encouraged confession.

If any one else had made this objection, Mother Sophronia might have stormed. As it was, she was forced to be guarded. A rough word might send Anemone off. She said, therefore, that confession was allowed by the Prayer-Book, and that was enough for her.

"I made up my mind," she said, "years ago, never to consider controversy at all. I find myself where I am, and I take what I find. I do not know that any good can come of controversy. I work for the poor and the Church, and God prospers me. I find a work put into my hands, and I do it. In the same way, I find a 'priest' ready to hear my confession, and I make it. That seems to me the simplest way."

Anemone said, very humbly, that to her it seemed as if truth was paramount in the Kingdom of God. "'For this cause I was born,' you know," she said. True, controversy might often engender loss of charity, but after all it was essential to find out the truth. She could only judge of the priests who heard confessions, and the like, by the verdict of the Church authorities about them. If that was not to be taken as final, then we must find out the truth in some other way.

Sophronia shifted her ground, and argued that the great fruits which had followed from her movement were proof enough that she was on the right side. Insensibly, these two found themselves, if not arguing, at least referring to the controversy between England and Rome. The result of it all in Anemone's mind came to this—that this was the first question, on which all others hung. After a time she ceased to pay so

many visits at the convent. At home she was as sweet as usual, but she was more grave. Annie was the one who divined the true cause.

"I shall be glad," she said one day to John, "when we can get back to Woodsgore, and take Nem with us. When we get home you must ask Geoffrey Arden down."

"What are you after now, puss?" said her husband. "Do you want him to carry Nem off? You were all against him some time ago."

"Better that he should carry her off, than that old dragon at Nessaton. Don't you see how she is laying her trap for Nem? We know much less about Nem than we used. She is quite reserved. There is something the matter."

John began to think. It was quite true. There was more of distance between him and his sister than he could ever remember. But Anemone made no resistance to his proposal that they should all return to Woodsgore in a few weeks. The house by that time would be free at least of the bricklayers.

CHAPTER XXX.

A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS.

THE course which Mr. Westmore had determined to take with his wife, if she persisted in her profession of Catholicism, had not been decided upon without the advice of a multitude of counsellors. Persons in his position like to have the salve to their conscience which the approval of their brethren may furnish. Mr. Westmore, indeed, was a man who, as a rule, very seldom sought for advice from any one. He did not like advice when it was volunteered, and was far more likely to go in the contrary direction, under such circumstances, than to take that advice. In the present instance, however, he had commissioned his friend Mr. Woodbrook to obtain for him the opinion of a certain number of the more eminent members of the High Church party who happened to be known to them both. So it came to pass that there was as much correspondence and discussion about Alice Westmore and how she was to be treated as sometimes takes place among political leaders as to the policy which a party is to pursue, or the line which is to be taken in regard to some diplomatic complication. The "Mrs. Westmore question" puzzled the grave heads of a number

of respectable clergymen for two or three weeks, while the lady for whose benefit all these consultations were undertaken was recovering from the effects of the alarming illness and prostration which had followed the birth of her second child.

Mr. Woodbrook, like an experienced under-secretary, wrote an able *précis* of the opinions which he had collected. In the first place, all the gentlemen consulted were full of sympathy for Mr. Westmore's misfortunes, and they deeply lamented the scandal which had been given by one who had every opportunity of appreciating the full blessings which were the rich heritage of the members of the Anglican branch of the Church. In the next place, there were some two or three who thought that the best plan for her husband was to accept the situation, and allow her to live at home in the practice of the religion which she had chosen. A, B, and C, recommended this plan as the most Christian and charitable. "C even says that it is the only plan which he can think justifiable, and he adds that it may have the effect of showing that there is no such entire divergence between the two Churches as is commonly affirmed. But you must remember," added Mr. Woodbrook, "that C has sometimes been thought a little unsettled himself. A and B add, that they should insist on Mrs. Westmore attending your family prayers, and on the exclusion of all priests from the house." Then there followed a large portion of the alphabet, from D to M, who considered that the scandal must be repaired, especially as there might be danger of the infection spreading, by the dismissal of the offending wife from her home. Many of them quoted the text of St. Paul, to the effect that if the unbeliever would depart, he or she might depart, and suggested that the peculiarities of the new Archdeacon's position might be sufficient to justify the adding of a further gloss on the Apostle's permission, by which that permission might be turned into a command. "I understand the upshot of this class of opinion," said Mr. Woodbrook, "to be, that you should make your wife a small annual allowance, send her away to board in some respectable Protestant family, and take the children under your own charge. Happily you have your excellent sister to help you, and your daughter also." Then a third section of counsellors, also in considerable numbers, from N to T, were for more truculent measures still. They alleged, in various forms, the motive that as "Romanists" disbelieved in Anglican orders and sacraments, Anglicans are heathens to them, and perhaps

worse, inasmuch as rebellion is worse than ignorance. On this ground they based their advice that Alice should in future be treated by Mr. Westmore as one who had no claim on him at all, and be sent out to seek her livelihood as a governess or companion. Some, with an edifying ignorance of Catholic rules, suggested that she should be induced to enter a convent, or, they declared, the priests who had led her astray might support her. Lastly, the remnant of the alphabet of Anglican authorities suggested, as Mr. Woodbrook said, that Alice's apostacy should be treated as *non avenue*—that is, that "measures should be taken" to force her to attend the Anglican services, and to conform to the religion in which she had been brought up. Some suggested that the measures might be severe. Others thought that "persuasion and the influence of home affections might bring her round without violence."

Mr. Woodbrook summed up his masterly statement by declaring that he himself sided with the last-named batch of his correspondents. "The advice," he said, "seems a little vague, and perhaps they do not understand so fully as I do the peculiar circumstances of the case. Your wife, as I think I told you once before, is so young, as to be to you rather a daughter than a wife. This gives you an increased right and duty to bring her round. Suppose you were to confine her to two or three rooms? to allow no one to have access to her except one specially selected servant? to send away your daughter, for the present at all events? not to allow her to leave the house, except for exercise, under *surveillance*, in the garden? To take care that she has no Romanist books with her, nothing to read except what you select yourself, as likely to help her on her return to the faith? You might consult that good fellow Bland as to the medical part of the business, and allow her as to food and other such things an ample sufficiency. I *think* I should not let her have anything but meat on a Friday. As to your seeing her yourself, you might make her understand that she may ask for that on the understanding that it implies a tacit abjuration of her heresy. Measures such as these might be adopted without making much stir, and I think you told me that Mr. Smith is so displeased with her, that she can have no hope of interference from her family."

Mr. Westmore accordingly consulted "that good fellow Bland." Mr. Bland is one of the doctors of the town, who had the privilege of serving the Vicar and his friends. He was a

clever young man, who had come to the place some ten years before without much money to spare, and he had been taken up and largely assisted by Mr. Westmore. He was not asked to repay the considerable debt which was thus fastened round his neck, but he was not quite allowed by the Vicar to forget that it existed. On this account, the Vicar had him very much under his thumb, and Mr. Bland was not likely to fly in the face of his patron under the present circumstances. He was summoned to a private consultation by Mr. Westmore and his sister, and informed of the object which was in view in the treatment of Alice. He undertook, not at all willingly in his own heart, to secure her health as far as possible, under the *régime* to which she was now to be subjected.

The letter which Alice found on the table in her new apartment was to inform her, as far as he thought it right she should be informed, of her husband's determination. He had not adopted Mr. Woodbrook's suggestions without some repugnance. "That man," he said to himself, "has the delight of an epicure in the tormenting of converts. But I must do his bidding for the time." He was too angry to do anything else. He was afraid to see Alice alone. He had to strengthen himself by the opinions of his clerical brethren in taking the course which he did, nevertheless, take. How far this course succeeded, and what was the issue of the attempt to incarcerate a Catholic convert as if she had been a lunatic, the following chapters will show.

Catholic Review.

I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

I.—MR. FROUDE AND MR. FREEMAN.

From the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1879.

IN the course of last year the readers of the *Contemporary Review* were entertained for several months by a series of articles from the pen of Mr. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest of England, in which that well-known writer criticized with great severity some articles which Mr. Froude had a short time before contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* on the subject of the life and times of St. Thomas à Becket. It was not the first time, as it seems, that Mr. Freeman has been obliged, or has thought himself obliged, to expose the unfairness with which Mr. Froude has written what passes for history. The readers of the *Saturday Review*, for many years back, have been from time to time amused by exposures of Mr. Froude's inaccuracies and ignorances—and these articles have been generally attributed to the pen of Mr. Freeman. It would hardly be too much to say that Mr. Froude is the favourite aversion of Mr. Freeman—and this is saying a good deal, as Mr. Freeman is one of those writers who have very strong and very persistent likes and dislikes. However this may be, Mr. Froude has been at last forced to take notice of the attacks made upon him, and the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains an article from him, called "A few words on Mr. Freeman," which will certainly interest the readers of the respective works of the two writers whom we have named.

It would not be possible for us, in the compass of the notice on which we are now occupied, to give an account to our own readers, either of the original articles of Mr. Froude or of the severe criticisms which Mr. Freeman has dealt out to them. Nor can there be any great public interest in a quarrel between two of the conspicuous writers of the day for its own sake. Authors are proverbially an irritable race, and are often inclined to carry their bickerings before the tribunals of public opinion when they had far better keep them to themselves. The present case, however, is one which has a general importance, inasmuch as Mr. Froude, from the circumstances under which he has written his *History of England*, and also, it must be confessed, from some of the qualifications which he brought to his task, has become

a kind of authority on a certain period of history the right understanding of which is very necessary in the interests of religious as well as of historical truth. His work has never been accepted by scholars and critics, notwithstanding the almost unequalled advantages under which it was written—for it was written at a time when an immense amount of new documentary evidence had just been placed within the reach of the historian, and the man who might have made a conscientious and honest use of these new materials, might also have won for himself an unrivalled position among the men of letters of the day, besides leaving behind him a book which would have lived. That Mr. Froude's book will not, in a certain sense, live, is more than we can venture to predict. But it is certain that scholars and critics are tolerably well agreed on its radical unsoundness and want of principle. Still it has won for its author a considerable name, and has probably been a very profitable speculation for its publishers. The faults which are so commonly found with Mr. Froude are of that sort the appreciation of which it is difficult to bring home to the great mass of his readers. We believe that his work is not received as a standard work in the historical schools at Oxford. We are not so sure that some unfortunate students in our own Catholic Colleges may not be from time to time forced to make themselves acquainted with Mr. Froude's version of the annals of the very important period with which he deals. It is not of course, that the authorities in our Colleges can be supposed willingly to allow of the administration of so much poison to the minds which are intrusted to them for training, but because some knowledge of the book of which we speak may sometimes be thought essential for success in certain examinations—not at Oxford. Mr. Froude's history is, in fact, in possession, and, as we say, it would be very difficult, except by the publication of a series of notes on each single chapter and page, to point out its multitudinous mistakes and misrepresentations. Very few writers of any importance or conscience have had to traverse the same ground with Mr. Froude, with his book in their hands, who have not found him out, and who would not use very strong language about him. But it is worth no one man's while to collect all the instances in which he has not only been found out, but exposed. On this account he still floats serenely on the waves of popular favour, and even, in a certain sense, of popular estimation. His style is clear and forcible, and he can write fairly good English almost as well as he can garble quotations and pervert history. Perhaps even his style is not without its faults, on the score of occasional affectation and want of simplicity, but it is almost as pure gold when compared to some of the very debased metal which passes current as good writing among the Englishmen of the present day. It is indefinitely purer than Dean Stanley's, or Mr. Hepworth Dixon's, or Canon Farrar's—and yet we have named three writers widely popular, less for the sake of what they say than for their manner of saying it. Nay, as we are bound to be just, we are not by any means certain that Mr. Froude does not write

a good deal better than Mr. Freeman himself. In the present day, this, with the other circumstances to which we have alluded, has secured Mr. Froude a very large audience.

A writer in the position of Mr. Froude may, as we conceive, take either of two lines when he is assailed, as the gentleman has been assailed by Mr. Freeman. The first is the line of the worthy, of whom Horace speaks, as saying :

populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, quoties nummos contemplor in arca.

Mr. Froude has found the profession of a writer by no means a bad road to fame and ease, and why should he notice the assailants who bark and carp at him? All these yappings put together do not materially interfere with a man's position in society, any more than with the sale of his book. Suppose he is a "defaulter," and declines to answer every criticism, or to alter a single well-proved mistake, to withdraw a single assertion or insinuation, the falsehood of which is patent? It may be highly imprudent to do so, for where is he to stop? If he notices one, he must notice another. So, as we conceive, a writer in Mr. Froude's position may often find it his best policy to hold his tongue under criticism. It is not the noblest line to take, but it is the prudent line, and it may often be taken without any great danger. It is not well to acknowledge even the possible truth of the charges which are made. The leading journal is credited with the rule of practice which forbids it ever to say that it has made a mistake, and is said to have allowed itself to be convicted of libel in a court of justice rather than repair a wrong which it had even unwittingly done. Moreover, unless we are mistaken, Mr. Froude must have been pretty well accustomed to have his faults exposed before Mr. Freeman's late attack, and yet, as far as we know, he has not hitherto shown much sensitiveness in defending himself.

The other course open to a writer in his position is that which Mr. Froude now promises to take as to the charges against him made by Mr. Freeman. His present article is rather a general defence of himself, than an answer on the particular points raised by the late criticisms on his papers about St. Thomas. We have no doubt that what he has to say will be received with attention. But we trust that Mr. Froude will not deceive himself by thinking that, even if he reduces to a minimum the faults which Mr. Freeman has found with him in this particular matter, he will have set himself right with that portion of the public which requires something more than flashy writing in the man who claims to be an historian. It may be that Mr. Freeman has exaggerated some things in his constant attacks on Mr. Froude. It may be that he has urged too literally and too closely some confessions of Mr. Froude's about the manner in which he undertook his *History of England*. It may be that Mr. Froude took more pains before he began, and more pains after he began, than Mr. Freeman gives him credit for. It may be that we have heard a little too much, and too

repeatedly, of certain very famous blunders of which Mr. Froude has been guilty. But let Mr. Freeman have been exaggerated in his severity, especially since he is not, as we conceive, altogether free himself from some, at least, of Mr. Froude's defects, there will still remain a very heavy bill against Mr. Froude, for which he must expect to be called on to answer, if he wishes to retrieve his character. If Mr. Froude wants to know what the charges are which he ought to answer, we can give him general information enough in a very few sentences, without going into details more than is necessary.

In the first place, then, unless Mr. Froude is misjudged and misrepresented by almost all the writers who have followed him in consulting the manuscript authorities which he has quoted, he is slipshod and careless in his quotations to a degree which is happily altogether unique. He thinks nothing of joining together two sentences which occur at a distance from each other in a letter or document, and making them into one, whenever he can produce a greater effect by the process. We have some right to make this remark, inasmuch as the very first paper in the first number of this Review, fifteen years ago, contained an exposure of this trick, by which Mr. Froude had made the unfortunate Mary Stuart say, in one of her supposed "casket letters" to Bothwell, what she, or rather whoever it may have been who composed the letter in question, never did say. On this subject it will be enough to add, that many writers have not succeeded in finding even the *disjecta membra* of Mr. Froude's quotations in the documents from which he professes to derive them. One witness must suffice on this head. It shall be the latest of Mr. Froude's followers in the use of some documents relating to the reign of Queen Mary, M. Wiesener, whose work on *La Jeunesse d' Elisabeth d' Angleterre* has just been edited in English by Miss Yonge.

Mr. Froude says,¹ "Renard, the Emperor's Ambassador, writes on November 17, 'The Archbishop of Canterbury will be executed,' and Mary, triumphant, as she believed herself, on the question nearest to her heart, had told him that the melancholy which had weighed on her from childhood was rolling away. She had never known the meaning of happiness, and she was about to be rewarded at last." After repeated reference to the manuscript, we assert that in this despatch of Renard's of November 17, there is not a single one of the words that the modern historian here attributes to Mary, to represent her as more debased by revenge and more detestable. . . . Although we have most minutely searched the two volumes of manuscripts containing the correspondence of the Imperial Ambassador, we have not succeeded in discovering the quotation taken from them by Mr. Froude.

Such is the evidence of M. Wiesener, and not as to a single quotation only of Mr. Froude's. We shall add, in the second place, that not only do the writers who follow Mr. Froude in the use of documents find that he is unscrupulous in his quotations, which are often found to be practically inventions, but that, as might be expected, his is not a carelessness which sins indifferently, now on one side and now on

¹ Vol. vi. p. 122.

another, but that it is a carelessness guided by a relentless prejudice, and that all the misrepresentations which are implied in, or based on, his quotations, tend in one direction. They are either virtual slanders on persons whom Mr. Froude hates, or they are virtual slanders on systems, and bodies, and institutions which Mr. Froude hates. Critics will remember the famous saying, which we will not repeat, about the only two things which could wake Gibbon into enthusiasm. Something of the same kind might be said of Mr. Froude's favourite lines of misrepresentation. In one of those articles in the *Saturday Review* to which Mr. Froude refers in his present paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, he was taken to task for a translation of some words of an ancient chronicler of the history of one of our great abbeys. An abbot had been blamed for allowing some nuns to be lodged in the monastic precincts for a night. And the writer had said that he had placed them *juxta, or prope ecclesiam*. Mr. Froude translated these simple words, "near his own apartments." This is an instance of the spirit which guides Mr. Froude in the versions of the documents which he quotes, which he palms off on his readers. It is always against the Church, always against monks, or priests, or bishops, always against Catholics; always against Mary Tudor or Mary Stuart, and as surely always in favour of Elizabeth, or Cecil, or Moray, or Henry the Eighth.

Now we can make great allowances for prejudice, and we fear that few modern historians, since the taste set in for brilliancy in history rather than for accuracy and sobriety, can be altogether acquitted on this score. Macaulay certainly cannot, much less can the French historians of the school of Thiers and Lamartine. But what is peculiar to Mr. Froude is the extent of his daring. It is not a simple version of a statement which does exist, it is too often the creation of a statement which has no shadow of an existence. And in the second place, Mr. Froude is pre-eminent for the minuteness and apparent deliberateness of his misrepresentations. It is not by any means carelessness, of which any one who has followed him is inclined to accuse him. It is great carefulness and persistence. We may content ourselves with referring, in illustration of this statement, to Father Morris' work, the *Letter-Books of Sir Amias Poulet*. Let any one who possesses that volume take it up, and open it between pages 140 and 150, and he will see in almost every line a specimen of what we mean. Here again Mr. Froude has got hold of documents, for his representation of which his readers are entirely at his mercy. They will never consult the original documents for themselves; and if an historian is bound all through his work to accuracy in his quotations, he is more than commonly bound to that accuracy in the case of authorities which are out of the reach of his ordinary readers. Well, let the reader of Father Morris' pages judge for himself. He will find, in the place to which we referred, a series of misrepresentations such as we may hope is seldom to be met with in the works of English writers of character and self-respect. Not only is there a perpetual jumble of Jesuits and non-

Jesuits, not only are there a number of invented facts and a still greater number of facts distorted, but Mr. Froude has actually used a document at length with the substitution all through of one name for another. It suits his version of the facts of the case of which he is speaking, that a certain story should be told by one man and not by another, and he does not scruple to alter his authority in this sense from beginning to end. No doubt Mr. Froude's ignorance is great. It is infantine as to the persons he is writing about. Jesuits and Seminary priests, and English Catholics, and the like, are far too small fry for him to care to discriminate them from one another. They have no rights at all, and a great sensational historian cannot be expected to condescend to inform himself as to the particulars which concern them. But then, why does Mr. Froude profess to use documents? Why keep up the appearance of a regard for truth?

We do not in all things agree with Mr. Freeman. His admiration of Garibaldi, which he cannot refrain from introducing into his eulogium on Alfred, is as monstrous as anything that Mr. Froude has written in praise of such an unmitigated scoundrel as Moray. But we cannot help feeling grateful to Mr. Freeman for having drawn the public attention to the manner in which Mr. Froude has pretended to write history; a manner which deserves to be denounced as much in the interests of literature and truth generally, as in that of the character of the persons whom Mr. Froude had consistently traduced. It is hardly too much to say, that it would be better that we should have no histories at all, than that we should have a school of historians such as Mr. Froude.

2.—"THE ANGLICAN PADDOCK."

From the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1879.

In the course of last year Mr. Gladstone wrote an article in one of the chief monthly reviews in which he discussed the question, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?"—a somewhat ominous question, certainly, and the mere asking of it would not have the effect of increasing the confidence of the ordinary Anglican in the erratic statesman from whose lips it came. Mr. Gladstone has a way of mooted questions which less imprudent men would rather leave alone till the moment came when it was absolutely necessary to deal with them. Mr. Gladstone holds, moreover, such a position in the country, that the mere fact that he asks such a question is not unlikely to set other people thinking whether it has not reached that degree of ripeness which might warrant an agitation on the subject before an audience less tranquil than that to which the article was addressed. But what we are at present concerned to point out is, that Mr. Gladstone—rather unkindly, it must be said—has in this article either invented or made common the appellation of "The Anglican Paddock" as a popular designation for the English Establishment. We all know what power sometimes lurks in a

name—and to call the Establishment a paddock was certainly to expose that venerable institution to disrespect and perhaps even to ridicule. Imagine the face of the author of the *Christian Year* at hearing such language! We shrink from following out the line of thought suggested by the epithet which the former member for the great Church University of England has so recklessly thrown at his mother. A paddock!—what an image it presents of comfort and ease and security, of buttercups and daisies, of horses and cows and mares up to their knees in rich pasture, with their little ones frisking by their sides! It was very naughty of Mr. Gladstone.

We are not going to follow Mr. Gladstone in his discussion of the question which he has started, but we shall hazard a few remarks on a paper which appears in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, from the hand of Mr. Pretyman—not, apparently, a clergyman—on “The Disenclosure of the Anglican Paddock.” To what party among those who feed at ease in the aforesaid paddock Mr. Pretyman belongs, we shall not venture to guess. It will be seen that he adopts without any expression of resentment the name which Mr. Gladstone has introduced. He seems to be a believer in a certain amount of dogma, and to form a high estimate of the services of the Establishment in preserving among the people at large some idea of positive doctrine. His plan, or rather his desire, seems to be that which is not uncommon among a certain class of Anglicans. He would free the Prayer Book from the relics of Catholic doctrine which it still contains on such subjects as the power of absolution, the regenerating efficacy of baptism, and one or two other sacramental points, while he would retain its teaching and formularies in their integrity where they set forth the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation. If his desire were attained, the result would be that the Church of England would become, if we may use a political expression, the Church of the English—not, of course, of all Englishmen, but of a great number of the higher Dissenters as well as of the immense majority of those who now call themselves Churchmen. The Ritualists would lose their “standing-ground in the formularies,” though they would at the same time “be relieved from the burthen of subscription to Articles from which they dissent”—a burthen which, to all appearance, seems to sit very lightly on the Ritualistic mind. The Ritualists, therefore, might be disgusted, and so would the “political Nonconformists, who unhappily desire to fix in the Established Church dogmas which they themselves believe to be false and pernicious. But such a compromise should be accepted heartily by the moderate, serious, sensible, and sober-minded members of the Church, and by candid-minded members of other Protestant Trinitarian denominations amongst us; it would work towards the preservation of the Established Church and towards the furtherance of the Christian faith not only in England, but also in those large portions of the globe to which her influence extends in religious as in other matters.”

The ideas set forth by Mr. Pretyman are not new, nor is there

anything very special about his manner of advocating them. What is worthy of notice is this—that he is no advocate for disestablishment, and that he puts forth his plan, such as it is, rather as an alternative to disestablishment. He writes—if he will forgive us for saying so, without any intention of challenging his perfect sincerity—rather as a shrewd man of the world than as a devout believer in Anglicanism as such. He says a good many severe things, or things that in a Christian sense might seem severe, of the compromise which has originated and perpetuated the "Anglican Paddock." Thus he speaks in these words of the formularies of the reformed Church :

The Established religion was described, in 1774, by Lord Chatham, with some of the exaggeration indeed necessary in the manufacture of a pointed saying, as comprising a Calvinist creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy. The Established religion was indeed born of a compromise, made under Elizabeth, between the doctrines of the Romish religion and those of the Reformation, with the politic view of pacifying the Reformers' party, without alienating the adherents of the Romish persuasion. Neither of these parties, indeed, were satisfied with this compromise; and Puritanism and Popish plots were its consequences. The nation, however, characteristically acquiesced in it. In virtue of this compromise we have the Lutheran 17th Article, that on original sin, and that on justification by faith alone, placed in the formularies side by side with the mediæval doctrines of the *opus operatum* in infant baptism, of the absolving power of the priesthood, and the power of bishops—first claimed in the eleventh or twelfth century—to give the Holy Ghost in ordination. Strange combination of the Augsburg Confession and the Roman Missal ! In one place we have the Real Presence apparently recognized, in another place we have it expressly denied. The maintainers of the *opus operatum* doctrine of infant baptism, and those who reject it, can each of them appeal to expressions in the formularies as favouring their respective views. The Established religion is, to a great extent, a jumble of conflicting doctrines, as it is described in a quotation from one of Latimer's sermons : "It is but a mingle-mangle, a hotch-potch ; I cannot tell what, partly Popery and partly true religion. They say in my country, when they take the hogs to the pig-trough, 'Come to the mingle-mangle, come, puz, come.' Even so do they make a mingle-mangle of the Gospel." After Latimer's time all this mingle-mangle was increased by Elizabeth's settlement of the formularies, and by the revision of the Prayer Book in 1662, which was reactionary in the direction of mediæval doctrine.

Yet a man who can write all this in cold blood can yet admire the Establishment for the work which it has done, and which it still does. Now this is no new thing. It is very well to laugh at the self-contradictions of the Anglican Establishment, but no one who knows the country can deny its power as a weapon of government and of education of the nation in certain great truths. It is not, therefore, surprising that men who recognize its power should answer Mr. Gladstone's question in the affirmative, and be ready to suggest grave reasons for not doing away with the Establishment. We Catholics have very little to do with such questions; we shall not be asked whether the Church of England is to be disestablished, or whether it is to be, instead, "disenclosed." But it is just as well that we should observe, what all thinking men are beginning to acknowledge, that the question now before the public mind, the question which will certainly come, sooner or later, before the constituencies, is that which we have

stated above, and that there is all the difference in the world between this question and another which is sometimes substituted for it—namely, whether the Church of England is to be disestablished or to remain as it is. An immense indifference as to positive doctrine has come over the nation in the last quarter of a century, the result, in no small degree, of the shuffling manner in which the High Church party have dealt with the questions of doctrine which they have first declared to be vital to the very existence of a Church, and then abandoned when the tide of legal decisions turned against them. There has, indeed, been a certain bold profession of some Catholic doctrines on the part of the Ritualists, but the Ritualists are known to make no objection to signing the Thirty-nine Articles at the most solemn moments of their lives, and their protests in favour of the doctrines which those Articles unequivocally condemn are in consequence not thought to be worth much. It matters little what doctrines men teach, if their very existence as teachers, when compared to what they teach, is a certain witness that there is no such importance about objective truth as to make it worth a sacrifice. The nation has been for some time silently drifting in the direction of indifference as to truth in the religious sphere, and has been actively helped on in this drifting by the men who have professed the greatest devotion to dogma. It is not at all impossible that the movement in favour of disestablishment may be turned in the direction to which Mr. Pretyman's argument points—that is, that the Establishment may be forced to widen its basis as the price of its preservation as an Establishment. This step will have the recommendation of wearing an appearance of Conservatism. It will admit a large and influential body among the Dissenters to a share in the emoluments of the present Anglican Church, and it will have no considerable body of opponents except the more dogmatic part of the great mass of English "Churchmen," who are not very likely to be able to resist it, if they have the will. There will always be a certain number of High Churchmen, moreover, who will easily discover admirable motives for a measure which will secure for a time longer that live-and-let-live existence which is now all that they contend for for themselves, and we cannot doubt that when such a surrender is recommended by men of the school of Dr. Pusey, if not by Dr. Pusey himself, it will be with a very distinct consciousness that they are advocating a concession which will act as a very powerful check on the progress of the Catholic Church.

It is one thing to say, as some men of very high authority among English Catholics have said, that the existence of the Anglican Establishment is by no means an unmixed evil in reference to Catholicism, and quite another to say that when that Establishment ceases, as it is fast ceasing, to maintain an effective protest in favour of some amount of dogmatic truth, it will continue to be valuable to us in the sense in which it is now allowed to have some value. It is also a mistake to think that because the Establishment does for the moment,

in an indirect manner, provide the nation with a certain amount of true teaching, of which it would otherwise be deprived, therefore that institution has no powerful and deadly influence in direct hostility to the Church. It is undoubtedly better for a Catholic nation that religion should be established, and it is a part of the duty of a Christian state to maintain a public profession of Christianity. But it has always been found that a State religion in countries which are not Christian has been the most deadly of all the enemies which the Catholic Church has had to deal with in her attempts to convert such nations. Apart from all other considerations, the existence of a State religion has always necessitated the opposition to Christianity of a most influential caste, generally, as in the case of the Anglican clergy, rich and powerful, materially and morally, connected with the other dominant classes by interest and blood, and it is to such castes that the greater part of the sanguinary persecutions, of which the history of the propagation of the Gospel is full, have to be traced. Bonzes, Brahmins, and Mandarins, and the like, have been the natural enemies of the faith quite as much as Emperors or Sultans. In the same way the Anglican Bishops were the favourite instruments of Elizabeth and her Ministers in the persecution and torturing of Catholics. An heretical and schismatical Establishment cannot forget its origin or its character. Any one who is familiar with the facts of daily occurrence as to converts and conversions to the Catholic faith in this country, and who is able to compare them with similar facts in a country like America, where there is no established Church alien to Catholicism, will know how true it is that the Anglican Establishment is one of the great forces which make conversions difficult. There are, no doubt, other causes for the same difficulty, to which we need do no more than allude. Conversions are sure to be few in proportion to the apparent want of hearty unity among the body on which lies the immense responsibility of representing Catholicism in any given country, and any dissensions which may arise in such a body are quite certain to be made the most of by its enemies. Again, in a country like ours, in which loyalty to the national interests and the national greatness is magnified into a sort of *cultus*, anything that may seem to fasten disloyalty in this respect on the Catholic body is a powerful engine against its progress. But we are here entering on a very large subject, for which this is not the time. It is enough to have pointed out what we conceive to be the lesson to ourselves of proposals like those of Mr. Pretyman—that the question of the maintenance or the destruction of the Anglican Establishment is not by any means a question that can be settled offhand or by the way, nor will it present the same aspect as now to the Catholic thinker after all the conceivable and possible changes which may come over that Establishment itself.

II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Twelve Lectures on Ritualism.* By Father Gallwey. Nos. VIII., IX., X., XI.
London : Burns and Oates.

Now that Father Gallwey has finished his exposition of the state of the controversy about Anglican Orders, which in his printed Lectures fills up three numbers of very unequal dimensions, it may be well to see how he deals with that now celebrated question. Of Lecture VIII., in which a comparison is instituted between the faith of the English Church Union, A.D. 1878, of Clewer, A.D. 1878, and of the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, we content ourselves with the remark that those who are determined to find at Ephesus (or Chalcedon) a precedent for the Ritualist attitude, will be wise in their generation if they refuse to read Father Gallwey's account of the matter.

These lectures are not addressed to theologians who, having acquired a competent knowledge of the general question at issue, only care to find an elucidation of particular difficulties connected therewith, but are primarily intended to help Catholic laymen to correct the misconceptions of their Protestant friends. In approaching the subject of Anglican Orders, the first step which Father Gallwey takes, and which ought always to be taken, is to show Ritualists that they attach a most exaggerated importance to the whole inquiry. Even supposing that their Orders were by Rome admitted to be valid, their position would be still a most melancholy one.

Why do you wish to go to Rome when you have all the means of grace where you are in the Anglican Church? This is a question often put by Anglican clergymen to their wavering followers. On the other hand these waverers as often say to us : Prove to us that we have not true sacraments, and valid orders, and all the other means of grace, and we will join you once.

The question and the declaration alike testify to the absence of living faith in the value of revealed truth. Almost all the old heresiarchs were true priests, even when they were not also Bishops : "What orthodox man in those days ever thought of comforting the Nestorians, or Arians, or Donatists, by telling them that they had true priests and true sacraments?" It is a very pertinent observation that the Church of Rome has no special antipathy to Anglican Orders. She would admit them just as readily as she admits the Orders of Oriental heretics, if their validity could be established.

Make this then well understood : if the Anglicans had, as they pretend, real priests and real sacraments, yet so long as an Anglican or Ritualist persists knowingly in heresy, he is no more fit to approach these sacraments and to participate in the Body and Blood of our Lord than Henry the Eighth was while he was living in adultery or incest. Indeed, of the two, heresy is a graver crime than adultery or incest. . . . Real sacraments received unworthily will be no comfort to the lost soul in the eternal prison-

house. . . . Most assuredly, then, any Anglican clergyman or layman who dies with the guilt of heresy unforgiven on his soul would gladly give all the treasure he ever possessed if so he might never have believed that the Anglican rites were real sacraments.

If Anglicans are heretics, the possession of true sacraments would not better their condition before God. Therefore the validity of their Orders is after all, in view of salvation, quite a secondary question.

If we inquire whence comes the consoling assurance which Ritualists cherish about the reality of their priests and sacraments, we find that devotional feelings are for the most part its only source and origin. However, "the question cannot be decided by the feelings of women. We want facts. We want proofs that will satisfy legal minds."

Such proofs as are forthcoming Father Gallwey carefully examines in his tenth lecture, which presents the whole question, as it stands at present, briefly and lucidly, without display of superfluous erudition, but also without any sign of a desire to evade objections. If Father Gallwey had done nothing more than simplify a discussion which had been so needlessly perplexed by many interested disputants he would by that alone have done good service to the cause of truth. But he has done much more. He has shown most forcibly in pages which can be dismissed without reading, but which cannot be answered, that the validity of Anglican Orders is at the very best very uncertain. This has often before been proved to demonstration, but perhaps never in words at once so simple and so powerful. In order to convict Ritualism of inconsistency and Ritualists of recklessness bordering on insanity, it is by no means necessary to prove that Anglican Orders are invalid. It is quite sufficient to prove that they are exceedingly doubtful, and how the most enthusiastic Ritualist can doubt that Anglican Orders are exceedingly doubtful, it is impossible for any one not a Ritualist to attempt to comprehend.

Father Gallwey begins by showing that it is quite uncertain whether Barlow was ever consecrated; then he shows that there are at least very good reasons for doubting the authenticity of the Lambeth Register, and that it is uncertain whether Hodgskyn laid his episcopal hands on Parker's head. Even if Hodgskyn did cooperate in the consecration, it is so uncertain whether cooperative consecration would be valid, that in the Catholic Church a Bishop so consecrated would be reconsecrated conditionally. Then after these uncertainties others follow. If Barlow was a real Bishop (doubtful), and if he employed a sufficient rite (doubtful), and if he intended at least to imply that he was doing what the Church does (doubtful), then Matthew Parker was made a Bishop.

Even if the only uncertainty were about Barlow's consecration, this would settle the controversy as far as it regards practice. Father Gallwey says in an early stage of his argument:

Suppose we go no further than where we are at present; suppose we only establish this much, that there is a serious doubt hanging over the Orders of the Ritualistic clergy from first to last (I assume that they have not as yet availed themselves of the facilities for re-ordination offered by the

recently established Order of Corporate Reunion); then this question is forced upon us: How far is a clergyman whose Orders are only doubtful, justified in offering Sacrifice or administering sacraments? In other words, in order to consider the question fairly, suppose that a Roman Catholic priest has discovered that a doubt, acknowledged by grave theologians to be a well-grounded and serious doubt, exists whether he was validly ordained or not, can he while that doubt lasts administer sacraments? offer up Holy Mass? or absolve a penitent? and more especially a dying penitent when a priest rightly ordained is standing by?

I think all theologians would agree that there is one case in which he could with a safe conscience exercise the priestly functions. If, by some accident, *no other priest could be found, and some one lay at the point of death*, this priest to whom the doubt attaches would be justified in doing the best that he could for the dying. . . . A man is dying who has led a very bad life. The fear of death and judgment has by God's grace apparently produced in his soul that sorrow for sin which we call attrition; but it is very doubtful whether his sorrow rises to the higher level of that contrition which, being animated by pure love of God, has power to cancel sin, even without the aid of sacraments actually received. This poor penitent, then, lies in sore need of a valid absolution; for with absolution attrition suffices for salvation. Within easy reach, say in the very next room, are priests who are in every way qualified and quite ready to absolve him. In this case, can a priest, whose ordination is only probably valid, that is to say, one who may only be a layman—and there is no possibility of deciding which of the two he is—can such a minister in this moment of extreme need stand forward and, hushing up in profound silence the doubt which rests on his Orders, pronounce the absolution over the dying man, and so launch him into eternity?

Surely he cannot attempt such an irreparable outrage. That dying man's eternity hangs on the words of the priest. . . . Surely . . . it is quite evident that it is nothing less than a most cruel, wanton, impious, and diabolical fraud to put unsuspecting men off with uncertainties when it is of such everlasting importance that there should be certain and efficacious sacramental action.

One number yet remains to complete this useful series of lectures. They have earned for their author already the kind of answer which strong arguments elicit from men who do not wish to be enlightened—abusive epithets.

-
2. *Two Bibles* (a Contrast). By A. M., author of *Comedy of Convocation*, &c. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1879.

One and the same Bible becomes by difference, not of text, but of interpretation, two perfectly distinct Bibles in the hands of Catholics and Protestants. The contrast presents to our author, who is not unknown, many opportunities for his own very telling method of controversy, and it seems again and again as if the inherent sense of the ridiculous was struggling for expression against a strong resolution to be serious. We are almost sorry that the temptation has been so bravely resisted. There are some religious opinions so completely foolish, that it is Christian kindness to try to laugh our friends out of them. The old humour cannot be entirely repressed. Now and again it "will out."

At God's Hill, in the Isle of Wight, there used to be a "sanctuary" which it was positively baffling to contemplate. The Earl of Yarborough and

Almighty God "went halves" in that sanctuary—if we may quote the light remark of an undergraduate—so that it was totally impossible to say which was the sanctuary and which was Lord Yarborough's pew.

What follows is in a tone of deep earnestness. Who can fail to catch the force of this argument from *facts*?

The fact that for centuries "Communion" was exceptional as a feature of even the weekly Divine Service—once in three months being the customary observance, next followed by once every month—is that fact which is harmonious with the structure of the churches, with the pews, their doors, and their bolts. And the fact that what was left of the consecrated bread and wine was always treated by the clerk as if unconsecrated, and was often consumed by the poor, or even thrown down a sink, without the slightest protest on the part of "the parson" (*he* never cleansed the sacred vessels), is another fact which justifies the assertion we have made that "the contrast is between Real Presence and Real Absence." To protest against priestly prerogative, against the "figment of idolatrous Popery," has been the deeply-graved purpose on every Protestant church, on the inside much more than on the out. And those dreadful ecclesiastics, who for centuries have been accustomed to treat a church like a barn or a pigeon-house, and whose surplices, whose black gowns, whose kid gloves, have suggested every character save the priestly, have been useful in this, that they have collectively proclaimed the whole Anglican instinct and idea. We must take all these points as one whole, if we would realize what Old Protestantism has meant.

Can Ritualists know the horrors here depicted, upon which their own priestly character, if it could be supposed real, would have to be built up, and not wish a thousand times over that their priesthood were at the bottom of the sea? One thing is certain they would, indeed, so wish, if they had true and genuine love for Jesus in His Blessed Sacrament. In that case they never could without a thrill of horror contemplate three centuries of cold-blooded and systematic sacrilege, and, instead of maintaining in the teeth of probability, the goodness of their own descent through a long line of profaners of the Precious Blood, they would eagerly welcome any argument which might make it possible to believe that their predecessors had not been priests, and that therefore it was not during those dark years the Body of our Lord, and not the Blood of the New Testament, which received continual insult, but only simply bread and wine, which were scattered carelessly or given to the dogs. This they would at least desire, if they sincerely loved our Lord, and if they do not desire this, then their devotion is shown to be unreal, not from the heart, but of the lips. Or, if they seek to escape from this cruel conclusion by declaring their belief, that for three centuries the Church by law established possessed a real priesthood, but permitted no exercise of priestly functions, will they not in the silence of their own thoughts, when they find time to think, acknowledge honestly that the sooner they sever themselves from such a caricature of what Christ meant His Church to be, the better for their own souls?

We have wandered from the *Two Bibles*. The author ends his little volume thus:

Then what, we must ask, was the *use* of Revelation, if all men may believe what they like? Since it is not a question of "Two Bibles," but, more accurately, of Two Thousand, what was the use of the Old Testament or the

New, if they are to be pretexts for eternal wrangling and schism? Would it not be better to be without any Bible, and to obey a Divine Living Teacher, than to possess what is believed to be a Bible, yet practically to *disobey both*? Catholics have both a Bible and a Living Teacher, and they obey both with the whole force of their souls. Protestants have neither a Bible, nor a Living Teacher—their Bible and their Living Teacher are themselves.

The Ritualistic appeal to the Fathers manifestly only increases the field of variant interpretations.

3. *Harmony of the Gospel Narratives of the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Blessed Lord*, from the Vulgate, with notes. By the Rev. J. Walsh, D.D., Vice-President and Professor of Theology, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1879.

This seasonable publication delights us on two grounds. In the first place, we rejoice to see a Professor in so important a seat of sacred learning as the great College of Maynooth, throwing the weight of his authority on to the side, if we may so speak, of the study of the Gospel harmony. We believe that that study has yet a great many treasures to reveal to those students who may give themselves to it in the spirit in which it has been undertaken by Dr. Walsh. The field is very far from being exhausted—indeed, we may almost say that its cultivation has only of late been begun on true and sound principles. It is a study which requires a good deal of patience, especially in the preliminary acquaintance which it necessitates with the Evangelists separately, the dominant idea of each Gospel, and the relations of the several narratives to each other. The study of which we speak has hitherto been generally subordinated entirely to the exegesis of the New Testament, and the Evangelists have been too often treated as if the chief reason for studying their harmony was the difficulties which arise when they are not harmonized. Dr. Walsh has done a great service to the truer principles of harmonistic study by the mere fact that he has undertaken it so seriously.

In the second place, the work itself is of great merit in its own kind. The notes are short, and have been thrown together rapidly, in order that the work might be ready for publication before Easter. But they are sufficient to show any scholar acquainted with the subject what we may expect from any future labours of the author in the same field. The printing of the Harmony leaves nothing to be desired.

4. *A Lytel Boke for ye Maryemonth*. By a former Prefect of the Sodality at Stonyhurst College. London: Burns and Oates.

In spite of the antique title this excellent little book of devotions for the month of May is of a very practical character. The author, to whose indefatigable zeal for the honour of the Mother of God we now owe a larger and more learned work, premises in his introduction that "the secret of success in devotion to our Blessed Lady is *CONSTANCY*,"

and, acting upon that principle, proceeds to throw together for every day in the month of May some very brief, but eminently suggestive, reflections, prayers, and practices. A short page is devoted to each day. It opens with one of the salutations from the Litany of Loreto. Then the sodalist asks our Lady what she wants him to do. She in reply recommends some virtue, explaining at the same time how it may be acquired. Then follow in succession a reflection, an offering, a prayer, a practice, a (spiritual) pilgrimage, and a reference to the imitation of Christ.

5. *The True Church of the Protestant Bible.* By the Rev. W. Fleming. London : D. Lane, 1877.

The purpose of this little defence of Catholic doctrine is to meet inquirers upon their own ground. For the settlement of the chief difficulties which prevent the entrance of Protestants into the Church of Christ at the present day it is of comparatively little importance whether reference is made to one translation or another of the Bible. The Catholic cause stands triumphantly upon any version not flagrantly falsified ; but, while the differences of texts, being quite incommensurate with the differences of doctrine, are really not, in the existing temper of the belligerents, of very great controversial value, they are just as likely as ever to create suspicion, and to furnish an excuse for doubt and delay. For this reason the Scriptural proofs of Catholic doctrine in this catechetical treatise are drawn from the Protestant translation.

6. *Whitcross and the Bench, a Reminiscence of the Past.* By the Author of *Five Years' Penal Servitude.* London : Bentley, 1879.

This very lively narrative, by an author already favourably known to the readers of *Five Years' Penal Servitude*, is a contribution, almost as valuable as it is amusing, to the history of the working of English law in the treatment of insolvent debtors in the period immediately preceding the recent partial reforms. From very early times it has been a standing problem with every Government which cared for law and justice to know what to do with debtors. If it were possible to treat debt as in every case a crime, or in every case a misfortune, there would be no difficulty, but the only proposition which is true of debt in all its shapes is that it comes under the category of social evils. Some debtors deserve severe punishment, some only slight punishment, some no punishment at all ; for debt may be contracted by deliberate dishonesty, or by a venial imprudence, or by accident, which could not have been foreseen, and in this last hypothesis, the misfortune may be incurred as the direct consequence of an act of Christian charity in succouring an afflicted friend. It may thus often happen that God will attach a great reward to the very same deed which human laws visit

with pains and penalties. That curious anomalies should be found under a system framed in the midst of perplexities is no matter of astonishment; but that the incarceration of a debtor should be the means generally adopted for helping him to satisfy his creditor, is quite too ludicrous, and deserves for its inaptness to be classed with the employment of torture to make witnesses tell the truth, or the starvation of a jury to bring them to a conscientious unanimity.

Our author, instead of moralizing, presents his lessons in the shape of concrete incidents, and he tells us that these are mostly from the life, and that "imagination has had but a scant share in contributing to them." We can scarcely suppose, except under a compulsion which he does not put upon us, that he himself has been honoured not only with Five Years' Penal Servitude, but also with a personal experience of the inner life in two debtors' prisons—Whitecross and the Bench.

One passage will illustrate equally well one of the lessons of his history, and his own happy style of teaching. He describes himself as an inmate of the Receiving Ward during the first days of residence in Whitecross Prison.

After looking round, with a view of selecting one or other of my co-unfortunates with whom to enter into conversation, I went up to the big bricklayer and commenced acquaintance by opening my tobacco-pouch and offering the wherewithal to replenish the empty pipe he clutched in his left hand as if it were some treasure he was guarding. . . . He had been arrested that afternoon and taken from his work, at some new buildings in course of construction, where he was employed in his trade of bricklayer. He complained of the people being very hard and sharp upon him. The debt was a tallyman's account for some articles of dress which had been almost forced upon his wife, to be paid for in small weekly instalments, which she had not regularly kept up. From his account the prices charged were most exorbitant, and far beyond double the sum the articles could have been bought for at an ordinary shop. The tallymen go round to the working people's houses, when the men are away at their work, and by showing their gaudy finery and plying their "soft sawder," induce the wives to make purchases under the temptation of easy weekly payments. So long as these are kept up, all goes well; and if the tempter finds money regularly forthcoming, he extends the credit, and supplies more and more goods. At last, for some cause or other, lapses take place, and then the honeyed, persuasive words of the accommodating tallyman are changed for threats. . . . At last comes judgment; and execution is either put in upon the goods and chattels of the family, or what is called a judgment summons issued, the result being the arrest of the breadwinner, as in the case of the big bricklayer, who, by way of improving matters, is taken from his work, locked up for some weeks, during which his wife and family either half starve on the proceeds of the few remnants of their furniture and clothes, or go on the parish, and the husband on his release returns to his work to find his place occupied by some other man, and has to look elsewhere for employment, with the liability of his old debts still hanging over his head, and the probability of having to go through the same thing all over again (p. 30).

Some of the debtors in Whitecross were not quite as honest as the poor bricklayer. Sometimes a deep schemer consigned himself voluntarily to comfortable quarters in prison for a few days, under "a friendly arrest," in order to escape from his liabilities or to cheat his relations.

7. *Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor.* By the Author of *Hogan*, M. P. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

It would not be right to destroy the interest of this story very brief, but exquisitely told, of three little Dublin "arabs," by making too many revelations. We must introduce the characters, and leave their adventures to be read in the original. The girl, "Flitters," eleven years of age, and the two boys, "Hoppy," or "the Counsellor," and "Tatters," of the respective ages of nine and six, are all thrown upon the world to manage for themselves, their parents being dead, or far away. They are very decidedly naughty children, dirty and dishonest, deceitful and given to swearing, but it is quite impossible not to love "Flitters" and "Tatters," in spite of their many and grave misdeeds, for their faults are due to their distressing circumstances, and their better impulses are their own. The story is not written for the sake of its moral, and, although it is good and pure and of excellent intention, it is not painfully edifying: indeed, perhaps it would in one instance have been more true to nature, if it had admitted a little more of the spirit of piety. "Flitters," an Irish girl, could not in real life have died at that tender age with Sisters of Mercy round her bed, without having given them her fullest confidence, which they would not have abused, and assuredly they on their part would never have allowed her to pass away without making her confession to a priest. That she died with a secret on her soul, and an heroic falsehood on her lips, only shows unmistakeably that a Catholic did not write the tale.

-
8. *Imperial India.* An Artist's Journal. Illustrated by numerous sketches taken at the Courts of the principal chiefs in India. By Val. C. Prinsep. London: Chapman and Hall.

Imperial India will meet with very harsh criticism from any reader who forgets that the author is an artist. Almost all the interest of the book centres in the illustrations, from which when we turn, eager to be instructed by one who has seen many great persons and strange things, disappointment takes possession of us. Mr. Prinsep's able pencil could have shown in lively colours many scenes to which his less able pen does scanty justice. His powers of observation are of a high order, and his narrative is not dull, but he falls into the unfortunate mistake of thinking it his duty to talk to the "intelligent public" as if he were on the most intimate terms with it. This is a fault which will not be forgiven. A phraseology which is perfectly tolerable and perhaps in some sense elegant, when it is used by young gentlemen conversing together with easy familiarity, is altogether out of place in a book, not directly comic, addressed to the world at large. *Pictoribus atque poëtis.* Whoever, on the plea that artists are privileged, can good-naturedly pocket the affront, and wade through Mr. Prinsep's descriptions, slang

and all, will find a good deal of information about "Indian interiors" which could be furnished by very few from their own experience, and which loses none of its value by being somewhat surreptitious. It is to be hoped that it will never reach the hands of those whose personal peculiarities are so freely discussed by a guest-friend.

ST. JOSEPH'S
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,

48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

OPEN DAILY FROM HALF-PAST TEN TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

NEW BOOKS FOR MAY.

The King's Secret.
Poems of the late R. S. Hawker.
Life of St. M. Frances of the Five Wounds.
Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty.
The Manna of the Soul. By Father Segneri.
Three Catholic Reformers. By M. H. Allies.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Father Coleridge.
Life of Father Benvenuto Bambozzi.
A Benedictine of the Fourteenth Century.
The Curé's Nicce.
Le Saint Homme de Tours.
La Médaille Miraculeuse.
Roman Violets.
Life of Sister Jeanne Bénigne Gojos.
Christian Life and Virtues. Vol. II.
La Philothée de St. F. de Sales. Vie de Mme. de Charmois.
Forget-me-nots. By Miss Kavanagh.
History of the Middle Ages (abridged).
The Prisoners of the King.
Ste. Jeanne de Valois et les Annonciades.
Life of B. Hermann Joseph.
Public Life of our Lord. Vol. IV.
Life of Archbishop Dixon.
Life of Henriette d' Osseville.
Life of the Duchess of Doudeauville.
Les Convulsions de Paris.
Records of the English Province S.J.
Vie du R. P. Olivaint, S.J. Par le Rev. Charles Clair, S.J.
Vie de Mme. Duchesne. Par M. l'Abbé Bannard.
The School Manager. By the Very Rev. J. G. Wenham.
Mirror of True Womanhood. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly.
Life of Mother Margaret Mostyn.
Franciscan Martyrs.
Proteus and Amadeus.
Lecky's History of VIIIth Century.
Three Years of the Eastern Question.
Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism.
Gay's Christian Life and Virtues.
Castle Blair.
Memoir of Lady Chatterton.
Unravell'd Convictions. By a Convert.
Vie de Mme. Rollat.
Mary the Model of Christians.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*The Civil Service Gazette*.

"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See Article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

MADE SIMPLY WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.

SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS, LABELLED

**JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,
LONDON.**

Makers of EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES, for Throat Irritation.

